A

JOURNEY

THROUGH

THE CRIMEA

TO

CONSTANTINOPLE.

IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS

FROM THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ELIZABETH LADY CRAVEN,

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE MARGRAVE OF BRANDEBOURG, ANSPACH, AND BAREITH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCC LXXXVI.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXXIX.

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OF

ELIZABETH LADY CRAVEN

A SERIES OF LETTERS

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXXVI

AND PART OF MDCCLXXXVII

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TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

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LONDON

TO

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE MARGRAVE OF BRANDEBOURG, ANSPACH, AND BAREITH.

CUSTOM has long given a Preface to every book that has been publiſhed—It is likewiſe accompanied with a Dedication. I have always thought the laſt made the firſt unneceſſary—Indeed both may be diſpenſed with, if an author does not think his ſtile requires an apology for offering to the Public a work, which his humility or juſtice may lead him to think fit only to put his readers to ſleep——The greateſt part of the

DEDICATION.

public has my permiſſion to doze over the following ſheets, as I expoſe them to the malice of my enemies, without reſerve, merely to oblige many of my friends; who, knowing I had taken a long and extraordinary journey, have deſired me to give them ſome account of it——The beſt I could give, and in the moſt agreeable manner to myſelf, was by tranſcribing part of my Letters to you—in which, though in a curſory manner, I have given you a faithful picture of what I have ſeen——Beſide curioſity, my friends will in theſe Letters ſee at leaſt for ſome time where the real Lady Craven has been, and where ſhe is to be found—it having been a practice for ſome years paſt, for a Birmingham coin of myſelf to paſs in moſt of the inns in France, Switzerland, and England, for the wife of my huſband—My arms and coronet ſometimes ſupporting, in ſome meaſure, this inſolent deception;

by which, probably, I may have been ſeen to behave very improperly. I think it my duty to aver upon my honour, that it has frequently happened to me, travelling with my ſweet child, to find a landlady, who has ſhewn a particular deſire of ſerving me in the moſt menial offices, with tears in her eyes, and upon my aſking the reaſon, in the honeſt indignation of her heart, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had been impoſed upon, at ſuch a time, by a traveller who called herſelf by my name——If I had poſſeſſed the invaluable bleſſing of having you for my real brother—this curious and unheard of treaſon to my birth and character would long ſince have been puniſhed in the perſon who could only countenance the deceit——But let me thank Heaven that I have found in you, Sir, all the virtues which I could deſire in a *brother*, and that affection and reſpect which leads me to dedicate theſe Letters to you.

DEDICATION.

My actions in future will prove more than this feeble tribute, how deeply impreſſed I am with all the feelings of eſteem that can fill a grateful heart; your people, Sir, your many virtues, that make all that approach you happy, will juſtify my dedicating my ſtudious, as my ſocial hours to you——

ELIZA CRAVEN.

LADY CRAVEN's JOURNEY

TO

CONSTANTINOPLE.

LETTER I.

THE honour you do me in wiſhing to hear from me, deſerves in return a greater entertainment than my letters can afford; and if it was not for the precious name of ſiſter, which you order me to take, I ſhould perhaps be a long time before I could venture to write to you; but when you command me to look upon you as my brother, the idea coincides ſo perfectly with the eſteem and friendſhip I feel for you, that I obey with pleaſure ——

Since your Highneſs left Paris, I have had my brother and ſiſter here; the ſouth of France has entirely recovered her, and ſhe is in a fair way of

producing an heir——I have many nephews, but none of that name yet — — — — — — — — — — — — —

I ſhall ſet out to-morrow for Touraine, called by the French *le Jardin de la France*—and at three o'clock in the morning, as it is very hot——My harp is in the coach with me; for though my intention is not to ſtay above three weeks where I am going to—I cannot be ſo long abſent from the ſound of an inſtrument that I prefer to every other.

I have ſent you ſome Engliſh garden-ſeeds which were given me by Lady ———. I hope when you are eating your ſallads this ſummer, you will think of your adopted Siſter, and believe that it muſt be very good reaſons, that deter her from viſiting Franconia, in preference to all other places — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

I have the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your very affectionate ſiſter,

Faithful friend and ſervant,

ELIZA CRAVEN.

LETTER II.

I Slept at Orleans laſt night—and as the weather is extremely hot, I reſted in the middle of the day at Blois, where I examined the Royal *Chateau*, a houſe compoſed of different orders of architecture, built at different periods of time, and by various perſons. The moſt modern addition has been made by Gaſton Duc d'Orleans, who choſe to place an Italian ſtructure in the midſt of the various irregularity belonging to the ancient Gothic, one part of which was built by Francis the Firſt——The ornaments of this (ſeveral of them) were to me as incomprehenſible as Egyptian hieroglyphics would have been. I wiſhed my friend Mr. W—— at my elbow, whoſe knowledge in, and taſte for the Gothic, might have explained them—— The porter who conducted me about, ſeemed a good hiſtorian for a perſon of his condition.—— I need not tell you, how many extraordinary perſonages and events this *Chateau* called to my mind. If the confuſion which ambition naturally creates in hiſtory, ſhould at this moment prevent your

memory from placing them before you—I refer you to the *Nouveau Voyage de la France, par Mr. Piganiol de la Force,* who gives a curſory account of Blois, and this Chateau—but he does not ſay what I can aſſert, that ſo many perſons have ſcraped the ſtone on which Henry Duc de Guiſe's blood fell, that there remains but one half of it.——My old conductor told me thoſe who preſerved the powder as a relick, were people related to the Guiſe family, and curious travellers—I was not one of them.——This Letter would be too long if I inſerted an adventure which happened to me at the poſt beyond Blois. You ſhall have it in my next. I will only add to this, that if ever you go from Blois to Tours, do not go by night—the road is on a cauſeway, the Loire on your left, and a precipice into meadows on your right, without any fence to prevent an accident, if your poſtillions were drunk, or your horſes frightened.

The uncommon dryneſs of the ſeaſon prevented my judging of the much boaſted beauties of the Loire, which is now reduced to the narroweſt rivulet I have ſeen——There are many caſtles on the banks which ornament the landſcape—and were probably fortified, in former days; one in particular put me in mind of dear B—— Caſtle. I ſuppoſe they

are left now, as moſt habitations in France are (diſtant from Verſailles) for a *Concierge* to keep his pigs and chickens in——Adieu——

LETTER III.

AT the poſt beyond Blois, while the horſes were changing (an operation not performed in one minute as in England) one of my ſervants came up to the door and ſaid, *Ces maudits poſtillons ne veulent point laiſſer monter cet enfant derriere la voiture.* The word *enfant* always ſtrikes to my very heart: among the many reaſons I had before, I have now an additional one for feeling about an *enfant* of any ſort.—— I am at this moment above a hundred miles diſtant from the moſt affectionate, the moſt engaging, and the moſt beautiful child that ever mother had—and for the firſt time I have ever left him.— —

— — — — — — —

QUEL ENFANT? ſays I, looking out on the left towards the hind wheel of my *berline*—I ſaw a boy, ſeemingly about ten years old, decently dreſſed in mourning—a crape round his hat, and black buckles in his ſhoes.

Madame; ſays he—and the tears in his eyes ſtopped his voice——

Eh bien, mon enfant; parlez—

Madame, le Maitre de poſte à Blois m'a conſeillé de monter derriere votre Berline, comme il n'y avait point de malle—à préſent les poſtillons ne veulent pas m'y laiſſer—

Comment vous appellez vous?

Caſſius;

Caſſius—voila un beau nom; *Oui Madame*, ſaid the child; who had never heard or read of any other Caſſius but himſelf—*mon pere était géntilhomme*—and he gave me a pocket-book which contained letters. One of theſe was from a lady of quality to the child's diſtant relations at la Rochelle, deſiring them to place him on board a ſhip. ——

Comment, ſays I; *vous voudriez ſervir**.——

Oui Madame; je ne ſaurais étre domeſtique, parce que mes pères etaient gentilhommes—and among a variety of queſtions which I aſked him—and to which he anſwered modeſtly and pertinently—whenever he recollected that circumſtance, it was a painful idea.—He had a brother and ſiſter at Paris, who had ſent him to go from thence to la Rochelle on foot, with ſix livres, and his letters of recommendation, for his ſupport and protection. What unfeeling

* *Servir* in French converſation always means ſerve in a militarv capacity, and not as a ſervant.

people! *Avez vous diné aujourd'hui?* It was then about ſix o'clock.

Oui Madame, le maitre de poſte à Blois m'a donné à diner—ce ſont les poſtillons d'ici qui ne veulent pas que je monte derriere votre voiture. The poſtillions by this time were liſtening to my converſation with the child, and one of them with a gruff voice ſaid—*ſi ce petit Monſieur veut payer un cinquieme cheval, il montera.—Et ſi j'avais une grande malle, comme de coûtume?* ſays I. *Montez, montez mon enfant*, and turning to the poſtillion, *vous aurez de quoi boire à ſa ſanté*; ſo he was pleaſed, and the boy delighted; but as in France more than in any other country in the world, the value of every thing is—" So much money as 'twill bring;"—my maid was ſurprized at my *bonté d'ame*.——As I never eat but once a day in travelling, and that at the end of my journey——I ſhall never forget my ſupper laſt night——I had got into my bed fatigued, and ordered my maid to bring me a ſoup. I had lain half an hour; the room was dark; and when the door opened, the firſt thing I ſaw was Caſſius holding two wax-lights, preceding my maid. He ſaid Mademoiſelle might go to her ſupper, and he would wait upon me, and his countenance had a mixture of comfort, joy, and gratitude in it, ſcarcely to be ſeen but in the candour of youth.

This morning I had ſettled with the miſtreſs of the inn that ſhe ſhould agree with a waggoner to take Caſſius ſafe to la Rochelle—I had given him ſome money (too little for charity to name—perhaps what the avaricious would think too much) and a recommendation ſigned with my name, and my ſeal upon it, when the poſtillions I had ordered to take me to ————, came to inform me, that, as it was a croſs-country road, they expected three times the ſum uſually paid——As I might juſt as effectually argue with a horſe as with a French poſtillion, I aſked where the poſt-houſe was——

Only two doors off.——

I went there; the maſter was out, but his wife was at home; and while I was ſettling matters with her, one of the old faſhioned French poſt-chaiſes ſtopt at the door, with an officer in it, ſeemingly emaciated by ſickneſs, and his head wrapped up very much.—Caſſius was at my elbow: *Madame, Madame,* ſays he, *ce Monſieur, n'a point de malle,* (in fact all the luggage was before;) *J'irais bien plus vite à la Rochelle, ſi vous vouliez lui demander de me laiſſer monter ſur ſa voiture.*——I went up to the chaiſe, and curtſied very low; the officer bowed ſlightly; I ſtept back; but Caſſius pulled me by the ſleeve—

ſo I once again advanced and curtſied——*Monſieur*—*Madame*——

I brought Caſſius forward——*Voici un pauvre orphelin qui va à la Rochelle—Il eſt venu depuis Blois ſur ma Berline; ſi vous voulez bien lui permettre de monter derriere votre voiture ce ſera moi qui vous en aurai l'obligation*——*Moi*—I repeated in a higher tone of voice.——The officer had begun by ſtaring at me from head to foot; and before I had finiſhed my ſpeech he endeavoured, but in vain, to draw off his night-cap——*Tout ce que vous ordonnez—tout ce qu'il vous plaira, Madame*——

And I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the little orphan comfortably ſeated, and flying towards la Rochelle, certain that he would neither be robbed nor beaten on the road——

I am ſetting out for **, from whence I will write you an account of any thing I ſhall obſerve worthy of being related——

LETTER IV.

——En Touraine, June 21, 1785.

MY approach to this place was through bad croſs-country-roads. I have ſeen nothing yet that could juſtify the idea of this province being *le Jardin de la France.* I ſaw many *chateaux*, which from the ſingular towers, their only ornaments, my fancy might have repreſented heralds, giants, or dwarfs, iſſuing forth to enquire what bewildered heroine came ſo near—*mais hélas*—I did not ſee one *preux chevalier*, nor any thing about theſe ancient ſtructures that could make me imagine they belonged to gentlemen, much leſs to noble warriors—Beſides I was gravely ſeated in a comfortable coach, varniſhed and gilt, inſtead of being on a white palfrey. To be ſerious, I am probably writing in a room once inhabited by one of *Marguerite Reine de Navarre's* ladies of honour; for this chateau was built by Francis the Firſt for his ſiſter. The outſide is neither regular nor beautiful, and I cannot gueſs what order of architecture was intended to be ſhewn in the building——One front is towards the river Cher, flanked by two large round towers with ſpiral

tops, and the ground floor, towards the court, is at leaſt four ſtories high from the meadows in which the Cher runs; this ſuite of apartments was probably royal, the rooms remarkably lofty and well proportioned——I am told the *proprietaire* had laid out four thouſand pounds to repair the houſe and beautify the gardens——As to the firſt, it is in the ſame ſtate moſt country-houſes in France are—wanting painting, white-waſhing, and repairs of every ſort—— The ornaments in the garden are theſe: many canals ſmall enough to look like troughs—and ſtatues made in plaiſter, all mutilated; the little that remains of them made me wiſh that they had never exiſted— Part of the caſtle-ditch remains, and under it are cellars and ſubterraneous paſſages of an enormous ſize and length——In this part of the country, the peaſant's habitation is chiefly hewn in the rock, the door being the only wooden part of it; the labourers catch agues and fevers frequently, by returning home warm, and reſting in theſe damp cells. From my windows I could ſee the Loire if at its uſual height, and I have the proſpect of a *Chateau* where the heireſs of *Bretagne* gave with her hand that province to France.——In a few days I ſhall go to Tours, from whence I ſhall again write, and aſſure you how much I am your affectionate *ſiſter*——

LETTER V.

TOURS, June 25, 1785.

I Galloped all the way here on horſeback, along a delightful meadow, and got off my horſe at the bottom of the *Mail*, a very fine walk ſhaded by ſome venerable elms, which, by ſome ſtrange prodigy, have eſcaped the *cizeau* of the *tondeur*—and ſpread their majeſtic branches much to the comfort of the *Bourgeoiſie* of Tours, who find here a cool *promenade*. But I am told they are ſoon to be cut down. *Ils ſont trop vieux*——If Mr. d'Ecluſel, the late *intendant*, was alive, he would oppoſe this horrid ſcheme; for as he had lived in England ſome months, and had ſenſe enough to adopt what was good with us, he has given this town a clean appearance by adding *trottoirs* on each ſide of the new ſtreets——I am lodged at the archiepiſcopal palace. *Monſeigneur* is not here, which I regret—I am told he is a man of letters—of taſte I am ſure he is, by a chapel he has juſt added to his palace.——There is a large cathedral cloſe to it, the outſide Gothic—the ſtone-work is worth ſeeing—nothing in the inſide but what is very *mediocre*.

Another large church here, de St. Martin*, is ſo nearly connected with our St. Martin's in the Fields in London, that the Tours clergy were obliged to ſend to London to get ſome ancient charter explained——There are many Engliſh here— — — — — — — — —

Adieu, I remain your's moſt affectionately.

P. S. I recollect that you may not know what I mean by the *cizeau* of the *tondeur*; to explain which I muſt inform you, that ſhearing the trees in a French garden is a cuſtom as ancient, and thought as neceſſary, as ſhaving the beard; and *tondeurs* are paid for it by the year, as barbers are by the month. I have had ſeveral reaſons given me for this Gothic cuſtom; among the reſt, that it made a tree grow more beautiful and ſtrong; which laſt excuſe muſt no longer be mentioned, naturaliſts having diſcovered lately, that a tree draws as much nouriſhment from the fluid received by the leaves, as from the root itſelf, — — — But nature may plead in vain her cauſe for centuries to come in France, ſhe will long go diſguiſed——The gardens and the poetry exhibit melancholy proofs of this truth, without my mentioning any more at preſent.

* The King is chanoine de St. Martin—a very ſingular circumſtance—In the cloiſter is a moſt beautiful frize, done by the maſterly hand of Michael Angelo.

LETTER VI.

June 30, 1785.

I Have been to ſee Veret, a houſe of the Duc d'Aguillon's, where there is nothing worth looking at, and *Richelieu*, where not only the palace but the town was built by the Cardinal of that name—I rode to a village called *Lillebouchar*, loſt my way, and rambled above thirty miles over the country, before I could find out the *Curé's* houſe I was going to dine with. He is a very good ſort of a man, ſenſible and learned, and had aſſembled all the good company in the neighbourhood to dine under a large tent in the garden with me——I muſt not forget to tell you that I paſſed cloſe by the church from whence Joan of Arc took her invincible ſword, placed there by Divine Power. Lillebouchar is only two leagues from Richelieu; where at the firſt gate of the avaunt-cour two old guards, with clothes as ancient as their faces, their bayonets on their ſhoulders, precede the company to the inner court. Here the concierge ſhews firſt, ſtatues of the Roman emperors and heroes, tolerable copies. The chapel is next ſhewn, where there is a picture that

pleaſed me much, and which is ſaid to have been painted by Michael Angelo——I take it to be a copy—— It is ſpoiling for want of care—and I was told moſt of the good pictures were ſent to Paris. I was led through many rooms—the palace is immenſely large. One apartment was called the Queen's*——It was the Cardinal's firſt intention to bring the whole court to Richelieu——Every beam of wood was ſhewn in the cielings of thoſe times—Here they are almoſt all carved and gilt over—judge of the expence. There is a whole-length picture of the Cardinal, by an Italian maſter, and a good one. After being walked over the houſe, large enough to tire a very able walker, I was offered to ſee the *Jardins*; but from the windows I had perceived the taſte of them, and therefore declined that pleaſure——I imagine the reaſon why the Cardinal prevented the court from ever coming to Richelieu, was the ſame policy that he introduced, and that exiſts even now, of drawing all the rich nobles from the ſeats of their anceſtors—involving them in all the expences of the court at Verſailles, that they might not feel they had a protection in their home—but look for that, and ſupport likewiſe, from royal

* For the Queen's apartment, and all the rooms, according to their deſtinations, are ſhewn.

favour alone——A cunning idea of making the nobles ſupport him in his meaſures, and particularly if he acted contrary to the good of his country.

The nobles of my country may thank Heaven, when they reflect that they are members of a great nation, enjoying their ancient ſeats, and expecting honours and emoluments from the court as they may deſerve them from their country.

The French nobleſſe, at preſent, indeed have a comfort under the weight of debts their fathers may have left them—they have a young monarch, generous and juſt—and I really believe one of the beſt kings that ever exiſted. As his power is great—if the nobles deſerve—he will beſtow greatly——

Adieu, dear Sir, yours.

P. S. I cannot ſee Chanteloup, the Duc de Choiſeul's houſe, the *Scellé* is put on. He is dead but lately—ſo I can give you no account of that place ——

I was obliged to aſſure the *Intendant*, and ſome more French, the other day at his houſe, that Sir George Elliot * was not a Frenchman. Since he has immortalized his name at Gibraltar, I find this nation

* Sir George muſt not be too highly flattered at this, for the French are ſo fond of monopolizing all that is worth poſſeſſing, that Prince Eugene and our Capability Brown, with many others are claimed by them.

is extremely deſirous of claiming him—but I took upon me to ſay I believed Scotland might boaſt of being his native land, and that of moſt of his forefathers——However, if indeed they would chooſe to date from a much earlier period, moſt of us old Engliſh would be found to be Danes, Normans, &c.

You will be ſurprized to find, that inſtead of returning to Paris I am going Southward—My eldeſt brother, Lord B——, has written me word, that it is poſſible he may paſs the winter in Italy; as it is ſo long ſince he has been out of England, I have given him two *routes*, and have told him I ſhall proceed gently to Florence; there to wait for him——

LETTER VII.

LYONS, July 15.

I Am ſafely arrived here, and to avoid going round ſome leagues I came a croſs-country road; look on your poſt-map for Cormery, Loches, Buxancely, Chateauroux, Ardante, la Chatre, Montmarau-Culan, Roanne——But, dear Sir, follow me only on paper; for the roads in ſome places were ſo bad, and the lanes ſo narrow, that my coach is ſcratched—and the drivers, with difficulty perſuaded to go to the places I ordered them, ſometimes loſt their way. I went through great part of the Bourbonnais—and within ten miles of Vichy, where the King's aunts were taking the waters. The Auvergne mountains were fine objects to the right. On my approaching Lyons, I felt a great difference in the air—A warmer climate was eaſily to be perceived—The ſmall conic winding hills, round which the country girls with their ſtrange ſtraw hats, and their diſtaff at their ſide, were conducting their goats as they ſpun, formed a landſcape new to me—particularly as the flat roofs to the cottages gave a lightneſs to the buildings that pleaſed me much——

A ſimple kind of plough likewiſe, drawn by two oxen, brought that period to my mind, when the Romans were conquering towns, or founding colonies——The evening coming on, with a ſtormy ſky, made me almoſt fancy that a Roman legion was here and there concealed by the rocks, which crown almoſt every one of the conic hills I have before mentioned, and which might ſerve as ſmall batteries; nay the very clouds, which I often ſaw reſting between the hills, might have ſerved for momentary concealment.

But we will ſtep out of theſe clouds if you pleaſe—for I am neither a Roman general nor a goddeſs, but at this moment a very much fatigued mortal in a handſome apartment, *Hôtel Dauphin, rue de l'Arſenal*, where I ſhall eat a good ſupper, drink your health, and wiſh you as good a night's reſt as I am likely to enjoy——

LETTER VIII.

LYONS, July 18.

ON the ſixteenth I was too much fatigued to look at any thing but the junction of the Soane and the Rhone, but on the 17th I ſaw the paintings in the *Hotel de Ville*, moſtly by Blanchet: his works are ſpoiling under the cold hand of neglect and time——The Taurobolum may be very fine, and much to be admired by all lovers of antiquity; but I, who cannot admire what I do not think beautiful, looked at it with great indifference——Spon and other writers give a learned account of this, and of the braſs plate on which is engraved the ſpeech made by Claudius in favour of the town, and which is left within the reach of miſchievous boys or idle beggars. The people of Lyons ſeem to pay a greater regard to the vanity of the moderns than to the pride of the ancients. I ſaw a beautiful ſarcophagus in a lawyer's court-yard that ſerved as a ciſtern—and, in many old walls and houſes, carvings or inſcriptions which I wiſhed to examine, while the tradeſmen within theſe habitations ſtared at the ſtrangers, who could be more anxious about ruins

than the new ſilks or embroidery they wiſhed to ſell. I cannot help thinking any antiquary might find many more things well worthy of the cabinet of the curious here than have already been diſcovered. As to the town's being handſome, which I was told it was, I muſt aſſert that many parts of it are poſitively frightful; that the houſes are crouded together; each ſtory, as it riſes, projecting over the other—and the ſtreets, as narrow and ſtinking as thoſe of Paris; but the environs are beautiful, and it is extremely amuſing to go in a boat every way out of the town——I took ſeveral ſketches from different points, one from a little iſland, which was formerly called Inſula Barbara. You recollect a large round tower which crowns the priſon of Pierre-enciſe. The proportions of it ſtruck my ideas of ſymmetry very much—and after looking at it for ſome time, I landed at the foot of the priſon, and walked up a hundred and twenty ſteps cut in the rock: the guards let me in very civilly, and, to my utter ſurpriſe, among the priſoners I found the — — — whom you muſt remember, as he was very often with—— — — —

and laughed very much in talking over ſeveral parties with him and ——————— ———————; but I laughed on my part at his taking Mr. ——— for Lord B——.

I had been told Pierre-enciſe was a ſtate priſon, but it is no ſuch thing: it ſerves as a temporary retreat for people of faſhion who live too faſt—and are placed there by *Lettres de cachet*, till it pleaſes the kind parents who have obtained them to releaſe their priſoners. ——————— declares, whenever he obtains his liberty, he ſhall reviſit England, which I ſuppoſe at this time, more than at any other, ſeems to him a Paradiſe, as there is no ſuch thing as a *Lettre de cachet* there——

Do you recollect a moſt charming picture by Rubens, in the Chapelle *des Penitents?* I examined it a long time with great delight——And did you ever obſerve that all the fine pictures in France are ſpoiling, but thoſe poſſeſſed by the church? Indeed knowledge and taſte are chiefly confined to the clergy—all the other *etats* in France not having leiſure to form their taſte; of which truth I muſt give a moſt ridiculous example——Every body laſt year, that would be quite *à l'Anglaiſe* at Paris, had to wait on them, what they called a *Jakay*, a little boy with ſtraight, lank, unpowdered hair, wearing a round

hat—and this groom-like looking thing waited upon them at dinner, and was frequently ſtuck up with three tall footmen behind a fine gilt coach——It was in vain for me to aſſert to ſome grave old French people that jockey meant riding-groom in a running-horſe ſtable, and that no grooms ever waited upon us, nay ſcarcely ever came into the houſe, and certainly nothing but ſervants, as well dreſſed and powdered as the French, waited upon us, or went behind our carriages. They anſwered, it muſt then be a new faſhion, for it was *tout-à-fait à l'Anglaiſe—et comme on feſait à Londres*——

I am called away to go up to the tower of Fourviere to look over all the town at once.

Your's, Adieu.

LETTER IX.

LYONS, July 21.

THE fine proſpect I was promiſed from the tower was immenſely ſo indeed——Landſcapes ſo various, and objects ſo vaſt and innumerable, that the eye ſeeks in vain for a reſting-place——I do not know, dear Sir, if you are of my opinion; but I like that my ſight as well as my mind ſhould be collected, to enjoy one pleaſing ſubject at a time——Vary the ſcene as often as you pleaſe—but I hate confuſion ſo much, that if I was obliged to chooſe a houſe, ſituated on an eminence, commanding a large city, many windings of a river, and an immenſe tract of country, or one at the bottom of that eminence, with a view ſo confined that I could ſee only to the end of a ſmall garden, I think I ſhould prefer the latter—— I know this may ſeem very ſtupid, but I never could comprehend the pleaſure of what is uſually called a fine proſpect, where it is only with a teleſcope that the wanderings of the ſight are to be fixed——

I have hired a boat to take me down the Rhone to Avignon; it is only a few planks nailed together, that brought wood from Savoy, a ſort of raft, but

looks quite ſtrong enough to contain me and my ſmall retinue. I ſend my horſe by the *coche d'eau*—Do not ſuppoſe that my love for the ancients has totally made me overlook the modern artiſts here; a Lyonnais merchant, whom I bought ſilks of in London, has ſhewn me all the new ſilks and patterns. An ill taſte prevails univerſally as to dreſs in France; the laſt new deſigns for waiſtcoats, particularly, are frightful great ſprawling butterflies—the very man who was ſhewing them ſhrugged up his ſhoulders:

Que voulez vouz, Madame? Il faut toujours du nouveau ——

There is a curious mill to wind ſilk on bobbins here; a horſe in a garret on the fourth ſtory turns one wheel, which ſets ſeveral on all the other floors in motion, and thoſe turn many thouſand bobbins.

Every ancient building here is ſtuck upon a rock; and I cannot help thinking they look like teeth, the rocks ſerving as roots to them. —— I was aſſured the Saone ran in a different channel from what it now does, and that it was the Swiſs who had cut through the rocks to give the river its preſent courſe—but if it ever was turned, I ſhould think it was done by the Romans, whoſe works great and uſeful, ſtamped their date —— The remains, that teſtify how much they

did in the environs of this place, may fairly excuſe my ſuppoſition—if Caligula's ſucceſſor could now peep out of his grave—or Nero, who re-eſtabliſhed this town—they might have ſome difficulty in believing it was the ſame——

Adieu, dear Sir, yours.

LETTER X.

AVIGNON, July 30, 1786.

NOTHING can be more delightful than my laſt method of travelling by water. I have had high and contrary winds; but the Rhone's famed rapidity that I had heard ſo much of, was neither ſurpriſing nor terrifying—the ſhores on each ſide were rocks interſperſed with vineyards and caſtles—— I landed the firſt day at Condrieux, where I bought ſome excellent wine for 25 ſols a bottle, the growth of that place——About a league from thence is la Montagne Tupain, belonging to Mr. de la Condamine, where the beſt Côte-rotie wine is to be had; that word ſignifies really and truly roaſted-coaſt, the grapes being almoſt broiled by the ſun. The wine is of a red and ſtrong kind—reckoned very fine; but like many other fine things, I did not reliſh it.——

A little farther on the left is l'Hermitage, a ſpot ſo called becauſe formerly a hermit lived upon that hill, the wine of which is too much known for me to ſay any thing about it. I gave three livres a bottle for it, but found the white ſo much better than the red, that I ordered ſome to be ſent to Marſeilles, from whence I ſhall have it ſhipped for England.

There is a ſmall town called Vienne, that has a fine Gothic cathedral, which I went on ſhore to look at, together with a monument belonging to the Montmorin family, well executed.

I ſaw ſeveral people on the banks of the Rhone ſifting gravel; they find among it little bits of ſolid gold, waſhed down from the mountains; a moſt horrid employment in this hot weather I ſhould think; but what will not poor mortals do for gold, ſince the rich are often ſlaves to that which they ought to be maſters of — — — — —

Montelimart is a caſtle from whence I am told three kingdoms are ſeen, and ſeven provinces. I did not ſtop to ſee this or any other of the many caſtles I paſſed by.

At the Pont St. Eſprit, which is a noble bridge indeed, I think the paſſage might be dangerous, if the boatmen were not very attentive.——My coach is ſo large, and has ſuch excellent blinds, that I have not

ſuffered from the heat at all.——The ſhores loſe all their beauty near Avignon, which I could not ſee, becauſe it is ſurrounded by a high turretted wall.—

Madame de Brancas, the Duc de Crillon's ſiſter, was very civil to me, and we talked about — — — — — — — — — — — —

I dined with L—d ———, whoſe health is much impaired, and I hope this climate will do him ſome good.——

Adieu, dear Sir, yours.

P. S. I am told, by ſome one who knows the Duc de Crillon very well, that his ſiſter is exactly like him; which I can eaſily conceive, for ſhe has as many projects about her gardens and houſes as her brother had about the taking of Gibraltar: I hope they will ſucceed better than his have, for ſhe is very good-humoured——

LETTER XI.

MARSEILLES, Auguſt 5, 1785.

DEAR Sir, I thought it unneceſſary to give you any deſcription of Avignon, becauſe you have been there, but as you did not take the ſame road to it as I did in coming from it, I will endeavour to give you ſome faint idea of a natural curioſity that I have ſeen, and which pleaſed me highly—the much famed Fontaine de Vaucluſe.——

I ſet out from Avignon in the middle of the day, and arrived at a town called Lille, where I took a French poſt-chaiſe, and went in it by the ſide of the Sorgue's clear ſtream, till the road was too narrow for the carriage to proceed; I then walked in a narrow path winding round the immenſe rocky mountains to the left, with the ſtream rapidly flying by me to the right about a mile, till a cavern, pretty much in the ſhape of thoſe which lions come out of in an opera, preſented itſelf to my view, and from that flows the river. I am told it is an unfathomable abyſs. Why it is called a *Fontaine*, I am at a loſs to gueſs.

Monſtrous rocks riſe over and on each ſide of this craggy arch; theſe ſeem to bend forward to meet or cruſh the curious.——Whichever way I turned my eyes, I ſaw gigantick and fantaſtic ſhapes, which nature ſeems to have placed there to aſtoniſh the gazer with a mixture of the melancholy, terrible, and chearful; for the clearneſs and rapidity of the river makes it a lively object, and where there is a flat place on the banks, though not above a few feet in circumference, the peaſants have planted trees or ſowed gardens—you lift up your eyes, and ſee the moſt perfect contraſts to them—the birds, which hovered towards the upper part of the rocks, were ſcarcely perceptible. In looking into the cavern, it appears horrible and gloomy; I could almoſt have fancied the river ran thus faſt, rejoiced to quit the manſion from whence it ſprung. No wonder Petrarch's ſong was plaintive, if he courted his muſe with this ſcene perpetually before his eyes; Love and all his laughing train muſt fly the human imagination, where nature diſplays her features in the majeſtic and terrible ſtile, and I was very glad to find ſo good an excuſe as this ſituation for Petrach's eternal complaint—till now I was puzzled to gueſs, how a man of his ſenſe could paſs the greateſt part part of his life in eternizing a lady's contempt of a

faithful paſſion—but I now believe there was no Laura—or if there exiſted one, he found in either caſe his imagination particularly turned to poetry, and that of the melancholy kind; in this, probably his ſummer's reſidence, I who you know ——— ———, and have as playful a muſe as ever ſmiled upon mortal, ſat examining the aſtoniſhing picture before me with a ſilent reverential ſort of admiration—and ſhould have remained there till night, if I had not been informed that it grew very late, and I muſt ſee the pictures of Petrarch and Laura in the Chateau of the Marquis de Chamont, which is a miſerable houſe a few ſteps from the *Fontaine*. Theſe pictures are very modern—probably as like you as the perſons they were drawn for.——I returned to Lille, and eat crawfiſh and trout, the moſt excellent that I ever taſted, which abound in the Sorgue ——I paſſed through Aix to come to this place; I did not ſtop, as I expected a letter at Marſeilles, the contents of which intereſted me very much: for— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

I ſaw many plantations of canes, which I wonder we do not cultivate in our water-meadows in England—and I bought very excellent melons out of the fields for five ſols a-piece.

A country flowing with wine and oil, and where figs and melons are to be gathered on each ſide the public road, may be a very fine thing; but a want of verdure and fine trees gives it a moſt uncomfortable and ungentlemanlike appearance. When I compared England and the ſcene before me together, I could almoſt have fancied I had the *maladie du pays* upon me—ſo much did I wiſh to ſee a green carpet under my feet, and ſome of our beautiful foliage over my head——

Adieu, dear Sir; how often I wiſh to be with you I leave the juſtice of your heart to determine.

I remain yours moſt affectionately——

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that while I was changing horſes at Lille, I talked to Captain B——, a ſailor, who lives with his wife and two children in that neighbourhood——He very civilly invited me to paſs the evening at his houſe, talked about my brother G——, and informed me that the ſource of the Sorgue was at this time remarkably low; and I found by the marks the torrent had left on the rocks when at its height, that it muſt be at leaſt forty feet lower now than when it takes its winter-courſe: as I ſaw it, it creeps humbly from the cavern under part of the rock, and becomes rapid as it finds

its level and forms a river; whereas, when it is in all its glory, it tumbles over the rock a wild caſcade which muſt add conſiderably to its terrific beauties— — —

I was informed by the inhabitants of Vaucluſe, that people, who are tired of life, fling themſelves into the cavern, where, as I told you before, the water is unfathomable; upon this information, I aſked if bodies were often found there; I was anſwered in the affirmative, and that they were chiefly the bodies of prieſts—Adieu——

P. S. I never felt any heat like that which I experience here——

LETTER XII.

MARSEILLES, Auguſt 8, 1785.

I Have examined the rocks juſt out of this harbour, and think ſome of them moſt fortunately ſituated to defend the port, but what ſurpriſed me much, was being aſſured by the boatmen who row me out twice a day (to get a breath of air) that, at all times of the night, boats are ſuffered to come in and out of the harbour without being examined — — — — — — — —

People of all nations, that fill every day the great walk leading to the quay, made me think on my arrival, that ſome important event had drawn all the people from the houſes and the ſhips together— but a repetition of the ſame ſcene ſoon convinced me of my miſtake. There are two very fine pictures, painted by Puget, repreſenting ſome of the horrid ſcenes at the time of the plague at Marſeilles; they are only too well executed; I ſaw ſeveral dying figures taking leave of their friends and looking their laſt anxious kind and wiſhful prayer on their ſick infants, that made the tears flow down my cheeks——I was told the phyſicians and noblemen

who were aſſiſting the ſick and dying were all portraits. I can eaſily conceive it, for in ſome of the faces there is a look of reflection and concern which could only be drawn from the life ——

I have ſpoke to Captain ———, who commands the King-Fiſher; he is obliged to perform quarantine here, though he had already done his duty in that way at Leghorn and Genoa before; but the plague rages very much all along the Barbary coaſt, from whence he is come; and one cannot be ſurpriſed at any precaution taken at Marſeilles to avoid this danger——

I do not think Marſeilles a beautiful town; and the country houſes in the environs, which they call here Baſtides, are frightful.

I have juſt got a note from on board the King-Fiſher, that has been ſoaked in vinegar; the direction is ſcarcely legible——Adieu, dear Sir; the heat is ſo exceſſive here that I am abſolutely ſtupified by it.

Believe me your's affectionately.

LETTER XIII.

HYERES, Auguſt 10, 1785.

I Stopped in my way here at Toulon, and intended to look at the dockyards, but was refuſed, which ſurpriſed me very much, as an Engliſh lady of my acquaintance was ſuffered to go into them at the time of the laſt war with France, when her huſband and all the gentlemen with her were ſent out of the town——I could get no other reaſon aſſigned for the refuſal, but this—that ſince Lord ——— had ſeen them, nothing of *Engliſh blood* ſhould ever be permitted to go into them. So I walked about, and all I could ſee was that the fineſt ports in the world, and ſhips worthy of being commanded by our admirals, will never make (at leaſt for a great while to come) good ſailors of the French—my reaſons I will tell you, when we meet.— — —

Mr. de S—— who refuſes to let any Engliſh perſon ſee the dockyards at Toulon, expreſſed a great diſlike to our nation, ſaying he had reaſon; you will laugh when I tell you, that his reaſon for hating us is, that in the late war two thirds of his ſquadron were taken, with the greateſt part of his convoy, deſtined for the Eaſt-Indies, and had he not bravely

ran away himſelf, he would certainly have fallen a prey to thoſe *opiniatres feroces matelots*, as he calls our ſailors ——

The gentleman who waited upon Soulanges to aſk permiſſion and plead my cauſe, wiſhing to recollect what defence Mr. de Soulanges's ſquadron had made, aſked an officer in the room the name of the French ſhips, which the poor Mr. de Soulanges ſo bitterly lamented; he anſwered he ſhould recollect them if he heard their names, but could not exactly remember ——

My friend aſked if it was—the Ville de Paris—le Glorieux—le Centaur—l'Artois—le Caton—l'Argonaut—le Jaſon—le Prothée—le Solitaire—le Pegaſe—here the gentleman ſtared at him, and ſaid, le Pegaſe was one of them ——

Soulanges ſaid, yes, but the Foudroyant that took her was one of the largeſt ſhips in our navy, and commanded by that *feroce matelot* Captain Jervais, who would attack the devil, if he met him at ſea; but, added he, Jervais could not have taken the *Pegaſe*, unleſs aſſiſted by other ſhips ——

My friend told him, the Foudroyant was a two decker, and carried only ſix more guns than the Pegaſe, and was taken in the war before the laſt, by the Engliſh ſhip the Monmouth, commanded by

Captain Gardiner, that carried but 64 guns—that, though he had not the pleaſure of being perſonally known to Capt. Jervais, from his public character he was ſure he would do his beſt in time of war, to burn, ſink, or take the devil, if under French colours.—He had a great inclination to have told Mr. de Soulanges what is very well known, that Captain Jervais took the Pegaſe after an action of little more than half an hour, without any help whatſoever, but his commands to a gallant crew—and that the other ſail of the line under Soulange's command ſtruck to the Queen, Captain Maitland, after receiving a ſingle broadſide; but he thought a repetition of naval actions, fairly ſtated, might be painful to many officers who were preſent, and who paid the tribute due to our navy, in expreſſing the higheſt eſteem for it; and ſo took his leave.

The *Pegaſe* in queſtion is the very ſhip my brother commanded laſt war. I have often been told that ſhe could not ſail, by the French—but I always aſſured them, that ſhe has profited ſo much by the trim he gave her, that ſhe goes now perfectly well—

They have alſo talked much of the improvement made in their marine the laſt war; but unleſs it is in the cloathing their ſhips' company, I cannot find out in what——Old Engliſh officers have told me,

they always found their hearts lay in the ſame place as heretofore—and that whenever they could ſail faſt enough to get along ſide of the enemy, the buſineſs was preſently ſettled—I think I need no better proof of this aſſertion than one, which I hope may ſtand unaltered in the book of fame for centuries to come; it is this—our marine is in part compoſed of line-of-battle ſhips taken from our enemies; whereas there exiſts not a power upon the face of the globe that can boaſt of having in their marine one ſhip of the line taken from the Britiſh nation——

I do not doubt but that the *Miniſtre de la marine de France*, and French officers, are excellent naval officers in theory—but when that is to be put in practice, I hope events will prove, that we remembeer we have no other ramparts to defend our country and our liberties but the ocean, and that we ever were, are, and muſt be, a race of *feroces*, *opiniatres*, *matelots*—You ſay amen to this wiſh, I am ſure—ſo remain

Yours moſt affectionately.

P. S. I think the drive from Marſeilles to Toulon is beautiful—the rocks are as ſtupendous and nearly as fantaſtic as thoſe about Vaucluſe, and for ſome miles they are covered with fir trees——

You may form ſome idea of the magnitude of the hills and rocks by my proteſting, that the trees and a few cottages which adorn them, look, the firſt like tooth-picks, and the latter like the ſmalleſt Dutch toys—the road winds round moſt gracefully; wherever there was a little valley, I ſaw large flocks of goats——As I came nearer to Toulon, I began to ſee many orange and pomegranate trees in the gardens; and the caper, which is a pretty but ſtinking creeper, grows wild, wherever it is permitted to take root——

From Toulon to Hyeres I was gradually appriſed of the charming ſituation of the latter place, by the approach to it, which grew more and more lovely every ſtep I took——The hedges on the road are compoſed of myrtle, pomegranate, and wild vine; I paſſed by ſeveral neat-looking white houſes, the gardens of which are full of large orange-trees.

The town of Hyeres is about a league from the ſea, placed on the ſide of a hill. I ſhall wait patiently here for that letter I expected at Marſeilles—This happy ſpot is refreſhed by ſea-breezes—and from the elegant chearfulneſs which reigns here, it might almoſt tempt one to devote many months to ſolitude and ſtudy.

LETTER XIV.

HYERES, Auguſt 15, 1785.

I WENT up laſt night on horſeback to a chapel ſituated on a hill near the ſea, called *Notre Dame de Conſolation:* there is a man who calls himſelf a hermit, by name *Laurent*, and who by his medical knowledge, as he aſſures me, and the aſſiſtance of the bleſſed Virgin, cures the King's Evil. I talked to him ſome time; his ignorance and ſimplicity amuſed me very much; but I pity thoſe who truſt to his phyſical knowledge; I gave him ſome very curious receipts, all impromptu, as you may gueſs, aſſuring him, among other things, that bathing people in aquafortis was an infallible remedy for the diſorder he cured——

I deſire, if ever chance ſhould bring you to Hyeres, that you will aſcend this hill, and examine the ſcenes around, towards the ſea; the iſlands of Portecroix and Pourquerolle are beautiful objects, and a peninſula called Gien which is joined to the land only by a narrow road, forms a landſcape worthy of a great maſter's pencil—On looking towards the land, mountains on every ſide, whoſe tops are de-

corated with firs and rocks alternately, and towards the bottom, with olive, orange, and fig trees, form a beautiful circle, ſeemingly intended by nature to prevent the ſea from extending any farther——At a little diſtance, inland, riſes the hill, on the ſide of which is built the town of Hyeres: above the town are ſeen rocks and remains of the ancient town and wall.——I could have ſat and looked at all this beautiful ſcenery for ever; but the evening cloſing ſent me home to my harp and my books.

Your's affectionately—

LETTER XV.

HYERES, Auguſt 18, 1785.

I Hope the following lines will amuſe you, for a moment; I only wiſh they may make you laugh as much as I did, when I read the French officer's melancholy ſtory in proſe; whoſoever he may be, ſhould he take offence at my having turned his tragedy into a farce, I ſhall bear his anger patiently, when I think that the princes of the Houſe of Bourbon, all the Spaniards, Lord Howe, and Sir George Elliot, each of whoſe valour he ſlights, will

certainly laugh with me.—I have marked the pages where I have literally tranſlated his own phraſes, that you may not ſuppoſe I have invented the ſtrange things he ſays—and I ſend you his pamphlet that you may compare the one with the other——

VERSES

Written at HYERES, on reading a Pamphlet called *l'Hiſtoire du Siège de Gibraltar, par un Officier de l'Armée Françaiſe. Imprimée à Cadix, l'An* 1783.

SWEET Muſe, who haſt with fragrant roſes ſpread
The thorny path of life, which mortals tread;
Who haſt, with Fancy's gayeſt varied flowers,
Bedeck'd with many a wreath my youthful hours;
If e'er and oft thy ſong beguil'd my care,
Smiling maliciouſly, O Muſe appear——
Apollo form'd this ſea-girt orange-grove,
Fit haunt for playful Muſe or happy love;
Here myrtle-bloſſoms gracefully entwine,
And mix their perfume with th' encircling vine——
And this a youthful poet might ſuppoſe,
The ſpot where Venus from the waves aroſe——
O Muſe, approach, with all thy mirth and fire,
While Momus, laughing, ſhall new ſtring my lyre,
That I may briefly ſing in numbers gay,
What I have heard a profing Frenchman ſay;

His country's diſappointment to aſſuage,
He tells a tale, of fam'd Gibraltar's ſiege;
A Tom-Thumb ſtory of this ſiege relates ——
Of Gallic fame, heroic Gallic feats;
Of Crillon's Duke, and all his conquer'd men,
Who ſtalk'd out with him—to ſtalk home again.——
My lyre be ſtrong, for chords perchance may break,
When Frenchmen of their arms and valour ſpeak;
While wond'ring worlds of Elliot's juſtly ring;
Thus ſpoke the grieving Frenchman, thus I ſing:

Page 5. line 1. Seven thouſand men, and eke York-Town,
Artillery immenſe our own,
Lately all taken by my nation,
l. 3. Has added to its reputation—
The conqueſt of St. Kit's adorn'd,
Names henceforth never to be ſcorn'd,
The names of (as new worlds can ſhew)
l. 6. WASHINGTON, BOUILLE', ROCHAMBEAU,
p. 6. BUSSY, with our friend HYDER-KAN
l. 2. SUFFREIN, unconquerable man,
Promis'd in Aſia greater feats,
Than e'er were ſung in Paris' ſtreets;
l. 3. Promis'd us victory and teas;
Our ſtreamers glorying o'er the ſeas,
Proudly diſplay'd on th' Eaſtern ſhore,
l. 6. Where Engliſh banners wav'd before.
l. 9. Minorca too we call our own,
Which adds to CRILLON's name, Mahon.
l. 12. Paſt conqueſts oft bring freſh in view:
Thus ſet we out in eighty-two,

l. 13. Like the moſt brilliant ſummer's morn,
A Dauphin at that time was born;
l. 16. The people all were drunk with joy,
To ſee ſo fine a royal boy.
l. 17. Ruſſia's young heir from Northern courts,
l. 20. Came to admire our ſuperb ports,
Our induſtry, fertiliſation——
And Paris rais'd his admiration.
What circumſtances theſe, t' inflame
Our minds with glory and with fame!
Page 28. But to theſe ſplendors, ſad reverſe!
Unpleaſant news our joys diſperſe;
For RODNEY's vict'ry reach'd our ears,
Which chang'd our vap'ring into tears,
p. 32. Our fêtes to mourning, hopes to fears.
Since the year twenty-ſeven had Spain
Thought of Gibraltar's rock in vain;
In awful ſilence long had ſtar'd,
p. 7. l. 18. But to attack it never dar'd;
Till CRILLON * offer'd gold and penſions,
For ſuch unheard-of new inventions,
As might this ſturdy rock invade,
For this full many a ſcheme was laid:
p. 6. l. 33. The houſe of Bourbon ſquadrons mann'd,
Collected armies, batt'ries plann'd;
Theſe preparations, vaſt and great,
All Europe knew, were to defeat
p. 77. l. 2. Brave ELLIOT in his ſnug retreat.

* A paper-merchant offered the duke an immenſe Kite, at the Tail of which a Man in a ſack was to aſcend, and was to pour aquafortis over the officers and ſoldiers at the Parade.—I am told that the duke had the kite ſent over the rock—luckily for the

D'ARÇON * of floating batt'ries ſpoke;
Great CRILLON haſten'd to St. Roque,
To take upon him the command
Of th' army both by ſea and land.
Page 11. line 9. Four hundred workmen under d'ARÇON,
(Whoſe batteries were made a farce on,)
Inceſſant work'd by day and night,
To finiſh them, which gave delight
To Monſeigneur d'ARTOIS, who came
l. 16. With laurels to bedeck his name.——
Now martial feats his ſenſes warming,
And warlike ſtores around him ſwarming;
Veſſels of ev'ry name and ſize,
l. 19, 23. In numbers dance before his eyes:
Now to the lines the French troops march,
Their queues ſo tied, their curls ſo ſtarch,
p. 13. Heavens, how the Spaniards ſtood aghaſt!
l. 16. (Of ſoldiers they the leaſt, and laſt)
l. 17, 18. In flocks they came our men to ſee,
l. 19, 20. And, by their curioſity,
l. 21, 22. Prov'd how imperfect was their notion
l. 23. Of muſic ſweet and rapid motion——
l. 24. Our troops the Spaniards' wonder rais'd——
So on COLUMBUS Indians gaz'd!

inventor, who had put himſelf into the ſack, the ſtring broke, juſt as he was lifted off the ground.

* Le Chevalier d'Arçon, whoſe floating batteries deſerved a different fate from what they experienced; they were neither executed nor ſeconded according to his plan. I have examined the invention, with perſons whoſe judgement I can truſt to, and am convinced that it is a very good one—and if juſtice had been done in the execution of them, the batteries, I do believe, were incombuſtible and inſubmerſible, as he aſſerted they were; but as to their aſſiſting towards the taking of Gibraltar—from the prudence of the general who defended it, I rather think we have to regret, and the combined armies to rejoice, that they ſucceeded no better.

An Engliſh brig of ſixteen guns
Was taken by theſe ſtupid dons,
Page 14. And this unuſual thing, a prize!
Line 28. Our hopes uplifted to the ſkies——
l. 29. The little fleet that watch'd the bay,
Came in to keep St. James's day;
p. 15. l. 10. For on a holiday 'tis right,
l. 11, 12. That Catholics ſhould pray, not fight——
But whilſt our ſhips delay'd their cruiſing,
The Engliſh brought the ugly news in
Of RODNEY's triumph; from the Rock
Of guns our ears receiv'd the ſhock;
For ELLIOT thought, a gallant action
l. 30. Deſerv'd a mark of ſatisfaction——
Soon after this, four Engliſh knaves
l. 31, 32. Deſerted, and inform'd us, ſlaves
Of hope and fear——that ELLIOT's troops
p. 16. l. 1, 2, 3. Of provender had loſt all hopes.——
Which rais'd our ſpirits made us gay,
And think all fighting only play.——
Then d'ARÇON made us move ſo ſwift,
p. 21, l. 5. His barrels* and his bags to lift,
l. 6. That in one night, his epaulement
l. 7. Was form'd ſo thick, ſo long, ſo ſtrong,

* The ſame Chevalier d'Arçon, who invented the floating batteries, executed an epaulement (which he planned) within the ſpace of four hours, in the dark part of the night, between the 15th and 16th of Auguſt, 1782. It was called by him the Parallel Battery, but more properly by Sir George Elliot, the Sappe Volante, from the rapidity of the execution: It was 1010 toiſes in length, and ten feet in heighth and breadth, formed of ſacks and barrels, brought to the ſpot and filled with the ſand found there: I have ſeen his own account of the diſtribution of employment among ſo great a number of men (viz. 17,000) and which proves, that he had a clear head to calculate the work, ſo as to prevent confuſion.

Page 21. line 8. That ſure, if ELLIOT and his men
l. 9. Could ever be alarm'd, 'twas then——
The Duc de BOURBON came to pore
l. 16. O'er d'ARÇON's work, on ſea and ſhore;
His floating batteries complete;
His forty cannon-boats ſo neat;
His twenty bomb-boats add to theſe,
Will take the place whene'er we pleaſe.
The royal princes, twain of Bourbon,
Of caution ſcorn'd to clap the curb on;
But yielding to their valour hot,
p. 26. line laſt. Advanc'd almoſt within gun-ſhot——

Theſe awful things together bind
Triumph and vict'ry in our mind.
p. 35. l. 3. Our ſoldiers play, and ſing and dance:
l. 27. Oh! happy nation! happy France!
Whoſe people, light at head and heel,
No pangs for others ever feel.——
—All the work's ſo quickly done,
Hope on ev'ry viſage ſhone:
But all's not gold, alas, that ſhines;
For ELLIOT *ſet* in flames our lines;
To the ſea for water went our men;
The Engliſh fir'd on theſe again;
Ah, barb'rous nation! cruel foes!
p. 36. Who mercileſs could fire on thoſe,
l. 13, 15. Whom ye confus'd by many a ſhot,
By ELLIOT's order made red hot—

We burn'd our fingers then we reſted,
In ſleep our ſad affronts digeſted.
Our balls now fly round ELLIOT's head;
Page 40. line 11, 12. But he lay ſilent, as if dead;
In vain we make our bullets dance, or
Sing againſt the rock——no anſwer.——
p. 44. l. 26. Heaven ſeem'd to favour our intent;
The wind to weſtward firmly bent;
l. 29. Ships of the line, full forty-eight
Of ours, beſpoke poor ELLIOT's fate——
At anchor firm before his face,
Reſolv'd no Engliſh ſhip ſhould place
Or beef, or mutton, in his diſh,
(He, food for us) or feed on fiſh——
Gibraltar mute, by us ſtruck dumb,
Our triumph now was ſoon to come:——
p. 49. l. 5, 6. Alas! (the wheel is ever turning)
Our triumph ſoon was chang'd to mourning:
The floating batt'ries our reliance
To ſet the general at defiance,
From them by ſea to end the matter,
With ſhowers of balls, his rock we ſpatter;
He, ſeeing now, what moſt we want is
To eterniſe our new flottantes,
Red bullets ſends us by the ſcore,
That caus'd ſuch miſchief heretofore,
l. 18. And men of all degrees and nations,
That gaze upon our diff'rent ſtations,
With monſtrous grief, exceſſive wonder,
See turn'd to ſmoak our floating thunder.

Some in the camp were free from care,
Nor dream'd they of the dire deſpair,
Page 54. line 14. The rage, calamity, and crime,
That ſtruck us jointly at that time:
l. 20. For thirteen Engliſh gun-boats came,
To add freſh fuel to the flame.
Amidſt this burning, what could ſave
Hundreds from the untimely grave?
For through the flames no Frenchman choſe,
In ſaving friends, to ſcorch his noſe;
His brethren broiling calmly views,
Rather than ſinge his beard or ſhoes.
But ELLIOT and his men of ſteel,
That act ſo ſtout, can pity feel,
p. 55. l. 16. And CURTIS led the gen'rous crew,
To ſave the foe, with death in view:
Three hundred French and Spaniards took,
And nurs'd and fed them at the rock,
With anxious care, a care divine;
l. 30. Such deeds, brave ELLIOT, ſuch were thine!
More to thy glory far, 'tis ſaid,
p. 60. l. 22. Than with hot balls to ſtrike us dead——
Our batt'ries burnt——our ſpirits fail,
And gloomy thoughts our minds aſſail.
p. 65. l. 3, 5. Hiſtorians ſay that we inherit
From Gauls a moſt impetuous ſpirit;
But that it laſts not, as it ought,
And ends before a battle's fought——
Our princes, ſick of war's alarms,
Whom CRILLON's camp no longer charms,

With CORDOVA were going away;
But freſh bad news made them delay——
A Spaniſh brig announc'd that night
HOWE and the Engliſh fleet in ſight——
Now hopes alone our boſom warm,
For burſting clouds beſpeak a ſtorm,
Sad councils and reflexions came
About our ſhips, our hopes, our fame——
The ſtorm came on; it quickly bore
The Engliſh off the Spaniſh ſhore,
And ours from all their anchors tore:
Some were driven near ELLIOT's guns,
Who ſing'd the whiſkers of the dons;
Too ſure there's fire in that head;
Page 78. line 22. He ſent us ſcores of bullets red;
In him 'twas horrid, I declare,
To take la Fortune de la Guerre,
When beat by rain and ſtorms we were.
In the midſt of all this ſad confuſion,
The Engliſh ſquadron made intruſion;
CORDOVA, ſpight of wind and weather,
p. 79. l. 30. Call'd all his officers together:
They held a council, talk'd of fight——
A frigate at th' approach of night,
1 34. An Engliſh frigate, ſkimm'd away,
Like lightning into Roſiere's bay——
Oh heaven and earth! to France and Spain,
What indignation, wonder, pain,
It was to ſee two more advance,
And Engliſh tranſports to enhance!

The horror of our ſouls aggriev'd,
For thus Gibraltar was reliev'd;
It was reliev'd, dear France; but know,
Not to brave ELLIOT or to HOWE,
Is due the glory of this deed,
Which makes our ſorrowing hearts oft bleed,
Page 91. line 4. By copper, and by coals alone
Their martial courage was made known;
And if an ELLIOT's ſacred name,
With that of honour be the ſame——
To wond'ring ages yet to come,
And we were ſent like children home——
The coals that made his bullets red
Deſerve the wreaths that crown his head——
And copper-bottom'd ſhips I ween,
That ſcud along ſo neat, ſo clean——
Secure the active Britiſh foe,
And not the valour of their HOWE——
Dear friends, like me, treat with diſdain
Their glory, and forget your pain;
Hate honour from your haughty ſouls
That's gain'd by copper, and by coals——

And now, ye playful dolphins, quickly bear,
Acroſs the ſeas, this diſmal tale with care;
At CALPE's* foot, I charge ye, reſt a while,
Divert the warrior from his hourly toil——
A Britiſh hero ſcarcely can refuſe
This trifling tribute from an Engliſh Muſe.

* Sir George Elliot was then at Gibraltar.

Then to the Weſtern Ocean ſpeed your way,
Nor loiter thoughtleſs on the Biſcay'n-bay—
In Britain's channel once arriv'd, remain;
And let my countrymen from you obtain
Your ſacred charge——Beneath the oak's deep ſhade,
My honour'd friends, retir'd from toil, are laid——
While they on French deſcription ſmiles beſtow,
France ſows freſh laurels for each Engliſh brow.
Mean time with care a myrtle-wreath I weave
To grace but one*, the braveſt of the brave.

* Sir G. Elliot.

You ſee, dear Sir, that I meant to have ſent it to Sir George Elliot; I know he has the French pamphlet—but as he may not be ſo partial to the productions of my muſe as you are, I am rather content that you ſhould ſee it.

Believe me your's moſt affectionately——

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR,

HYERES, Auguſt 24, 1785.

I Am extremely ſurpriſed that invalids, who fly to the South in winter, do not chooſe Hyeres in preference to Montpellier or Nice; it is true that it is more ſolitary than either of theſe places; but I am ſure, by the accounts I have had of the laſt, its lying, goſſiping, miſchievous ſtile of ſociety muſt be a moſt horrid thing for nerves ſhaken by illneſs. There is an uncommon clearneſs in the air here; the iſlands appear to the eye to be not above three miles diſtant, and I am aſſured they are ſeven leagues—Proviſions are excellent here, particularly fiſh; among theſe, the John-dory and the Red Mullet are of an amazing ſize, and excellent; I thought the Dory was called the Dorade, but it is called the *Poiſſon de St. Pierre*; and the Dorade, of which there is plenty, is a very indifferent fiſh—— They ſpoil the Red Mullet by conſtantly pulling out the livers. The land is too precious here to be ſpared for building, yet there are houſes enough to lodge ſeveral families——

There is very ſeldom any rain at Hyeres, and the rides of the environs are the moſt beautiful that your imagination can form—particularly one towards the reſidence of a Mr. Glapiere de St. Trop's—who has near his houſe a beautiful large valley between the mountains, which he might with little expence, turn into a charming park with a river running through it.—You muſt not ſuppoſe from the want of rain here, that there is no verdure, or that the orange-gardens look burnt by the ſun; the natives of this happy ſpot are extremely ingenious in turning every little ſpring that comes from the mountains (and theſe ſprings are numerous) over their fields and gardens, ſo that the conſtant want of rain here is the very reaſon why every vegetation never fails of being refreſhed perpetually ——

Put all theſe circumſtances together, with another, which I think muſt weigh with every reaſonable perſon, out of their own country, which is, that proviſions are very cheap, and you will agree with me, that Hyeres is a very good place for an invalid to paſs a winter in. ——

I am ſetting out for Antibes, having received the information I waited for — — — — — — — — — — — — —

I remain your's moſt truly,

E. C——

LETTER XVII.

ANTIBES, Auguſt 28, 1785.

MOST part of the road from Hyeres to this place is very mountainous and narrow, ſo I rode along the greateſt part of it——

I find here an ancient work of the Romans; it is an aqueduct, which a Colonel d'Aquillon imagined might be reſtored to its former uſe of bringing water to the town, at a ſmall expence; he met with much oppoſition and ingratitude from the very people to whom it could be of uſe; but I am told he has obtained a penſion, and a monument is intended to be erected to his honour—I believe there is no nation but ours that waits for a perſon's death, to ſhew ſome ſign of ſatisfaction for the benefit derived from their ſuperior talents —

If Vauban's plan had been followed for this port, it would have been one of the fineſt in the Mediterranean—As it is at preſent, none but veſſels of the lighteſt burthen can enter——

I have hired a felucca, a long narrow boat with three ſhoulder-of-mutton ſails, and ten oars, in which I mean to go from hence to Leghorn—I have talked ſo much lately to you about orange-gardens, that you may fairly ſuppoſe, I paſſed much of my time in them; but indeed I have not, for they are far from being comfortable things to be in, though magnificent to look at, from a little diſtance; there is one, and not a very large garden, at Hyeres, that brings the proprietor in fifteen hundred pounds ſterling a year; I was taken to ſee it upon my arrival—but the ground is ſo precious in theſe gardens, that none is to be ſpared for walks—ſo that I was forced to creep among the orange-trees as I could, like any other earthly reptile——

The Spaniards and Algerines having lately made a peace, I am informed I run ſome riſk of being taken by a Barbary corſair, as the Algerines turn their ſpirit of piracy on all other veſſels but Spaniſh at preſent—however I cannot ſay I am the leaſt afraid, ſince the very fears of my Italian ſailors will prevent them from going farther from the ſhore than what is abſolutely neceſſary for ſailing——

Adieu, dear Sir,

I remain your's——

LETTER XVIII.

GENOA, Sept. 1, 1785.

I Got no farther than Monaco laſt night, where I looked over the old caſtle which ſtands perpendicularly upon a rock from the ſea——The prince was abſent; he is adding a *Salle de Compagnie* to his chateau, which it wants very much——The building being ancient and irregular; he has taken moſt of the fine pictures to Paris, as his people told me, and I was ſhewn a modern corniſh in ſtucco, one of Adam's deſigns, executing as a great curioſity, though it was none to me, as we have ſuch in moſt of our parlours in England——There are the remains of ſome fine painting *en freſque* in the court——The room the poor Duke of York died in is one of the moſt melancholy I ever ſaw; the very bed had a gloomy look; but indeed all the apartments are dark and diſmal——The Prince has three houſes for his own reſidence, at a ſmall diſtance from each other, on this coaſt—Monaco, Moncobron, and Menton——His poſſeſſions do not ſeem very fertile, from whence probably ariſes an Italian diſtich my boatmen repeated ſo often in

going up to Monaco, that I could not avoid retaining it; in Engliſh it is—Monaco upon a rock, neither ſows nor reaps, but lives on others property—They added, that part of his revenue conſiſted in a tribute which all ſmall veſſels pay in going from France to Italy, that is, all but the French, who are exempt from this tax, which, by the bye, I ſaw no other method of exacting but a miſerable little veſſel of his I ſaw in the port, which they told me went after the others who might refuſe to pay it——

There were arms and ammunition for forty thouſand men ſent in there, by ſmall quantities at a time, for fifteen months paſt—from France——

Monaco's Prince, from his connection with French families, and his frequenting Verſailles, is become, I ſuppoſe (though a ſovereign prince) only a tool of that court——Theſe private military preparations are conveniently placed for Italy, Monaco being within four-and-twenty hours ſail of any Italian port north of Leghorn.——Here I found the great uſe of my new travelling bed—the feet, which are of iron, are placed in tin cups full of water, and a zinzalière, or gauze curtain with no opening to it, that lets down over me, prevented my being devoured by gnats, and every other ſort of biting, ſtinging vermin——

I can conceive nothing pleaſanter than having a clean comfortable Engliſh yatcht, with four or five ſenſible people to go with into Italy, coaſting as I do—The ſcenery is beautiful—Nice, which I paſſed by, is a fine object; the ſky too is ſo clear, every thing ſeems to conſpire in making this voyage delightful—but, alas! in a felucca, it is too true, what the late Lord D—— ſaid, that you never come out of one, without feeling all alive—As ſoon as the heat of the ſun goes off, with the approach of the evening, theſe Italian ſailors make a horrid noiſe too; they ſing it is true, not unharmoniouſly; but for two hours, nay more, the ſame hymn to the Virgin—now and then interſperſed with a lively ballad—ſo that the ſtill part of the evening, which at ſea particularly invites to contemplation or converſation, is ruffled by the gaiety of theſe poor fellows.——I am at preſent in a very good inn, the Golden Stag—and every thing I ſee here is ſo unlike any thing I ever ſaw before, that I am at the window gaping like a country-miſs, that is in London for the firſt time in her life——

When I have gaped to ſome purpoſe you ſhall profit by it— — — —

I now wiſh you and——— a good night—

Your's affectionately——

LETTER XIX.

GENOA, Sept. 16, 1785.

THIS town is oddly ſituated—it is ſo much confined between the ſea and high mountains; the churches, convents, and their gardens, take up ſo much room, that mercantile people can ſcarcely find habitations; the palaces are extremely fine, but ſo lofty, and the ſtreets ſo narrow, that to ſee the outſide of the houſes, I think one ſhould lie down in the middle of a ſtreet——I never ſaw any thing more truly magnificent than ſome of the palaces, the pillars and ſtaircaſes of which are all marble—— You may judge of the ſolidity of theſe buildings: ſome of them are ſeven and eight hundred years old—I ſaw one ſtair-caſe, the altering of which coſt twenty thouſand pounds.——It is well worth any perſon's while to come here who loves fine pictures—in moſt of the palaces there are ſome—a few of the palaces have large collections—and in theſe printed catalogues of them—I have had the greateſt pleaſure in looking at ſome—there are two Vandykes in one of the Brignoli palaces, that I think invaluable. The man is on a grey horſe, the lady his wife, is a

whole-length—there is as much grace and beauty in her face and figure as his pencil could expreſs——

All the magnificence of the Genoeſe is confined to their palaces; by their laws, they cannot have gold either on their clothes, carriages, or liveries—The chief amuſement of the ladies here is walking the ſtreets in the evening, with their ſedan-chair and ſeveral ſervants behind them, accompanied by one or more gentlemen——It is very much the faſhion likewiſe, for every perſon who can afford it, to have one or ſeveral country-houſes—as they call them; but the ſituations of them, perched about the ſteep rocks, gives me but little idea of the country—The people in general do not look healthy——All the women wear what is called a mezzaro, viz. about two yards or more of black ſilk or chintz, wrapped about their heads and ſhoulders, inſtead of a cloak; it is extremely graceful, if well put on—Every woman has an opportunity of hiding a defect, or ſhewing a beauty, as they may conceal one eye, the throat, the forehead, the chin, or in ſhort ſuffer thoſe they meet to ſee only what they chooſe to diſplay—The mezzaro too has a great convenience, which is, that a woman can ſo hide herſelf in it, that ſhe may walk all over the town unknown; this mezzaro is particularly advantageous to a perſon with fine

ſhoulders and eyes——There are but two ſtreets in the town where carriages can go; ſo that ſedan-chairs or walking are the principal methods of going from one place to another.

The females among the lower claſs diſguſted me much by their head-dreſs—their hair is ſtrained up to a point on the top of their head, and faſtened to a pin—judge what a figure an old greyheaded or bald woman muſt make.

I cannot help thinking this once flouriſhing republic, notwithſtanding the opulence of ſome of its noble families, is becoming very faſt a dependent on, or a creature of the court of France—Some of their nobles marry into French families—and ſoon loſe their fortune and their patriotic ideas in the extravagance and ſervility of that court—Corſica is a melancholy proof of this opinion——

Of the two noble Genoeſe, to whom I had letters, the lady is dead, and the gentleman is not here; ſo that I have announced myſelf no where, as I would not be detained here longer than juſt to ſee the churches and pictures, and though I ſhould have been pleaſed to have ſeen the manner of living of the Genoeſe nobles, I would not upon any account get into a train of miniſters dinners and viſits——

I have been much ſurpriſed to ſee a black Virgin and child in one of the churches here; unleſs it be to tempt Negroes to turn Chriſtians, I cannot conceive why they ſuffer it to remain——

I have been on board the *Galéres*—and if the variety of very fine pictures have delighted me, the ſight of heavy chains, and ſo many human beings enduring ſlavery for years, has ſhocked me beyond deſcription—yet they do not look unhappy—and I think ſervitude a more rational puniſhment for ſome crimes than death; but ſlavery to an Engliſh mind, I ſuppoſe, muſt be very horrible by what I feel——

Yeſterday two Algerine ſlaves came to my apartment to ſell ſlippers; the oldeſt of the two was one of the handſomeſt brown men, with the beſt countenance I ever ſaw—he has been a ſlave five-and-twenty years, and is ſuffered to go about without the uſual attendant, which is a man with a ſtout ſtick in his hand, who follows the ſlaves who walk about the town chained together, always in pairs——

When I thought upon the fate of this old man; guilty of no crime; a priſoner of war—his looks ſo noble and ſo honeſt—I wept—and wiſhed I might have had intereſt enough with the Doge and Senate of Genoa to have ſent him home to Algiers——

Theſe ſort of pictures in real life, are of a dark hue—I muſt therefore again turn to thoſe I have ſeen in the palaces—I confeſs I ſhould not diſlike to paſs three winter months here to examine them at leiſure, and copy a few.——There is a buſt of Vitellius in one of the palaces, for which I am aſſured the Duke of Marlborough offered to give its weight in gold—The ſum muſt neceſſarily have been very large, for the buſt is ſo maſſy that it probably weighs above half any other marble ſtatue——But it does much honour to the Duke's taſte, as the work is perfect; and much likewiſe to the poſſeſſor, to prize ſo highly what deſerves ſo well to be eſteemed.——I have been offered any price I chooſe to aſk for a cheſtnut Suffolk-horſe here; the ſtable it is in is crowded every day, and it grieves ſome of the Genoeſe very much that I will not part with him—but I think a good woman's horſe is ſo difficult to be had, that I never can underſtand how any perſon can part with one——

Adieu, my dear Sir——Believe me— —

LETTER XX.

PISA-BATHS, Sept 17, 1785.

I Set out again in a felucca, intending to land at Leghorn, but contrary winds or calms became ſo tireſome to me that I landed at an Italian port called Via-regia, had my coach taken out, and ſet out by land for this place——I have paſſed through a foreſt of oaks, belonging to the Grand Duke.

Some of theſe oaks are the largeſt and fineſt looking timber-trees I ever ſaw; I am aſſured here the wood is not hard and good, like our Engliſh oak; if ſo, I ſuppoſe it is affected by the climate——

I could not help reflecting in one of the fineſt palaces at Genoa on the want of unity and order, the two principles on which good taſte is founded, that is ever diſcovered in the dreſs and ornaments of all kinds which foreigners have——

I had paſſed through an immenſe ſuite of rooms, each more magnificent than the other; when coming into the bed-chamber of the miſtreſs of the houſe, her dreſs which ſhe had pulled off the night before, even her bracelets and rings lay upon a a table, and

I can with truth aſſert—no village-girl could have adorned herſelf with more mean, ordinary, paltry finery than was exhibited——The heir to this noble houſe, a child of about two years old, that had taken a fancy to my looks, and accompanied me through the apartments, was dreſſed likewiſe in a coarſe coloured linen——

Theſe circumſtances were ſuch contraſts to the houſe, that it brought to my mind a hundred examples of the like in France, where often, to get at the moſt elegant *Salle de Compagnie*, you are obliged to paſs through a dirty ante-chamber, where you are forced to hold up your petticoats that you may not ſweep into the inner rooms a load of filth——In the ſtreets you meet a magnificent carriage, attended by ſervants in coſtly liveries, drawn by a pair of dog-horſes, the harneſs of which a hackney-coachman would not uſe with us—and frequently at Paris the fineſt hotels have their architecture diſgraced by the black funnel of a temporary chimney, running out at a window or through a cornice——

Theſe incongruities cannot be imagined, nor believed, but by thoſe that have ſeen them——With us, cleanlineſs conſtitutes our firſt elegance; and fitneſs of things is next conſidered—and I believe

it is the combination of theſe two circumſtances which enchants foreigners of ſenſe and parts ſo much in England——

The Grand Duke and Ducheſs are here, ſo that the apartments uſually let out to company are taken up by them and their ſuite——

I have hired a comfortable houſe here by the week—theſe baths, firſt built by the Roman Emperors, are kept in excellent repair; and well they may, for the bathing is exceſſively dear——

There is a public room at the palace, where the company aſſemble about nine in the evening—the heat in the day is exceſſive—all the Italians lie down and ſleep after dinner, and get up to dreſs about ſix, walk afterwards, and meet in the great room.——I met the Grand Ducheſs laſt night, with another lady—I had not the leaſt idea who ſhe was, being followed by a ſingle footman in grey—ſhe looked at me with the greateſt attention, and curtſied very civilly—I curtſied and ſtared at at her, from her extreme likeneſs to my couſin of witty memory, the late Lady T——.

I was peſtered to death with queſtions about my harp at night——I find a harp with pedals is a very rare thing in Italy—and an Engliſh perſon meets with homage little ſhort of adoration——The very

ſhopkeepers and peaſants look in my face and ſay—*Cara—Cara Ingleſe*—

Theſe baths are very good for palſies, paralitic diſorders, gout, rheumatiſm, and ſcrofulous complaints; Piſa and Lucca are near—Piſa, I find, the Grand Duke prefers to Florence——I ſhould think an invalid might paſs a comfortable winter here——

Hoping that you may never come here as one, I finiſh this letter——

Your's affectionately— —

LETTER XXI.

PISA-BATHS, Sept. 15, 1785.

I Have rode over to Piſa, where I have been much entertained; the Cathedral, the Baptiſtry, and the Campo Santo are well worthy a ſail from England——

The leaning tower, which you may probably have ſeen, or at leaſt read and heard many accounts of, is a proof, among many others, that in all ages fancy is too often miſtaken for taſte——It has the appearance of patchwork, from the variety of orders

of architecture diſplayed in the pillars, which ſtand in rows one above the other, from the baſe to the top——As to the learned in building pretending to ſay the tower was built leaning, only to ſhew the excellence of the workmanſhip, they certainly delude themſelves, or deſire to impoſe upon credulous perſons——There are many proofs of the ground having ſunk; one infallible, according to my judgment; and that is, the firſt row of pillars being above half buried in the earth——This tower ſtands by itſelf—ſome paces from it, I entered the cathedral through braſs doors brought from Jeruſalem, repreſenting, in relievo, the hiſtory of Chriſt—but I would prefer the poſſeſſion of one pannel of the folding doors on the oppoſite ſide of the Cathedral to the whole of theſe; for the modern relievo, executed by John of Bologna, is full of grace and nature; while the ancient ſeems chiſeled out by an awkward carpenter——There is a beautiful urn placed on a pillar on the outſide of the church, which was ſhewn formerly as the cup which meaſured the tribute paid to Cæſar—but that miſtake is now rectified, and the true ancient uſe reſtored to it—it contained the aſhes of ſome illuſtrious perſonage——A fine ſarcophagus is likewiſe placed at the door of the cathedral, as a monument to the

Comteſſe Matilda—who was ſovereign of this country—and is ſaid piouſly to have added much to the magnificence of theſe buildings—but the croiſades have afforded their moſt curious relics——

I refer you to books for a preciſe and minute account of all that is to be ſeen in this vaſt and magnificent cathedral; I have only time to give you a few obſervations——

The chief altar is compoſed moſtly of lapis lazuli and all that is rare and coſtly—Some of the pictures are fine, but the Cathedral is too dark to permit them to be ſeen to advantage—At the lower end is a handſome ſarcophagus to the memory of the Emperor Henry VII. who was poiſoned by a prieſt at the holy table with a conſecrated wafer——

I quitted the Cathedral to go into the Baptiſtry, a building ſtanding like the tower, at a ſmall diſtance from the Cathedral; it is ſhaped like a handſome bell—the firſt and ſecond row of pillars on the outſide of this, one above the other, are in a good ſtile; but the man dying without leaving a drawing, or plan of his intentions toward the finiſhing, the upper part is finiſhed in the Gothic ſtile, and ill done——

There are granite pillars at the entrance very fine indeed——

The font is very remarkable, it is immenſely large, of white marble, beautiful Moſaic ſculpture in different pannels, which ſurround the outſide—and the deſign of every one differs from the others, ſo that there are not two alike——

The ſculpture too of the pulpit is very fine; it repreſents a groupe of perſonages——I was told they were all portraits—many of the faces are ridiculous caricaturas—but ſome barbarous travellers have plucked off ſeveral of the heads; a thing eaſily done by a ſtrong hand, as they are not ſo large as my fiſt, when doubled; if you have never ſeen that, you may gueſs at the ſize from what I ſay——

The Campo Santo is earth brought from Jeruſalem, which had the ſingular property of deſtroying the dead bodies put into it, four-and-twenty hours after they had lain there. It was the burying-place of the noble Piſans, when Piſa was a flouriſhing republic—at preſent no uſe is made of it—it is an oblong ſquare built round with a cloiſter—the length is three hundred and fifty feet—in the center is depoſited the holy earth, round which reign Gothic arches forming doors and windows—theſe arches are ſo light and ſimple, that they ſeem to hold together by magic power; and if any thing could reconcile me to the Gothic, theſe arches would—

againſt the wall on the oppoſite ſide from the cloiſter, there are the remains of a painting *en freſque* upon the plaſter, which is very fine —— This plaſter or ſtucco is broken off in ſeveral places, and diſcovers that the outlines of the painting were done upon the wall, before the ſtucco was laid on; this appears perfectly incomprehenſible, as the ſtucco is thick, and can never have been tranſparent—but I am aſſured that the red lines underneath, which appear to me to be common chalk pencil, were done with a compoſition which pierced through the ſtucco when wet—in a faint line—the only way of accounting for this ſingular circumſtance— I confeſs the drawing on the wall is done with ſo much more freedom and boldneſs than the painting expreſſes, that I wiſhed all the ſtucco fallen off, that I might ſee all the ſpirit of the deſign at once.——As I walked back through the town, I was ſhewn an ugly ſtrange-ſhaped tower, where Ugolino and his innocent family were ſtarved to death——As I looked at it, I thought, that if every man in theſe days, who did not exert his utmoſt abilities to ſave his country, was ſtarved to death, there might be formed a large regiment of good cooks wanting employment——

The graſs grows in every ſtreet in the town—a melancholy proof of the ſad reverſe this city exhibits to that picture it once gave the admiring world——

There are many remarkable monuments placed in the cloiſters of the Campo Santo. The King of Pruſſia has erected one in memory of Algarotti—I cannot poſſibly give you a liſt of them—I only mean to be your finger-poſt—juſt to point out to you what is worth ſeeing, if chance or choice ſhould lead you this way——

I was ſhewn ſeveral curious ſtatues, and pillars in the ſtreets; till night only, as uſual, ſent me home——

Adieu, dear Sir,

Believe me moſt affectionately——

LETTER XXII.

PISA-BATHS, Sept. 20, 1785.

SINCE I wrote laſt, I have been to ſee Lucca—a virgin republic, for it has never loſt its liberty——The motto of the city over the gates, or wherever it can be placed, is *Libertas*——The territories belonging to it are only forty-ſix miles long from St. Pellegrins to the Piſan mountains, and nineteen from Via-regia to Porquetto, the half of which town belongs to the Tuſcan dominion——

Lucca is extremely well fortified—crowds of people in the ſtreet, and a look of opulence among the *bourgeoiſie* prove the good effect of their motto—The oil is remarkably good here——I was ſhewn the Cathedral, which has nothing very remarkable in it but a circular chapel, the ſhape of which is pleaſing—and it has four ſtatues of the Apoſtles, good——I was told this chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, was tranſported in one night, entire, from another church at ſome diſtance——The figure of the Virgin I could not ſee, it was covered up—ſhe wears conſtantly golden ſlippers, and there is a ſkull of one of the ſenators of Lucca, who was hung for

ſtealing one of them, though he declared that ſhe flung it at him, as he was praying at her feet for more wealth——

I met in the inn ————, whom I certainly ſhould not have recollected again, his countenance is ſo altered——I believe the Muſes ſhould not marry, and he certainly is one— — —

There is ſomething romantic and *pittoreſque* in the manner of training the vine here——In the low grounds they twine round the trees which ſurround the little encloſures, and hang in feſtoons from one tree to another——The oxen too are of a particular kind, very large, and of no other colour but a light grey—in a ſmall field I have ſeen theſe yoked to a plough, preparing one corner of it for corn, while the reſt was filled with melons, olive, and fig-trees: I am told the ſun is powerful enough to bring the fruits of the earth to perfection through the branches of the trees—if ſo, they are extremely careleſs in making their wine; there is little or none to be bought good——

I do not know what people mean by ſaying Italy is a beautiful country; a want of fine trees and turf makes it in general very ugly. If travellers would content themſelves with ſaying, that in Italy, a perſon who is paſſionately fond of the fine arts

might find conſtant amuſement, I believe the praiſe would be juſt; but when led by their enthuſiaſm for them, they ſay, Italy is the fineſt country in the world, they prepare many people, as eaſy in their faith as I am, to be as much diſappointed as I have been——

A lady on a ſide-ſaddle is an object of great wonder here—the peaſants who paſs me on the right ſide, when I am on horſeback, the women, particularly, ſay *Poverina—Jeſu Maria—Povera—una gambia*——

They actually fancy I have one leg only; their ſtare of concern always makes me laugh—and then they add *cara* to their lamentations.——In a day or two I ſhall ſet out for Florence, from whence I ſhall write to you. I confeſs I long to ſee the Venus de Medicis—and the Niobe family.——I do not envy the Grand Duke his ſovereignty—but his collection of perfections, I confeſs, I ſhould like to ſhare with him——

Adieu—your's affectionately——

LETTER XXIII.

FLORENCE, Sept. 28, 1785.

I Hope you do not expect a very rational letter from me, as I have been three days ſucceſſively to ſee the ſtatues and pictures, and am ſo much delighted with them, that I am at a loſs how to give you an account of my feelings, otherwiſe than by telling you, that while I am in the Tribune, the vulgar idle tale of real life never once comes into my mind, and I feel quite happy—and if till now I have been ſorry often, when I have felt conſcious of having nice feelings, or what is commonly called taſte, at this moment I am extremely glad of it—I think and dream of nothing but the ſtatues, from the time I leave them till I ſee them again—ſo till a few days repetition of the ſame ſights has familiarized my head to them, I ſhall content myſelf with telling you two little adventures I have had; which may prove to you I have neither loſt my eye-ſight nor my pleaſantry upon occaſions which fret and anger others——

I ſet out from the Piſa Baths on the 23d in the afternoon; I ſent on my coach and ſome of my

ſervants two poſts, and went on horſeback myſelf—when I got about half way, I paſſed by a gentleman in an Engliſh phaeton, whoſe curioſity I ſuppoſe was awakened by an Engliſh horſe and ſide-ſaddle—From an uncommon ſlow trot he flew after me full gallop—I was warned of this frightful operation by my ſervant, and had juſt time to turn my horſe into a gateway—he could not ſtop his horſes immediately—but being determined to ſee me, as ſoon as he could, he pulled up, and went as ſlow as it was poſſible—I thought this ſo impertinent, that I determined on my part, that he ſhould not ſee me; ſo I deſired the perſons who accompanied me to follow me; and I paſſed by the left ſide of the phaeton as faſt as my horſe could go, with my hat and head ſo low, that the fooliſh man could not ſee me —— My horſe is a moſt excellent and fleet one, and I kept him on till my purſuer gave up the chaſe; and I then, when out of his ſight, turned into a farm-yard, and hid myſelf, till I ſaw the phaeton paſs again—ſo I poſitively got to my carriage without being ſeen by this curious gentleman——

The man at the poſt-houſe, upon my aſking for ſomething to drink, brought me a bottle of white wine, which he told me he had made himſelf, and

which he would have given to no one but me—it was the very beſt white wine I ever taſted ſince I drank *vin d'Arbois*, with which Henry *quatre* uſed to drink to his fair Gabrielle—but I mixed it with water, *parcequ'il faut que les Dames mettent un peu d'eau dans leur vin*——

The man was quite offended at my offering to pay for it——

So I thanked him with one of my beſt ſmiles—and got into my coach, where I had not been above two hours before I was faſt aſleep—and waked only to ſee the walls of the city of Florence—which do not ſeem calculated to defend it from any enemies, but thoſe which ſmuggling might create to the Tuſcan ſovereign's purſe——

I went to Meggit's inn, and got into bed about four o'clock in the morning. I have the ſame apartment my mother and Lady Louiſa H——— occupied—when there.

The next day, the firſt thing I did, was to go and ſee the Venus de Medicis——I was ſhewn a youthful figure oppoſite as an Apollo—and after I had examined it ſome time, I aſked why it was called an Apollo——Does not Eccelenza ſee, ſays the guide, his attribute the lyre? I do, returned I, but that is modern to the ſtatue—I made my obſervation—the

man laughed——You are perfectly right, ſaid he, and I do not know any other reaſon for its being an Apollo, than becauſe probably that God was thought a proper companion for the Venus——But how did you know thoſe pieces were reſtored? ſaid he;—I told him, from ſome obſervations I had made upon other fine works of that ſort——

However this ſtatue is very pleaſing; but I do not think it has the commanding look of the God of Day.——I looked at the face with delight; for about the noſe and upper lip it put me in mind of my dear ſon William—who, probably, is now nearly as tall——

It is lucky for my friends that I have that ſon and ſome others; for in the humour I am in, I could almoſt be tempted to remain a priſoner for life, upon condition my *cachot* was the Tribune; and I would aſk for no other company than the heavenly inanimate figures in it—their ſilence is ſo much more eloquent than language—their forms ſo harmonious.——I think you begin not to underſtand me, and as I am not at all certain, if your ear and your eye agree together, as mine do, I will not attempt to explain what may be felt, but not deſcribed—ſo I beg you would recollect I did not promiſe this letter ſhould be perfectly rational; and

I believe I am in my ſober ſenſes, when I have courage to end my rhapſody——

I remain your's affectionately——

P. S. Apropos, on looking over my letter, I find that I have forgot to tell you, the only object I took notice of, from my coach going to Florence, was the moon; it put me in mind of what Mr. de Caraccioli ſays; *que la lune de Naples valait bien le ſoleil d'Angleterre*—however our Engliſh ſun has but one fault notwithſtanding the Marquis's witty remark; and that is the ſame that an Engliſh mind has—peeping through a cloud too often.——The Venus ſuited the ideas I had formed of her; but the Niobe family ſurpaſſed them; there is a horſe belonging to that, which is not placed in the room with them, and which certainly was held by the bridle by one of the ſons——Every thing elſe ſeems to be in perfect order——

LETTER XXIV.

FLORENCE, October 12, 1785.

THIS city is very clean and chearful; the ſtreets are paved with large flat pieces of rock, unlike any other pavement I have ſeen, and much ſmoother; fine ſtatues and relievos in marble ſtand in the ſquares and angles of ſtreets, without having any thing to protect them but the reſpect the very loweſt people have for them——Sir Horace Mann, Lord Cowper, the Prince Corſini, the Lucca miniſter Comte Santini, and the Comte d'Albany, give great dinners here to all foreigners of diſtinction; but the Florentine nobleſſe never invite any one to dine or ſup at their houſes——When they give an entertainment it is an aſſembly, where every creature that can call itſelf a gentleman or gentlewoman, can eaſily go——I was at one the other night given on account of a wedding, and though it was but a few paces from our Engliſh miniſter's houſe, all his carriages, horſes, and ſervants, paraded with flambeaux to the houſe—I went in one of his coaches with him—The miſtreſs of the houſe, and bride, ſtood at the door to receive every body, and curtſey to them as

they paſſed——The number of rooms opened and illuminated upon ſuch an occaſion is incredible—I was told in this houſe there were eleven rooms which were not ſeen, becauſe they were not finiſhed—I could not help obſerving that all the handſome Florentines are very like the Engliſh—an effect perhaps of the great partiality the Italian ladies have for my country people——What I mean is, that as they have conſtantly ſo many Engliſh people here, their looking at them conſtantly may very naturally occaſion the likeneſs——

The Italian ladies are very good-humoured, which is more than I can ſay for their neighbours the French; and they have likewiſe more natural civility to ſtrangers; for they do not ſtare at them, and whiſper to one another, ſo as to leave no doubt to the *Anglaiſe* that her dreſs is criticiſed; but they ſpeak to her, and if they remark any thing new to them, they do not tell her, *ce n'eſt pas a-la-mode*—but they ſuppoſe it is the faſhion of the country ſhe is come from——

The ſovereign might make Florence a Paradiſe; but he keeps no court——There is nothing about his manner of living that betrays either the gaiety or magnificence that naturally belong to royalty—Any perſon whoſe rank ſuits preſentation might be

preſented to the Grand Duke or Ducheſs—but I ſhall certainly not be ſo; for ſovereigns, like the ſun, ſhould chear with their rays the people who look up to them; and when they chooſe to hide thoſe rays in a corner, ſtrangers muſt be very fooliſh to go and ſeek them out, diſturb their privacy, and gain neither pleaſure nor amuſement by it—— Florence ſwarms with Engliſh——The operas here are very indifferent——

In the palaces here, there are generally ſeveral indifferent pictures mixed with a few good ones— There are two Apoſtles out of four, painted by Carlo Dolci, in the Palazzo Riccardi, which I think invaluable—there is a Muſe by the ſame in the Palazzo Corſini——

The Grand Duke has juſt purchaſed from the Dini family a picture done by Guercino da Cento, and placed it in the Tribune; it is an Endymion ſleeping—the ſweetneſs and beauty of the countenance are enchanting; but Guercino was ſo taken up with the mortal, that he has repreſented the Goddeſs in one corner of the ſky, like the paring of a nail—however this new purchaſe is well worthy a place in the Tribune——It coſt the Grand Duke not quite an hundred guineas——

I have been obliged again to aſſure the French, at the French miniſter's table the other day, that Sir George Elliot was not born of French parents——

Sterne's adventure about Yorick, I have now good reaſon to believe was a fact; for I was aſked too by a Frenchman if Sir Joſhua Reynolds did not build St. Paul's.——I think Frenchmen ſhould never quit Paris; for they do not chooſe to be acquainted with the chronology or genealogies of any other nation but their own.——The only thing which ſeems to delight the French miniſter here is, that the bridge over the Arno, which is juſt before his windows, puts him in mind of the Pont-neuf at Paris—the only obſervation I ever heard him make upon the beauties of this town——

Judge of my ſurpriſe the other morning—Meggit came running in haſte to my apartments, to aſſure me, that Lord B—— would be here in two or three days—he was at Venice he ſaid, and produced a letter to prove his aſſertion—but as I thought I was more likely to have intelligence than he was, and as the name was not ſpelt right, I contented myſelf with telling him to reſerve, as long as he could, an apartment adjoining to mine, then empty, and promiſed him I ſhould endeavour to make him lodge there; though my brother wrote me word, he ſhould

have *une maiſon montée* if he ſhould paſs the winter in Italy—but I think it will be leſs trouble for him and me to be here, if Florence is the place he fixes in—

There is a charming ride here about a mile from the town, in a wood of the Grand Duke's, called the Caſhins (where the ladies walk or go in phaetons, called here *Biroches*)—but its chief beauty, the moſt enormous firs I ever beheld, are now felling; —

— — — — — — — — —

There is alſo a dairy, where cream, milk, and butter are ſold, at a royal price indeed——There is an excellent invention in it to keep the milk ſweet in this hot climate—the pans are placed in a trough or frame, full conſtantly of freſh water, which runs in at one end and out at the other.——Talking of inventions too; I wonder why in all great cities they do not copy one from the clock in the Piazza *di gran Duca* here—the figures ſhewing the hour are tranſparencies, with a light behind them; ſo that in the darkeſt night, the ſober citizen can ſee what hour of the night it is——

Lucca Giordano's painting *en freſque* here I admire; though he was called *fa preſto*, becauſe he ended in three weeks what moſt painters would have been two years about—but the genius that could produce ſuch effect by drawing, in ſo

ſhort a time, has that freedom and grace, which the preciſion attendant on ſtudy ſeldom can give——

Miſs Davies is here, and I am very ſorry ſhe does not ſing at the opera; for her voice and manner pleaſe me more than any thing I have heard here——

Your's affectionately——

P. S. The Titian Venus, and the child by Titian in the Strozzi palace, are both much impaired by time—Very ſoon the copies will be invaluable, becauſe neceſſarily all the beauties of the originals muſt vaniſh——

LETTER XXV.

BOLOGNA, NOV. 15, 1785.

I Received about a week ſince a letter from Lord B——, informing me that he could not paſs this winter in Italy; ſo I immediately determined my courſe; and it is North.——Now I am on the wing, I will ſee courts and people that few women have ſeen, as I may never have an opportunity of travelling again; and I will make the beſt uſe of my time; few as the months are I can allow myſelf to run about in, I will employ them, I hope, to my ſatisfaction and your amuſement——

I ſtopped my coach to look at the flame which iſſues conſtantly from the ground about four miles from Fillegara—Mr. Dutens mentions it in his Itinerary.——From Florence to Fillegara the road winds round one brown mountain to another; but to-day the landſcape improved much on my approaching Loiano.——Some ſpots were not unworthy the pencil of Salvator Roſa——There is a beautiful deſcent of a mile and a half to Pianoro—I there got upon my horſe and rode to this place; and I can never believe it is ten miles from Pianoro

here, which I am aſſured it is. I lodge at the Locando Reale, a large inn, the miſtreſs of which aſſured me the Princeſs Czartoriſka was in Bologna; but it proves to be the Princeſs Lubomirſka, her ſiſter-in-law, whom I do not know——I have only time to tell you, if you ſhould ever paſs through this city, that you muſt aſk to ſee the Palazzo Zampieri, the church of St. Giovanni in monte, and a few others.——This is a clean-looking town, but I do not comprehend the dialect; I had accuſtomed myſelf to the Tuſcan manner of ſubſtituting the *H* for the *C*; but here, I do not conceive what letters they put in the place of thoſe which they ought to pronounce— —

I can tell you no more at preſent.——I mean to get to Venice as ſoon as poſſible—from thence to Vienna—and I afterwards intend to proceed to Warſaw and Peterſburgh.——I take the advantage of the winter, in hopes I may go on a ſledge the greateſt part of my road—for I hate the jumbling of a coach, though mine is as eaſy as poſſible.—— Pray do not make yourſelf unhappy concerning the delicacy of my conſtitution, and the dread of pulmonary affections, for I aſſure you I have neither

had a pain in my breaſt, nor ſpit blood, ſince I quitted the environs of Paris, which makes me ſuppoſe the air of that part of France did not agree with me—and I hope the frequent change of air I am taking will ſtrengthen my conſtitution, ſo that I ſhall never have any returns of thoſe ugly complaints—It is now four months ſince I was laſt troubled with them——Adieu, dear Sir; believe that the greater the diſtance is between me and the objects of my affection, the more I am anxious to hear from them, ſo write often to

Your affectionate ſiſter——

LETTER XXVI.

VENICE, NOV. 18, 1785.

I Stopped for a moment at Cento, to ſee the picture which is called Guercino's *chef d'œuvre*—he was born there, and is buried in the Cathedral——From thence I proceeded to Ferrara, my road to which I adviſe none to go by night; the country all about is ſo low and flat, that the road, to be paſſable, is raiſed upon a cauſeway, with nothing to prevent your horſes from rolling down on one ſide or the other; it is extremely narrow likewiſe.——Arioſto,

who was born and died at Ferrara, did not gallop his Pegaſus, or invoke his Muſe in the clay, and among the diſmal poplars to be ſeen in the ſmall fields thereabouts—I went about three miles an hour——I ſlept at Ferrara, and among twenty things ſerved up to my table at ſupper, I could eat nothing but celery——In Italy cinnamon is an ingredient they put into every diſh, which I have a mortal averſion to—Woodcocks ſtewed in ſugar—and chickens roaſted till they are as hard and as dry as wood—*voila la cuiſine*—

I embarked with my coach in a very good boat at a place called Francolino, and was rowed down the Po—I had a fine clear ſky, and did not feel that I was in the month of November——From the Po I came into a canal, and from thence into the Brenta, a pretty but narrow river; except the Sorgue, it was the only clear ſtream I had looked into ſince I had left my native Thames——I had heard much of the beautiful villas on the borders of the Brenta; but I ſaw none that gave me the idea of elegance or beauty on the outſide——

A mile before I arrived at Fuſino, a village, where I was obliged to leave my coach and ſaddle-horſes, I paſſed a lock which ſeparates the ſalt water from the freſh—and there quitted the land, going five miles

acroſs the ſea, intermixed with flat ſands, to get into the great canal at Venice.——I had juſt read the Abbé Coyer, who ſays, *Rome eſt batie par les hommes; mais Veniſe par les Dieux*—and I had formed ſome idea of it from the pictures I had ſeen—and expected to ſee a gay clean looking town, with quays on each ſide of the canals; but was extremely diſappointed; the houſes are in the water, and look dirty and uncomfortable on the outſide; the fine palaces have moſt of them above-half their windows ſhut up by dirty ſhutters not painted.

The innumerable quantity of gondolas too, that look like ſwimming coffins, added to the diſmal ſcene; and, I confeſs, Venice on my arrival ſtruck me rather with horror than with pleaſure; but now that I am accuſtomed to a gondola, have ſeen the inſide of the *Caſini*, and have truſted to mine own eyes about ſeveral things, I cannot ſay I diſlike Venice in the leaſt——The whole ſcene is unlike any thing I could have imagined—I walk all the morning—and that is the beſt way of ſeeing the town and people——There are narrow paſſages that you arrive at from one to another by bridges which croſs the ſmall canals—The famed Rialto is built acroſs the large canal, the arch of which is very noble and light; but there are three diſtinct paſſages over it,

formed by rows of ſhops, the tops of which are ſo heavy that they diſfigure this fine bridge very much——You may walk quite from one end of Venice to the other——The extraordinary figures I ſaw in the Piazza San Marco would tempt one to believe, it is a *bal maſqué en plein air.*——We are not now in the time of the Carnaval; but I meet as many men in black dominos and maſks as without them; theſe are the noble Venetians, who conſtantly watched by the ſtate ſpies, dare not go about unmaſked; for if an ambaſſador's ſervant, or a miniſter, or conſul of any other nation, was ſeen ſpeaking to a noble Venetian, he might be impriſoned——The laws are ſo exceſſively ſtrict upon this ſubject, that the *Corps diplomatique* are confined extremely in their ſociety, and I am amazed any gentleman can accept of an embaſſy to a place where the natives muſt avoid them, as if they were infected with the plague.——Strangers paſs their time well here; for nothing can be more ſociable, civil, and magnificent, than the miniſters are to one another, and ſtrangers preſented to them——

The Caſini are very ſmall houſes hired by one perſon, or a ſet of people, to meet in of an evening, where cards, converſation, tea, coffee, lemonade, &c. and a well ſelected ſociety conſpire to give

pleaſure——Theſe Caſini are fitted up with an elegance of which you can form no idea—I have dined in one, which has ſo fine a view from it, that from the neatneſs and taſte of the inſide, and of the magnificence of the objects on the without, I could almoſt have fancied a little fairy's palace——Venice ſeems to me to be a new world, retired and different from any other I have ſeen——The Venetian ladies are ſome of them very handſome, and a few of them are moſt remarkably determined in their reſolutions——It is not an uncommon thing here for a lady, married in the morning, to declare to her parents before night that ſhe has taken an averſion to her huſband—who, upon ſuch an occaſion, is forced with the parents to apply to the great maſter of the church (the Pope) who is always good enough to admit of the reaſons given him, as ſufficient to grant a divorce—The lady, once out of her convent, bears the name of her own family in the world—and the gentleman looks out for another wife——

Nothing is more frequent here than to ſee a Venetian lady quit her palace, for months together, to live in a caſino; of which the huſband perhaps does not even know the ſituation——I could divert you extremely with ſome Venetian anecdotes, but I have no leiſure to make this letter much longer;

for between my Venetian acquaintance and the ambaſſadors I have ſcarcely time to breathe.——The Comte Juſtiniani was delighted to ſee me again—he has promiſed to accompany me to the Arſenal, which is extremely large, and where the man, who ſhewed it to me was pleaſed to ſay, the State was building frigates of a hundred guns each, and twenty ſuch lies——The ancient families of Venice are the moſt pure nobleſſe in Italy—and that idea, together with their natural ſpirit and extraordinary ſituation, will produce many brave and gallant ſoldiers among them, whenever a good cauſe calls them into the field——

Adieu, dear Sir, I have three gondolas waiting at my door for me—ſo I quit my pen——

LETTER XXVII.

VENICE, Nov. 24, 1785.

I Have been to ſee the Doge's palace, and the church in the Piazza San Marco, both Gothic, and what is very ſhocking to the eye, the fine bronze horſes brought from Conſtantinople are perched over the door of the church. Books will inform you more minutely than I can of the pictures to be ſeen in Venice——The council chamber is a very fine room; but all the paintings in it are dirty; I went likewiſe into the court of juſtice, becauſe every body was running to hear l'Avocato Stephano; and I thought from the grimaces and geſticulations Italians make uſe of in common converſation, ſome entertainment might be expected from one, upon an occaſion, where art would naturally produce action—Nor was I deceived; nothing can be more comic than what I ſaw—his pleading was ſcolding—and his two thumbs which he had ſtuck upright, and moved very quickly from and near his breaſt, was perhaps the moſt ridiculous action that ever was imagined, nor can I conceive how any perſons, much leſs the judges, could keep their countenances——

It is impoſſible for you to imagine any thing more entertaining than the Piazza San Marco: people of every nation, and in dreſſes I never ſaw, and indeed never can ſee but at Venice, are lounging in the ſhops and coffee-houſes; and it is a great amuſement to me as I walk there every morning—But I never ſtay long, for they read Engliſh in my looks; and their love for any thing of that nation is ſo great, that they will come from the other end of the Piazza to look at an Engliſh woman——

There are two fine lions at the door of the Arſenal, in marble, brought from the entrance of the Piræan port—It is a pity I cannot make them ſpeak, they might tell me many things I want to know about Athens——

The houſe I lodge in is miſerably cold, it is upon the grand canal—and as the glaziers here ſeldom put putty to the panes of glaſs, the winds come in. This damp ſea-air agrees perfectly well with me —

Proviſions are very good here; every lady ſeems determined to be amuſed and chearful, and I think I could paſs a very merry winter here; there are ſeveral theatres, and I have been to an opera—very good——The Ruſſian miniſter's wife is Madame

de ——'s daughter—a very young, and very amiable modeſt woman——The Miniſter's wife from Vienna is likewiſe extremely ſenſible and polite, and her huſband the beſt man in the world; and I muſt not forget, for the honour of our country, Madame de ———, who from her charming diſpoſition and talents I abſolutely love ſo much, that it will be a grief to me to part with her——The Ruſſian miniſter's wife often talks to me of Stowe in raptures, though ſhe was quite a child when ſhe paſſed ſome days there——

Mr. Emo's floating batteries are much ſpoken of here; I underſtand they were five hours and a half before the forts of Golleta; ſo I have deſired a receipt to make them, and I have it as exactly *to be* copied as any receipt to make a good pye—I ſhall give it to G. B——, who being a profeſſor in the art of War—may preſent to our enemies a diſh of the ſame ſort of his making—whenever occaſion requires he ſhould treat them according to their deſerts——

I muſt tell you a moſt ridiculous thing that has happened to two Engliſh travellers that are here now, and adviſe every gentleman who cannot ſpeak German, not to travel in Germany without a companion, or ſervant that knows the language. Theſe

gentlemen not having either, were in great haſte to arrive at Venice from Vienna—they left a large town they had ſlept at over night, one morning, and, after travelling poſt for two days, found themſelves drove into the very town they had quitted, eight-and-forty hours before——If they hate the motion of a carriage as I do, I can eaſily gueſs how angry they muſt have been——

I am adviſed to take a new road to Vienna as the beſt—I ſhall write from thence, I hope ſoon; as I do not mean to proceed in a retrograde motion—ſo with all kind wiſhes to your fire-ſide——

I remain—your's affectionately.

LETTER XXVIII.

VIENNA, Dec. 14, 1785.

I Came, as I told you I was adviſed, by a new road; but I ſhould imagine from the difficulties I met with, it was the worſt—it is true, ſome of them were owing to rivers, which, ſwelled by the late rains, are become torrents which have carried whole villages and many miles of the road before them——

I ſet out from Venice on the 30th of laſt month, going by water to Meſtre, where my coach and horſes met me——I meant that night to have ſlept at Mr. ——, at Cornegliano; but the weather was ſo bad that I was obliged to ſtay at a village called Treviſa, where there is an excellent and clean inn. The next day, I endeavoured to croſs the river, but the boatmen would not venture over, though I had my coach embarked, and would have gone myſelf, knowing I was expected by Mr. ———, ſo I was obliged to return to the good inn—where I was ſurpriſed to ſee, what I thought a fine large chicken ſerved up to my table, which upon cutting, I found to have brown fleſh; I aſked what it was, and was anſwered—*una Colombina*—it was a pigeon—I begged

to ſee one alive, or at leaſt with the feathers on, for it muſt have been a moſt extraordinary ſight—but the people ſeemed more aſtoniſhed at my admiration of this bird than I was at the ſize of it; for it is the common pigeon there——

The next day, the rain and wind being ſomewhat abated, I got to Cornegliano—and you may imagine the real pleaſure I was received with by a countryman, who had not ſeen me for many years, and that in my own houſe in the country. I never was more delighted in my life than by the muſic I heard there; his eldeſt daughter, a child about ſeven years old, plays on the harpſichord with a taſte and feeling at which few people, more advanced in age and muſic, ever arrive. Her ſiſter too, an infant of five years of age, played and ſung her part afterwards wonderfully for her years——

In the evening many of the Venetian nobleſſe came to partake of the concert, and ſee the Donna Ingleſe; among Mr. ——'s country neighbours there were ſeveral who were as fat, fair, and heavy as many of our Engliſh Country 'Squires, and, like them, had never ſtirred from their family manſion—and I fancy the Engliſh lady and her horſes, will be the ſubject of their fire-ſide converſation for ſome time——

The next day I paſſed the Taillamenta, a river which had torn and waſhed away the road for nine miles before I came to it; ſo I travelled in a bed of gravel, every now and then jumping into and out of a little ditch formed by the different torrents —— The river was frightful to paſs. I got to San Daniello—from which place, this new road is called the San Daniello road—from thence to Pontiebba—the road is good; but winds round rocks according to the turns of a river, which was ſometimes on the right, ſometimes on the left, in a moſt beautiful manner—It is ſo narrow, that I think it the moſt dangerous I ever went—nothing between the precipice and the carriage to prevent an accident—— It would be well worth any perſon's while, who is as fond of the beauties of nature as I am, to ride along this road——The views are romantic and majeſtic beyond deſcription——

Treviſa, which is the place I next ſlept at, I arrived at with much difficulty; my coach drawn with ten horſes and four oxen—and you can form to yourſelf no idea of the obſtinacy, and provoking phlegm of a German poſtillion or poſt-maſter—At one place, tired of the ſnail-like pace I went, I hired a traineau of a peaſant, and went on before my carriage—— It ſeems there is an order at every frontier town in

Germany, not to ſuffer ſtrangers who travel without poſt-horſes, to leave the town without ſtaying in it two hours—this the German poſt-maſter did not chooſe to tell me—nor did he refuſe me another traineau and horſes—but ſat with two other fat Germans playing at cards, without deigning to give me any other anſwer than—*Patienza*, to any thing I could ſay to him—when I recollect the ſcene of theſe three fat men playing at cards, their figures, and all I ſaid in Italian to perſuade the man and his *patienza*, I could die with laughing; however, in about an hour, an officer came in; who looking at me ſome time, ſaid, *Parlez vous Français?*—*Mon Dieu, oui Monſieur*, ſays I; and I found, the poſt-maſter's deafneſs proceeded from his not being able to talk Italian very well, French not at all—ſo he took me for an impatient boy—and ſent me to Coventry—When the gentleman called me *Miladi*, theſe three fat Germans deigned to look at me—for I muſt tell you that in this country, the reſpect paid to our ſex is ſuch, that it is enough for a woman to ſpeak, ſhe is obeyed immediately—and I had a traineau—and ſix horſes for my coach ready in an inſtant. One night I ſlept at Klagenfurt, a large town, where one of the Emperor's unmarried ſiſters lives——I am arrived here at laſt, through

a very beautiful country; but muſt obſerve, that whoever wrote L. M——'s Letters (for ſhe never wrote a line of them) miſrepreſents things moſt terribly—I do really believe, in moſt things they wiſhed to impoſe upon the credulity of their readers, and laugh at them——The ſtoves of this country, which ſhe praiſes ſo much, are the moſt horrid invention you can conceive. The country people in Germany ſeem to fear the cold very much; the caſements of their windows are double; and there being no chimney in the rooms, there is no vent for fumes of any ſort—ſo that the breath of the inhabitants of them reſts in drops of ſteam on all the tables, &c. and the ſtink and ſuffocating heat that aſſails the traveller's ſenſes when he enters any room, particularly where people are, cannot be conceived. I do not believe the German women, of the lower order, are very gentle tempers—for ſeveral of them flew into the moſt violent paſſions, when I opened a door or window—and ſhut them again immediately——My only reſource upon theſe occaſions was to go out into the yard——

As to the ſtoves being ornamental; I think they are frightful from the compoſition of them, the ground work of which muſt be iron to reſiſt the fire within; the glazing, painting, and varniſh ſoon

moulder off—and I leave you to judge, from this inevitable circumſtance, together with another, which is the ſize of them, how it is poſſible they can repreſent either China jars or any other thing that may be elegant or pretty, as a ſtove fills up one corner of the room——

In this town, ſeveral of the firſt houſes have fine comfortable chimnies, and ſtoves are, where they ſhould be—in the ante-chamber——The difference of the chearfulneſs which a good fire gives to a room, to that which reigns in one where there is only a ſtove, is very viſible——I think things muſt be very much altered ſince that lady or gentleman wrote about Vienna. The German ladies are handſome, accompliſhed, and civil to a degree you have no idea of; ſeveral of them, beſides poſſeſſing many other languages, read, write, and ſpeak Engliſh well; and I was ſurpriſed to find my connections, and other circumſtances flattering to my pride, better known here than they are by half my acquaintances in London——

Moſt of the Germans are naturally muſicians, and I am ſure a young Engliſhman, with good manners, may every evening here paſs his hours in a circle of handſome and accompliſhed women of the firſt rank—I have ſeen no place yet I ſhould

ſo much wiſh my ſon to come to as Vienna——Sir Robert Keith aſſures me he has preſented above four hundred noblemen and gentlemen, young countrymen of mine, and has never had reaſon to complain of them, while we hear and ſee conſtantly the follies of the *Anglais* at Paris, where they go to ruin themſelves, equally with the *Ducheſſe* or the *Fille d'Opera*, and only to be laughed at— — — — — — — — — — —

The ladies are tall and fair—more handſome than pretty——There is a great ſupper at Prince Galitzin's every Sunday night; and at Prince Par's every Monday; the firſt is the Ruſſian miniſter, who does great honour to his court, by his ſenſe and politeneſs here——The preſentation at court is very different from our's—but I have not time to ſay more at preſent, than that I remain

Your's affectionately——

P. S. I cannot help adding, that the queſtions aſked travellers by the guards at the frontier towns are moſt ridiculous—are you married or not?—Do you travel for your pleaſure or upon buſineſs?—Your name and quality?——It put me in mind of a ſtory told me by the Ruſſian miniſter at Venice, of a traveller who being aſked his name, anſwered

Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo—pray, Sir, ſays the guard, how do you write that? That, Sir, replied the traveller, is your buſineſs, I have told you my name;—it is impoſſible, I think, to anſwer gravely to queſtions ſo perfectly abſurd.

LETTER XXIX.

VIENNA, December 15, 1785.

I Went with Madame Granieri, the Sardinian Miniſter's wife, to court. Nothing is more ſtriking, I think, than the variety of the officers' dreſſes in the Emperor's ante-chamber—The Hungarian and Poliſh I think beautiful, and I now am ſtrengthened in the opinion I always had, though probably I have never told it, even to you, that every nation ought to preſerve the faſhion of their country—and that there is no neceſſity for mankind to ape one another in dreſs——

The Emperor gives a private audience for ladies that are preſented to him. There was only myſelf and the lady who accompanied me that went into his room together; we met a Princeſs Eſterhazi coming out——The Emperor was cloſe to the door; and after bowing very civilly, he made us ſit

upon a ſofa—and ſtood the whole time himſelf; I ſtaid three quarters of an hour; there is no occaſion to fear ſtaying too long; for when he cannot ſpare any more time for the audience, or for any other reaſon chooſes to end it, he very civilly ſays, he will detain you no longer; you then get up, and go to the door, which he opens himſelf—and thus ends the preſentation——I think much more agreeably than to anſwer any queſtions a Sovereign chooſes to make before a hundred people that are within hearing in the circle of a drawing-room—who generally repeat what they hear, according to the folly or malice they poſſeſs—and I ſhould think it totally impoſſible for a monarch to converſe with any ſatisfaction ſurrounded by ſo many ears, which have often no brains belonging to them——The Emperor is like the Queen of France, and the only thing that *genéd* me at all was his not being ſeated—He converſes politely and agreeably——

The firſt miniſter here, Prince Kaunitz—is a very extraordinary perſonage; he is reckoned an able miniſter and a good patriot; I ſee in him all that ſincerity and frankneſs which are the conſtant attendants on a mind truly great—and I believe the welfare of the people at large is his delight; for he aſked me what I thought of Vienna; I told him that I had not

time to make many obſervations, but that there was an air of plenty and comfort among the lower ſort of people very ſtriking; *meme les vendeuſes de pommes ont l'air aiſé mon Prince*; on my ſaying this, there was a ſmile upon his countenance, which I am ſure came from his heart; and he condeſcendingly told me ſeveral particulars relative to the markets and proviſions, one of which I cannot help thinking very neceſſary in all large cities—which is, that there is an inſpector for the garden-ſtuff—another for meat—and ſo on, for all proviſions expoſed to ſale; and if they are not found perfectly good they are flung away——And now we are upon the ſubject of proviſions, I muſt ſay, that I never ſaw ſuch a profuſion of things, and thoſe ſo excellent in their kind, as are ſerved up at the tables here—Green peas, artichokes, and aſparagus, I eat every day——The crawfiſh are as large as the Chicheſter lobſters; and the pheaſants from Bohemia have a flavour you can form no idea of——Yet I do not think the people are *gourmands*; but they pique themſelves on having the greateſt abundance and the beſt ſort of eatables of every kind. The foreſts and rivers of this country do not in a ſmall degree contribute to the poſſibility of theſe things—for with us, our cooks cannot produce wild boar and veniſon,

gelinottes, and *coqs de bruyeres*; or crawfiſh as big as lobſters——

There is one thing here that ſhocks me, and that is, that every lower claſs of women paint white—and even girls of ten years old going of errands in the ſtreet are painted—What their reaſon for ſo doing is I cannot gueſs; for the Germans are generally fair. I dine very often with Prince Kaunitz—and as I am naturally as ſincere as he is, our converſations do not grow languid. There is nothing that ever did really flatter me ſo much, as when people of his age and experience forget for half an hour, the diſtance which time and knowledge muſt naturally put between us; and as I have often been rallied by ——, upon my taſte for old beaus—I think I am juſtified in his eyes, when I place him at the head of them, and ſay I am proud they ſhould loſe their time with me; while, I confeſs, I hate the converſation of boys.

There are great aſſemblies here as in London; and I repeat it, there are women here with whom I could paſs my life——They have not the cold ſilent reſerve of Engliſh women, nor the impertinent *intéret* for me, of the French ladies——

The public works (ſuch as ſweeping the ſtreets, &c. &c.) are done by malefactors, who, chained two and two, perform their taſk attended by a guard——

The Emperor has given up a park called the Prater, to the public, where the *bourgeoiſie* and *nobleſſe* ride, drive, and walk; and have little cottages, where refreſhments are ſold—It has many fine trees in it, and the Danube is one of its fences; it is very like an Engliſh park——

I have been to ſee the pictures in the houſe that was formerly Prince Eugene's, now the Emperor's, and many things of which I have neither time nor inclination to give you a deſcription — — —

— — — — — — — — — —

and there are ſo many Engliſhmen here, that, when I am at Sir Robert Keith's, I am half tempted to fancy myſelf in England—Adieu for the preſent—

Your's affectionately——

P. S. You cannot buy a drug at the apothecaries here, without an order from a phyſician—A very prudent caution againſt the madneſs of thoſe who chooſe to finiſh their exiſtence with a doſe of laudanum, or their neighbours with one of arſenic—

LETTER XXX.

WARSAW, January 7, 1786.

I Got away as faſt as I poſſibly could from Vienna; for if I had ſtaid a week longer, I am convinced I ſhould have ſtaid the whole winter—— The country between Vienna and Cracow is very fine; chiefly open, here and there the plain beautifully varied with hills of gentle aſcent—and ſmall woods; the ſportſman and the painter would be pleaſed with it, as it affords a variety of landſcapes and game—equally favourable to both. The firs and deciduous trees do not ſeem to flouriſh in the ſame ſpot—I frequently ſaw a wood of the one to my right, and of the other to my left——I obſerved, that cattle of all ſorts are ſuffered to eat the green corn during the hard weather——

The herdſman with his cows, and the ſhepherd with his ſheep, gave living beauties to the fine features of nature, whoſe graces I have ſtudied with much ſatisfaction to myſelf, when very young, pointed out by Mr. Brown, who certainly never learnt their value in the gardens of my anceſtors——

I ſlept the firſt night at Nicolſbourg, a ſmall town, ſix poſts, or ſixty miles from the capital——The next at Brun, a neat fortified town, commanded by a fort, and ſteep hill weſt of the city, that is watered by a branch of the river Thaja, which ſtream, a few miles lower, mixes with the river Maſh, at a ſhort diſtance weſt of Preſburgh, and by uniting afterwards with the Danube, adds conſiderably to the rapidity of that river.

Moſt of the villages are ſituated under the ſhelter of hills; the houſes are chiefly built of logs of the fir-tree, laid horizontally upon one another, the interſtices filled up with moſs or clay. The road from Brun to Olmutz is bordered with large old cherry-trees. After quitting Olmutz, I paſſed a large convent on the plain to the left; this and the *Chartreuſe reformée* to the right, make two fine objects for travellers.

Adieu——

LETTER XXXI.

WARSAW, January, 1786.

THE entrance into the town of Cracow exhibits a melancholy proof that confuſion ever ends in ruin——The ſyſtem of government in Poland is of all others the fureſt ſource of confuſion that ever yet was imagined by mankind—an elected King from the noble families, moſt of which think they have a right to royalty, and ſeveral really are entitled to it— — —

I think, Sir, had I been born a Poliſh nobleman, rather than have ſeen my extenſive country divided between ambitious neighbours, I would have called my countrymen together—propoſed to have relinquiſhed (for us and for our heirs for ever) that unfortunate privilege; have invited ſome ſpirited prince from Germany, in whom hereditary courage and all the virtues belonging to a good ſoldier were blended—and made him and his deſcendants the lawful Sovereigns of this kingdom——

Dirty ſuburbs filled with Jews—and the Emperor's eagle, are the only objects that precede the gates of Cracow—theſe gates are pierced by many a ball,

and probably, if each bore the name of his ſender, the gateway might be divided into as many pieces for thoſe who have claims to it—as Poland herſelf is divided into parties—— I had letters for ſeveral Poliſh ladies at Cracow—but I ſtaid only to reſt myſelf, and get a traineau made; for I was told I might go thus—but a couple of miles from the town I was obliged to take my coach off the ſledge; and here I muſt obſerve, Sir, that the Prince Galitzin at Vienna, was very much miſtaken, when he told me, he ſhould adviſe me to have juſt ſuch a coach as mine made, if I were not already miſtreſs of ſuch a one——

I hung more than once upon fir-trees; the track of the road being too narrow for my wide carriage—and when travellers come into Germany—I think they ought to part with their French and Engliſh carriages—as the carriages of our northern countries are liable to inconveniencies and accidents——

I ſtaid two hours one night, ſo faſtened with the hind-wheel upon a fir-tree, that ſix men could not ſtir it—and peaſants were called to cut down the tree—before I could proceed——

I ſhall refer you to Mr. Coxe's book for the accommodations I met with on the road, and confine my deſcriptions to agreeable circumſtances——

When I arrived at Warſaw, I found my apartments had been warmed and ready two days before my arrival; the Comte de Stackelberg having beſpoke them, by the deſire of Prince Galitzin—and the Ruſſian Miniſter C—— de S—— waited on me—He is ſenſible, and even witty—he preſented me to the King, the day after my arrival, in the evening—The King received us in his ſtudy; I was accompanied by the Grand Marechal's wife, who is one of the King's nieces——You, Sir, do not ſpeak better French and Engliſh than that amiable Sovereign—he told me he had been in England thirty years paſt, and aſked me if Mr. W—— was ſtill living—not only living, I replied, Sir, but in good ſpirits; for I have a charming letter in my pocket from him——He ſaid, if there was nothing imprudent in his requeſt, he would aſk to ſee it. He imagined Mr. W——'s ſtile muſt be uncommon; I gave him the letter—he put it into his pocket after reading it, and told me, as his ſiſter, the Princeſs of Cracovia did not underſtand Engliſh, he ſhould tranſlate it into French for her; and if I would dine with him two days after, he would read me his tranſlation, which indeed ſurpriſed me——He muſt be a very elegant writer in every language he chooſes to profeſs——I wiſh I had dared to have

aſked him for a copy——Well, Sir, he is the ſecond perſon I have ſeen, whom I wiſhed were not ſovereigns—for it is impoſſible that the many diſagreeable perſons and circumſtances, that ſurround them, ſhould not deprive them of the ſociety of people who, ſacrificing only to the Muſes, are better company than thoſe who only ſacrifice to ambition, when they give their time to ſovereigns——We were only fourteen people at the King's dinner, and we converſed as chearfully and as rationally as if we had not been at a court——

The King, in his face, is very like the Duke of Marlborough, and there is an elegance in his language, with a ſoftneſs in the tone of his voice, that pleaſes the ear to the higheſt degree——My old acquaintance, the Princeſs C——, will be the occaſion of my ſhortening my ſtay here; for it is many years ſince I ſaw her—and as ſhe does not come here on account — — — — — I ſhall give her the meeting in the country—and afterwards ſet out for Peterſburgh——I told the King I ſhould ſee her, as he ſpoke to me of her—I hate party affairs—and — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

I make viſits in a new ſtile here—in the Comte de Stackelberg's coach and ſix, and a couple of

equerries at the two coach windows on horſeback—The Poliſh ladies ſeem to have much taſte—magnificence—ſpirit and gaiety—they are polite and lively—exceſſively accompliſhed—partial to the Engliſh. There is a Princeſs de Radzivil, who, if I were a man, I ſhould certainly be devoted to—I could be very happy here, Sir, if my heart could forget maternal duties, or thoſe of friendſhip— — —

— — — — — — —

I have ſeen ſeveral dwarfs here—who with equerries ſtand in drawing-rooms of the great houſes, and hear all the converſation that paſſes—an uncomfortable cuſtom I think; and which in any other country would be dangerous; but here ſervants and dependants are the abſolute property of the maſter—and their fidelity in general is equal to their ſubjection; to the credit of the Poliſh nobles, I believe there are few ſervants that, having proved for eight or ten years their attachment, are not diſmiſſed with a penſion for life. I found the French maid, the Princeſs C—— had from me, in this ſituation; nine years ſervice had obtained a hundred pounds a year, and a farm of ſixty acres of land for the reſt of her life—ſhe ſeems the happieſt creature in the world—The King has a manner of ſaying things obliging or flattering, peculiar to himſelf—he tells me he thinks

men, animals, trees, every thing in ſhort, that takes its birth or is produced by England, is more perfect than the produce of other countries—the climate, the ſoil probably, he ſays, may occaſion this; his partiality to the Engliſh, together with your's, Sir, would make me prejudiced in favour of my own country, if I could love it better than I do—but the word comfort which is underſtood there only—has long ſtamped the value of it in my mind——

I am going to ſee the Princeſs to-morrow—and am ſorry to quit this place ſo ſoon; not that there is any thing in this flat country that would tempt me to ſee the beauties of it in the ſpring—but the King's acquaintance, with that of ſome of the ladies—and Monſieur de Stackelberg's converſation, I am ſorry to quit——

Adieu, Sir.

LETTER XXXII.

PETERSBURGH, Feb. 8, 1786.

THE road between Warſaw and this place is one inſipid flat—except juſt in and about the town of Nerva, where I took a ſledge and flew hither. When I wrote laſt, dear Sir, I think I was upon the point of going to ſee the Princeſs C——, I paſſed two days with her at a country houſe of the Princeſs Lubomirſka's, her ſiſter-in-law—I was moſt ſincerely glad to ſee her, and we parted with regret——I received a very civil meſſage from the King, and M. de Stackelberg ſent me ſix bottles of biſhop—which I can aſſure you was very ſerviceable to me—I did not ſtop at Warſaw on my return from the P——, and the meſſenger caught me juſt one poſt on this ſide of Warſaw——I can conceive nothing ſo *enuyant* as travelling in ſuch a country as this—one flat plain—The view terminated by a foreſt, which you drive through, only to arrive at the ſame ſcene you have quitted—the froſt was not hard enough to make the road good, till I came to Nerva——I am ſomething like a country Miſs, gaping at the window all day here—every creature

that goes about the ſtreets, ſeem as if they were in a violent hurry—they drive full gallop—traineaus with one horſe ply at the corners of the ſtreets as do our hackney-coaches and chairs——Mr. S—— informed me, it belonged to my dignity to have ſix horſes to my coach, in order to pay my viſits; and I beg you will imagine my ſurpriſe, when I found I had a coachman on the box, with three poſtillions, one to each pair of horſes—and theſe ſitting on the right-hand, I go thus, full gallop, running races with every other *attelage* that falls in my way—the ſtreets are luckily wide—and cuſtom makes the danger leſs than one ſhould imagine——

I am interrupted, and therefore wiſh you a good night——

LETTER XXXIII.

PETERSBURGH, Friday Feb. 18, 1785.

I Was to have been preſented to the Empreſs next Sunday—but ſhe graciouſly ſent me word to come to the Hermitage on Thurſday, where ſhe keeps her court in the evening every week—and has alternately a French play or an Italian opera—Marcheſini and Madame Todi are the firſt ſingers—It is but juſtice to ſay, that nothing can be more magnificent than the appearance the Empreſs makes when ſhe comes into the drawing-room; ſhe has a lively and good-humoured look—and her politeneſs to me was very great; but I could plainly ſee that ſome one had told her I was not an Engliſh woman—for ſhe aſked me if I was not of a Scotch family——I cannot conceive why this building which ſhe has added to the palace is called the Hermitage; it is a long ſuite of rooms full of fine pictures. You are not ignorant, dear Sir, of the many collections the Empreſs has purchaſed; among the reſt Lord Orford's; all theſe fine works want at preſent, a perſon to arrange them according to their ſhades and ſize—and I doubt not but the Empreſs will find one——

Peterſburgh is a chearful and fine looking town; the ſtreets are extremely wide and long—the houſes ſtucco'd to imitate white ſtone; none above three ſtories high—which certainly adds to the lively and airy appearance of them—I think, Sir, if a young woman may permit herſelf to judge of things otherwiſe than *en detail*—that not only the town, but the manner of living is upon too large a ſcale; the nobles ſeem to vie with one another in extravagancies of every ſort, particularly in foreign luxuries and faſhion——The faſhion of the day is moſt ridiculous and improper for this climate; French gauzes and flowers were not intended for Ruſſian beauties—and they are ſold at a price here which muſt ruin the buyers.

There are buildings erected for the reception of Arts and Sciences of every kind; for artiſts or amateurs, though but the ſurplus of Italy, France, and England, would find handſome encouragement and houſe-room from the Empreſs, whoſe reſpect for talents, and generoſity to thoſe who poſſeſs them, have induced ſome, and would many more, to fix in the preſent capital of this vaſt empire; but, alas! Sir, eight months of winter; and the horrid cold I feel, muſt congeal the warmeſt imagination; poets and painters require verdant lawns; and the flowers

of fancy muſt fade and die, where ſpring is not to be found——

The Empreſs and the Princeſs d'Aſhkow are the only ladies who wear the Ruſſian dreſs; it is, I think a very handſome one; and I am more ſurpriſed every day, that nations do not each preſerve their own faſhions—and not copy one country that is at preſent only the ape of every other—From Cherſon, the new town on the Turkiſh frontiers, which is one thouſand ſix hundred miles from hence, are brought many proviſions; from Archangel likewiſe this town is provided, and from Aſtracan on the Caſpian Sea, near two thouſand miles, all the dainties, ſuch as grapes, peaſe, beans, artichokes, are brought——It is natural to ſuppoſe, that the neceſſaries of life are dear, from theſe circumſtances; but ſome of them are extremely cheap—and I believe Ruſſia is one of the cheapeſt countries in the world to live in; if French wines and faſhions, and Engliſh comforts can be diſpenſed with——To theſe laſt I never felt ſo much attachment as at this moment——*Dans le Ligne Anglais,* a quarter of this town, where the Engliſh merchants live, I find Engliſh grates, Engliſh coal, and Engliſh hoſpitality, to make me welcome, and the fire-ſide chearful—— I have never yet been fortunate enough to make any

acquaintance in the world of commerce; but if all Engliſh merchants and their families are as well informed and civil as thoſe I find here—I ſhould be very glad to be admitted into the city of London as a viſitor, to enjoy a little rational converſation, which at the court-end is ſeldom to be found—— How ſhould it be otherwiſe? A little Latin and Greek in the ſchools of Weſtminſter and Eton, and a great deal of vulgar rioting, make our young men a ſtrange mixture of pedantiſm and vice, which can only produce impudence and folly—Thus tutored, at ſixteen they are turned upon the hands of ſome unhappy man, who is to preſent them at foreign courts, with no other improvement or alteration in the boys heads, than that of their hair being powdered and tied behind——

The careful citizen, conſcious that fair dealing and knowledge only can promote the well-being of his family, brings up his ſon to buſineſs—and that only, as you know well, makes the idle moments of life happy—Peter the Firſt thought commerce an eſſential pillar to his empire, and the Engliſh trader was encouraged; our little iſland is a proof of the conſequence which trade alone can give any country; and the new acquired poſſeſſions of the largeſt empires may only become additional trouble to

their maſters, unleſs the advantages of trade give them new life——

The French Ambaſſador, and the Comte Sergé de Romanzow (named to Berlin) are men of wit. Mr. Ellis is with Mr. Fitzherbert; and converſation does not languiſh or grow inſipid in their company—— We are in the laſt part of the carnival and balls; thoſe given by the Ambaſſadors are very ſuperb— Mr. de Segur, and the Duc de Serra Capriola, the Neapolitan Miniſter, have each given one in a very magnificent ſtyle——

I was preſented to the Grand Ducheſs the ſame night that I waited upon the Empreſs——She has ſince been brought to-bed——There are ſome young Ruſſian ladies very pretty and much accompliſhed— many of them ſigh after a different climate from their own—and ——— told me he had no idea of happineſs in the world like that of returning to England as a private man, and purchaſing a farm— he ſpeaks very good Engliſh——Indeed, Sir, the elegance which is produced by the cleanlineſs and order ſeen with us, is found no where out of England; here the houſes are decorated with the moſt ſumptuous furniture from every country—but you come into a drawing-room, where the floor is of the fineſt inlaid woods, through a ſtaircaſe made

of the coarſeſt wood in the rudeſt manner, and ſtinking with dirt——The poſtillions wear ſheep-ſkins—and at a ball, when a nobleman has propoſed his hand to a fair lady—he often kiſſes her before the whole company—*à propos* to this cuſtom—I muſt tell you an anecdote of— — — — — — — — — — — —

Thus you perceive he was nearly in the ſame predicament as the Chevalier dans la Fée Urgele—and might have ſaid, *pour un baiſer faut-il perdre la vie?*

Adieu, Sir—I will give you ſome account in my next of what I have ſeen at the Muſeum——

You may have heard much of Prince Potemkin; I ſee him every where, but he is reſerved and converſes very little with ladies——I was invited by him to dine in an immenſe palace he is building in the ſuburbs; the only room finiſhed is too particular not to be deſcribed; it is three hundred feet in length, and on the ſide oppoſite the windows there are two rows of ſtone pillars, whoſe height and breadth are proportioned to the immenſe ſize of the room, which is an oblong ſquare; in the centre of which on the ſide where the windows are, it is formed into a ſemi-circle or what we call a bow—which bow forms another large ſpace independent

of, though in the room; this ſpace was laid out by his Engliſh gardener into a ſhrubbery with borders of flowers, hyacinths, and narciſſuſes—myrtles, orange-trees, &c. &c. were in plenty——We were ſeven or eight ladies, and as many men—immenſe ſtoves concealed by the pillars, were heated in order to make ſuch a hall in ſuch a climate ſupportable—but I came home quite ill with cold——It was there I heard that extraordinary muſic performed by men and boys, each blowing a ſtraight horn adapted to their ſize—ſixty-five of theſe muſicians produce a very harmonious melody, ſomething like an immenſe organ. The muſic, the room, the cold, all was gigantic. I ſat by Prince Potemkin at dinner; but except aſking me to eat and drink, I cannot ſay I heard the ſound of his voice; ſo am unable to tell you what ſpecies of *eſprit* has raiſed him to the fortunes and dignities he poſſeſſes, or what occaſions Mr. S—— and others to call him a ſenſible man——

I have ſeen likewiſe the cabinet of medals and the Muſeum here*; the laſt when finiſhed, will be a very beautiful ſuite of rooms——Peter the Great

* A complete ſet of harneſs made of white leather, ſtitched with coloured ſilks, for ſix dogs, with a ſledge for one perſon, brought from Kamſkatka, was the lighteſt, neateſt, and moſt curious piece of workmanſhip I ever ſaw.

likewiſe ſitting in a chair, with a coat of his amiable Catharine's embroidery——I cannot help thinking, and often here, that notwithſtanding he transferred his capital to this place, and that the Empreſs, Prince Potemkin, and others, may build palaces of the fineſt orders of architecture, to contain the produce of learning and commerce, that a time will come when the heads of an empire which extends from the South to the North, will prefer baſking in the rays of the ſun, which chear the mind and the body together—to eternal froſt—and theſe ſtately buildings will be turned into ſtore-houſes——

Juſtice obliges me to ſay, the Empreſs does all ſhe can to invite politeneſs, ſcience, and comforts from other countries, to cheer theſe regions of ice—but, until ſhe can alter the climate, I believe it is a fruitleſs trial——I am informed the ſpring, or rather the time of the year we call ſpring, is more melancholy than winter here, ſo I ſhall haſten my departure; but a converſation I had with the Swediſh Miniſter, a few days paſt, will make me give up entirely the thoughts of returning into Germany through Sweden and Denmark——I ſhall in my next have the honour of repeating it to you; I remain with the higheſt reſpect and regard,

Your moſt affectionate ſiſter,

E. C——

I promiſed to give you an account of the converſation with the Miniſter, here it is——

M. S——

L'on ma dit, que Miladi voulait me faire l'honneur de prendre des renſeignemens ſur le voyage qu'elle compte faire.

M——

Oui, Monſieur, on prétend qu'il y a beaucoup de riſque à paſſer ces mers de glaces, et je voudrais ſçavoir comment cela ſe fait, parceque, de quel coté que je tourne mes pas, je veux faire la plus grande partie de mon voyage en traineau, deteſtant le çahotage d'une voiture ordinaire, et aimant beaucoup le traineau——

M. S——

Miladi, ſait elle que, pour aller d'ici chez nous, on attele un troiſième cheval devant les deux autres; mais à une diſtance très conſidérable dans les endroits ſuſpects—

M——

Qu'appellez vous endroits ſuſpects?——

M. S——

Où il ſerait dangereux que la glace ſe rompit—et c'eſt avec des cordes très-longues qu'on attele ce cheval, qu'on appelle l'enfant perdu—parce que, ſi la glace vient à ſe caſſer, vite on coupe les cordes; le cheval diſparait pour jamais, et les voyageurs retournent ſur leurs pas——

M——

Comme je n'ai jamais commencé un voyage pour retourner ſur mes pas, et qu'il me ſemble que je cours riſque d'être enfant perdu moi-méme, ſi j'entreprens ce voyage——Je remettrai ma viſite à votre pays pour une autre occaſion, Monſieur l'Ambaſſadeur; and ſo we talked of other things——

I ſhall now prepare every thing to viſit the Crimea or rather the Tauride; I have been told it is a very beautiful country; and I confeſs I am not ſorry this *enfant perdu* gives me a good excuſe for turning my ſteps towards Conſtantinople——

There are ladies here whom I ſhall be ſorry to quit; who in youth are poſſeſſed of many talents, and with whom I could form an agreeable ſociety; Italian muſic, the pedal harp, and our Engliſh poets are perfectly underſtood by them; I think often I can trace Grecian features among the females of this country, and the ſubtle wit of the Greek in the men; that pliability of genius which cauſes them to ſpeak ſo many different languages well, and adopt all the inventions and arts of other countries that are good——

I am ſpeaking without any partiality, dear Sir; but I do not ſee here the prejudices of the Engliſh, the conceit of the French, nor the ſtiff German pride—which national foibles make often good

people of each nation extremely diſagreeable. I am aſſured the Ruſſians are deceitful—it may be ſo; but as I do not deſire to have intimacies, I am much better pleaſed to find new acquaintances pleaſant and civil than moroſe or pert——.

Mine at preſent is a geographical intercourſe with the world; and I like to find the road I travel ſmooth——Wit and talents will always be objects of importance to me; I have found them here, and ſhall be ſorry to quit them——Prince Repnin and his nephew Prince Kourakin, whom I often ſaw in England, are both here, and I look upon them as old acquaintances, as it is thirteen years ſince that period——The latter is grown fat.

I forgot to tell you, Sir, that the Grand Ducheſs was brought to-bed five days after my arrival; ſo I have only ſeen her the night I was preſented to her, which was the ſame on which I was preſented to the Empreſs; her affability is great to ſtrangers; for Mr. S—— had not announed me to her; but ſeeing me move from one ſeat to another at the opera, by the Empreſs's deſire, and probably being informed who I was, ſhe ſent for me to come to her after the ſpectacle—which I did——A moſt ridiculous thing happened to me; for though I had no leſs than three carriages as I thought waiting for me,

I was above an hour getting at one, owing to the great diſtance of the Grand Ducheſs's apartments from the Hermitage, where the theatre is—and Mr. S——'s telling me he waited for me at the Hermitage——I went three times through the whole palace, and while I was at one door, two of the carriages were at the other. Prince Kourakin, who had offered to conduct me back to the Hermitage from the Grand Ducheſs, and who was engaged to ſup with the Grand Duke, was not a little embarraſſed; for the doors opened to let in company, were ſhut; and I had no other reſource but to ſit in the guard-room of the Ducheſs, till Prince Kourakin's ſervant ſhould find one of the carriages belonging either to me or my party——The Prince went in to ſup, but the Grand Ducheſs hearing this circumſtance ſent me a very fine peliſſe, which I told the Prince I really did not want; but he informed me I muſt put it on, ſo I did; and in a few minutes I had a carriage—but the moſt ridiculous circumſtance was, that the Saxon Miniſter's wife, whom I had come to court with, thought I was gone home in my own carriage—the company in that, thought I was gone home with her, and gave me up, after having paraded on the outſide of the palace from door to door, as I had on the inſide—

My ſervants at home thought I had been invited to ſup at the palace——

The Grand Ducheſs is fair and tall; the Ducheſs of Wirtemberg, who is the Ducheſs of Brunſwick's daughter, is pretty, and very like our royal family—ſhe was very civil to me—I have not ſeen the Grand Ducheſs's children—I am told they are fine and healthy——

Adieu, Sir, for the preſent, I remain your's, with great reſpect and truth——

P. S. I am not a little ſurpriſed to hear people ſay, I ſhall inherit ſo many hundred peaſants, or ſuch a one loſt a village—it is the number of men, and not of acres, that make a fortune great here; ſo that a plague or any diſtemper that would prove mortal to the peaſants, would be death to the nobles' pockets likewiſe——

I have taken leave of the Empreſs, and you may judge if I do not leave Peterſburgh with a good impreſſion of her politeneſs; ſhe told me before the opera, that ſhe knew my intention; but as we defer diſagreeable things as long as poſſible, you ſhall not take leave till after the ſpectacle; theſe words ſhe ſaid with the moſt gracious ſmile; and aſked me if I was ſatisfied with the amuſements and civilities I

met with——I told her I muſt be both ſtupid and ungrateful, not to regret infinitely, that I could not ſtay any longer, to ſhew how ſenſible I was of the hoſpitality and magnificence with which I was treated. The Vicechancellor Count d'Oſterman, is obliged to have a table for ſixty foreigners every Wedneſday; and a widow Princeſs de Galitzin, a ſupper once a week—at Monſ. d'Oſterman's too, a ball every Sunday night. The Empreſs is at the expence of theſe dinners and ſuppers—and, I confeſs, I think it an excellent and royal idea, to be certain of having houſes open for the entertainment of foreign miniſters and ſtrangers of diſtinction—for you know, my dear Sir, that private houſes are ſeldom open to ſtrangers now in moſt countries, for various reaſons——Here I am told there are many Princes who keep a public day, as we do in England, for the convenience of our country neighbours, and expect people whom they leave a card with, to dine with them upon ſuch a day—but, if I was to ſtay here ten years, I ſhould never be prevailed upon to go to thoſe houſes to dine without invitation—nor can I believe it poſſible the maſters of them can expect a foreigner to grace their table, without being deſired even by word of mouth——I am aſſured I ſhall affront ——— and ———, but as I meet them

every where, I cannot think they ſhould be ſo totally ignorant of the manners of other countries, to expect me to dine at their houſe without aſking me—— There is a cuſtom here which I think very abominable; noblemen, who are engaged to marry young ladies, make no ceremony, but embrace them in the midſt of a large company at a ball——

I have mentioned to a few people my intention of ſeeing the Crimea; and I am told that the air is unwholeſome, the waters poiſonous, and that I ſhall certainly die if I go there; but as in the great world a new acquired country, like a new beauty, finds detractors, I am not in the leaſt alarmed; for a perſon, not a Ruſſian, who has been there on ſpeculation, has given me ſo charming a deſcription of it, that I ſhould not be ſorry to purchaſe a Tartarian eſtate.

Adieu, my much honoured and beloved brother—

I remain your's——

LETTER XXXIV.

Moscow, February 29, 1786.

I Left my coach at Peterſburgh, and hired for myſelf and my ſmall ſuite, the carriages of the country, called Kibitkas; they are exactly like cradles, the head having windows to the front which let down; I can ſit or lie down, and feel in one like a great child, very comfortably defended from the cold by pillows and blankets—Theſe carriages are upon ſledges, and where the road is good, this conveyance is comfortable and not fatiguing; but from the incredible quantity of ſledges that go conſtantly upon the track of ſnow, it is worn in tracks like a road; and from the ſhaking and violent thumps the carriage receives, I am convinced the hardeſt head might be broken. I was overturned twice; the poſtillions I fancy are uſed to ſuch accidents; for they get quietly off their horſe, ſet the carriage up again, and never aſk if the traveller is hurt—— Their method of driving is ſingular: they ſit behind three horſes that are harneſſed abreaſt—a ſhrill whiſtling noiſe, or a ſavage kind of ſhriek is the ſignal for the horſes to ſet off, which they do full

gallop; and when their pace ſlackens, the driver waves his right-hand, ſhrieks or whiſtles, and the horſes obey. I am told the whip is unmercifully uſed in the ſtables; I obſerved a poſtillion never ſtrikes a horſe in driving; which cauſed my aſtoniſhment at their being ſo tractable to the raiſing of a hand only——I would never adviſe a traveller to ſet out from Peterſburgh as I have, juſt at the end of the Carnival; he might with ſome reaſon ſuppoſe it is a religious duty for the Ruſſian peaſant to be drunk; in moſt villages I ſaw a ſledge loaded with young men and women in ſuch a manner, that four horſes would have been more proper to draw it than one, which wretched beaſt was obliged to fly with this noiſy company up and down the village, which is generally compoſed of houſes in ſtraight rows on each ſide of the public road——The girls are dreſſed in their holiday-clothes, and ſome are beautiful, and do not look leſs ſo from various coloured handkerchiefs tied over their forehead, in a becoming and *pittoreſque* manner. There is one particular piece of roguery practiſed after this diverſion upon travellers, which ought to be put an end to: the horſe employed upon theſe feſtive occaſions is generally upon the point of death; and the firſt poſt-horſe that is wanted, that horſe is harneſſed to

a kibitka in his place, becauſe a traveller is obliged to pay the value of any horſe that dies in his ſervice——I had one that died thus, though I remonſtrated upon his being put to the collar, ſeeing that he was dying—but unleſs I could have armed ſix ſervants with good cudgels, my arguments were as fruitleſs as thoſe I employed at the next poſt, to prove how unreaſonable it was, that I ſhould pay a great deal of money for a dead horſe, that was dying when he was put to the carriage——

The Ruſſian peaſant is a fine, ſtout, ſtraight, well-looking man; ſome of the women, as I ſaid before, are uncommonly pretty; but the general whiteneſs of their teeth is ſomething that cannot be conceived; it frequently happened that all the men of the village were in a circle round my carriages—and rows of the moſt beautiful oriental pearl cannot be more regular and white than their teeth——It is a matter of great aſtoniſhment to me, how the infants outlive the treatment they receive, till they are able to crawl into the air; there is a kind of ſpace or *entreſol* over every ſtove, in which the huſband, wife, and children lie the greateſt part of the day, and where they ſleep at night—the heat appeared to me ſo great that I have no conception how they bear it; but they were as much ſurpriſed at me for

ſeeking a door or window in every houſe I was obliged to go into, as I could poſſibly be at their living in a manner without air. The children look all pale and ſickly, till they are five or ſix years old. The houſes and dreſſes of the peaſants are by no means uncomfortable; the firſt is generally compoſed of wood, the latter of ſheep-ſkins; but trees laid horizontally upon one another make a very ſtrong wall, and the climate requires a warm ſkin for clothing——It might appear to Engliſh minds, that a people who are in a manner the property of their lord, ſuffer many of the afflictions that attend ſlavery; but the very circumſtance of their perſons being the property, inſures them the indulgence of their maſter for the preſervation of their lives; and that maſter ſtands between them and the power of a deſpotic government or a brutal ſoldiery——Beſide, my dear Sir, the invaluable advantage which theſe peaſants have, as in paying annually a very ſmall ſum each, and cultivating as many acres of land as he thinks fit, his fortune depends entirely upon his own induſtry; each man only pays about the value of half-a-guinea a year—If his lord would raiſe this tax too high, or make their vaſſals ſuffer—miſery and deſertion would ruin his fortune, not theirs; it is true, that a lord is obliged to give one man as a

recruit yearly out of ſuch a number; but it is one out of three or four hundred; ſo that notwithſtanding this great empire is ſaid not to be populated in proportion to the extent of it; when you reflect what a number of troops the Empreſs has, and theſe kept up by this method; the Ruſſian people muſt be more numerous than ſtrangers may imagine, in travelling through this country——It is very amuſing to me to reflect, without prejudices of any kind, upon the ridiculous ideas of liberty and property that our Engliſh common people have; for

— — — — — — — — — —
— — — — —

And now, my moſt honoured and dear brother, that I have given you ſo pretty a picture of Engliſh liberty—I ſhall wiſh you a good night, and remain

Your's affectionately——

E. C——

LETTER XXXV.

Moscow, March 3, 1786.

I Believe I have not told you, that I am poſſeſſed of all the inſtructions to proceed upon this new journey in a very pleaſant manner. The commanders at Krementchouck and at Cherſon are informed of my intention to proceed to Perekop, where I ſhall enter into that peninſula called the Tauride, which from the climate and ſituation, I look upon to be a delicious country; and an acquiſition to Ruſſia which ſhe ſhould never relinquiſh——I muſt take off your attention, for ſome time from your own people and my journey, and, in as few words as poſſible, ſhew by remote and paſt ages, that the Tauride muſt naturally become a treaſure to poſterity—Long before Homer, the firſt inhabitants of it that can be traced were the Cimmerians; a numerous and warlike people, deſcendants of the Thracians; in their incurſions into Aſia Minor, they were robbed by the Scythians of their poſſeſſions, but preſerved the Crimea longer than the reſt of them; the Scythians drove them from the flat country 656 years before Chriſt; but they

remained concealed in the mountains, calling themſelves Taourians—and from thence the peninſula took the name of Taourica—Taourini—or Tauris—The Greeks began to eſtabliſh themſelves in the ſixth century before Chriſt——The Mileſians built a town called Panticapoeum or Boſporus, now called Kierche; and Theodoſia, which at preſent is moſtly called Kaffa. The Empreſs has ordered this town to be reſtored to the original Greek name Theodoſia; it is at preſent a town of no inconſiderable commerce——Before I proceed to follow the variations, the changes, and I may ſay mixtures of nations that have governed this country, and have produced the preſent annexion of it to Ruſſia, I muſt obſerve that, according to my uſual mode of tracing extraordinary appearances to their primitive cauſes—I yet think I am perfectly right in perceiving a lineal deſcent in many Ruſſians from the Greeks——The darkneſs in which we are loſt, when we turn back to nations conquered by ſavage unlettered people, puts a ſtop to all certainty as to genealogy—but when the Greeks by terror and oppreſſion were driven from Theodoſia, and other towns on the ſea-coaſt—is it not very natural to ſuppoſe that they wandered, or were driven farther up into the country, and that by degrees their

deſcendants peopled a country, which nothing but neceſſity forced them to inhabit?—Many marks of ſuperior genius have pierced through all the difficulties that ignorance and the climate have occaſioned, and ſhewn themſelves in the Ruſſian peaſant, nor ſhould I wonder to find if their genius was traced, it deſcended from a Thales or an Alcibiades —— Let us return to hiſtory—480 years before the birth of Chriſt, the people from Mitylene founded a monarchy in the Crimea, which was governed forty-two years afterwards by Spartacus——This King and his ſucceſſors, we are told, favoured the Greeks, particularly the Athenians, and drove away the Scythians in a great meaſure; but they were entirely extirminated by the Sarmatians. At this period, the Taourians from the mountains moleſted the new monarchy, till Mithridates, King of Pontus, about 112 years before the birth of Chriſt ſubdued them, and made himſelf maſter of the whole peninſula—About the birth of Chriſt, the Alains made the Kings, poſſeſſors of Boſphorus, their tributaries, and drove away the Taourians——Theſe new maſters held their power about a century and a half——In the ſecond century the Goths ſucceeded to the Alains, and it was under their dominion that Chriſtianity was firſt introduced into the Crimea——During the

lives of Diocletian and Conſtantine the Great, biſhopricks were created——But the Goths were obliged to ſubmit to the Huns, and like all other poſſeſſors of the Crimea, when driven from the plains, they, in their turn, took refuge in the mountains, where they had their own ſovereigns, who were Chriſtians; at that time there remained ſome of the Alains in the mountains likewiſe, and a few were diſperſed over the plains——About the fourth century, what was called the kingdom of Boſphorus ceaſed to exiſt as a kingdom——The Hungarians entered the Crimea in 464, they having, with the Bulgarians, all the country between the Don and the Dneiſter.——

The Goths and Alains went to Taman, where they ſettled habitations——The deſcendants of the Hungarians took the name of Aoultziagrians, and led a wandering life in the Crimea, but were obliged to ſubmit to the Khatyares, who made likewiſe the Goths in the mountains, and the Grecian towns on the coaſt, their tributaries——About the eighth century the Goths attempted a revolt, but were ſubdued; yet were governed among themſelves by their own Kings. In the year 840, the Emperor Theophilus erected a government at Cherſon, to which he ſubjected all the other towns of the Crimea

and Kouban, for though theſe countries were tributary to the Khatyares, they acknowledged the ſovereignty of the Byzantian court—Notwithſtanding this, from the time the Khatyares had firſt conquered the Crimea, that peninſula had taken the name of Khat, or Gatyaria, except the mountainous part, which was called Gothia, from the Goths, and Tſikia, from the remaining Alains.—— Jews were then numerous in the Crimea——

The Petchenegues or Kanglis, in 882, drove the Hungarians from the Crimea; but beyond the Iſthmus of Or, remained two detached branches of Bulgarians and Hungarians, known in the annals of Ruſſia by the name of Berendec, or Black Bulgarians; from this period the Khatyares preſerved no power but in Aſia, where it was likewiſe annihilated in 1015; yet even then the Crimea preſerved the name of Khatyaria——

About the eleventh century, the Petchenegues were obliged to give up that peninſula and moſt of their poſſeſſions to the Komanes, otherwiſe called Butyes or Polouzes, who likewiſe ſubdued the Goths and Greeks that were left in it——At this period of time the town of Sougdaia, now called Soudak, became ſo conſiderable from the commerce and trade carried on there, that all the land poſſeſſed

by the Greeks in the Crimea was called after it Soudak——

Till the year 1204 they acknowledged the ſovereignty of the Byzantian empire; but then they made themſelves independent, or ſubmitted to the power of different princes, ſo that when the Ottomans conquered that country, there exiſted two principalities, one called Theodor, now Inkerman; and the other Gothia, now called Mangoute——In 1237, the Polouzes were ſubdued in the Crimea by the Mongouls or Tartars, who were governed in clans by their princes, by the titles of Ouloug Beigh, in the plains, till Menguelci-Ghierai converted the Crimea into a kind of ſtate. The Goths and Greeks paid a tribute to the Mongouls, as they had before to the Polouzes——In the firſt part of the Tartarian reign, a number of Tcher, Kafes or Circaſſians, eſtabliſhed themſelves in the Crimea in 1333; that part called Kierche was governed by a Prince of that nation; and, as the Tartars carried on a great trade in the town of Krim, the peninſula took the name of Krim, by which only it is known to the Orientals at this hour——While the Latins were maſters of Conſtantinople, they carried on a conſiderable trade at Krim, Tamane, and Tana; the moſt conſiderable traders were the Venetians—But

when the Genoeſe, by a treaty with the Emperor Michael Paleologus, had obtained an exemption of all duties in the Grecian ſtates, and a free navigation in the Black Sea, they began to monopoliſe all the trade of the Crimea——Bloody wars enſued, in which they were almoſt conſtantly victorious——They rebuilt, with the conſent of the Mongoul Khan, the town of Kaffa—made it the chief repoſitory or capital of their commerce, and at laſt of ſuch conſequence, that Kaffa, for a time, was the name by which the peninſula was called—By degrees they conquered Soudak, and Cembals, now called Balouklava——It is true, they paid a tribute to the Mongouls, while theſe preſerved their power; but when their own inteſtine diviſions had weakened it, the Genoeſe ſhook off their yoke, and the Mongoulian or Tartarian Princes were elected or depoſed as the Genoeſe thought fit——It was at this period that the trade from India to the Crimea was divided into two branches by the Amou, the Caſpian Sea, and Aſtrakan—one ended at Tana; the other proceeded by Bagdad and Tauris to Trapefond and Savaſtopolis. Tana belonged to the Genoeſe and Venetians, under the ſupremacy of the Mongouls; the Genoeſe had their conſuls at Trapefond and Savaſtopolis.

In 1575 the Genoeſe loſt their power in the Crimea, by the Turks having conquered Kaffa, Soudak, and Balouklava—and Tana upon the Don——Theſe new conquerors put an end to the principalities of the Goths and of Theodori, eſtabliſhed garriſons in all the principal towns upon the coaſt, and by that means checked the power of the Khans of the Crimea; theſe, however, till the year 1584, were rather the allies than the ſubjects of the Porte, till it attained the power of naming them, or confirming their nomination, when they ventured to be choſen without having previouſly obtained the ſanction of the Ottoman council——

The Turkiſh cabinet began by eſtabliſhing at Kaffa a Sandjak, and then a Behjler-beghjilik, which governed all the domains belonging to the Porte either in the Crimea, on the borders of the Don, or upon the ſea of Aſoph, and left a very ſtrong garriſon in that town to intimidate the Khans——But from the wretched policy of the Turks, they at the ſame time ſhut up the entrance of the Black Sea to other European nations, ſo that trade and commerce were almoſt ruined in the Crimea, and the exports, from that time to this, were confined to the productions of the country and ſlaves——

The great market for the Circaſſians, of which we have heard ſo much and know ſo little, was at Kaffa; where they came and ſold their children to Greeks, Genoeſe, Jews, or Armenians, who ſold them in their turn at Conſtantinople, but that was before the Turks had extended their power over the Crimea——

When the ſovereignty of the peninſula paſſed to Mengheli-Gherai, there were but few Tartarian inhabitants; but the wars he was engaged in againſt them, on the borders of the Volga, gave him an opportunity to bring back into the Crimea with him many thouſand Nogais—whom he obliged to fix there; in this method of peopling the country, he was followed by his ſucceſſors, who furniſhed the Kouban, and the country between the Don and the Dneiſter with their priſoners——

The Crimea was for a long time a formidable power to the Ruſſians and Poles till theſe nations became improved in military ſcience——Until the peace of Karlowitz, both theſe nations were obliged to pay the Khan to the amount of 100,000 rix-dollars, to inſure their countries from the incurſions of the Tartars——Ruſſia has gained ground by degrees, and by arms and policy is become

maſter of the peninſula; the laſt Khan has a penſion from the Empreſs, and is retired to live as a private gentleman; long before he reſigned his ſovereignty, the Turkiſh cabinet on one ſide, the crafty policy of the Ruſſians on the other, left him no peace; even ſome hordes of Tartars inſulted his tottering power. Thus, my dear Sir, I have ſummed up as well as I am able, a ſketch of the paſt and preſent revolutions that happened in the country I am proceeding to, in which there is at preſent about thirty thouſand of the Empreſs's troops, including five thouſand Coſſacks in her pay; which I am very curious to ſee. The Khan's palaces, noble Tartar houſes, and others are prepared for her reception, in which I am aſſured I ſhall be received and treated perfectly well——Notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid to deter me from continuing my tour, I ſhall certainly go on, and if I am not poiſoned by the waters in Tartary, or drowned in my paſſage by the Black Sea to Conſtantinople, I ſhall, I hope, afford you ſome amuſement in the geographical deſcriptions I ſhall give you, and variety of military figures: who though not verſed in tactics like your Pruſſian troops, may always entertain any perſon, who, like you, are a good ſoldier by inheritance,

example, and practice; I am going to dine at my banker's, who inſiſts on ſhewing me his very fine hot-houſes—and having the honour of giving me a good dinner.

I remain unalterably

Your affectionate ſiſter,

E. C——

LETTER XXXVI.

CHERSON, March 12, 1786.

I Was obliged to put my kibitkas on wheels at a vile little town called Soumi, before I arrived at Pultawa——Notwithſtanding there might have been many things worth ſtopping to look at in the immenſe town of Moſcow, I was ſo impatient to meet the ſpring, that I would not ſend my name to any perſon whoſe civilities would have obliged me to ſtay. I cannot ſay that Moſcow gives me any other idea than of a large village, or many villages joined, as the houſes ſtand at ſuch a diſtance, and it is ſuch a terrible way to go to viſit things or people, that I ſhould have made as many long

journeys in a week, as there are days in one, had I ſtaid——What is particularly gaudy and ugly at Moſcow are the ſteeples—ſquare lumps of different coloured bricks and gilt ſpires or ovals; they make a very Gothic appearance, but it is thought a public beauty there; a widow lady was juſt dead, who having outlived all the people that ſhe loved, left an immenſe ſum of money to gild with the pureſt gold, the top of one of the ſteeples——

At Pultawa I was ſhewn the ground on which the armies moved—a memorable check to the wild ſpirit of Charles the Twelfth. A private perſon, one Paul Budenkof, has, at his own expence, erected a monument in remembrance of that event; it is a plate of braſs, on which is repreſented the battle in a good engraving, the plate is fixed into a pillar. At Soumi I converſed with a brother of Prince Kourakin's, and a Mr. Lanſkoy, both officers quartered there; and to whom I was indebted for a lodging: they obliged a Jew to give me up a new little houſe he was upon the point of inhabiting—The thaw had come on ſo quickly that I was obliged to ſtay two days while my carriages were taken off the ſledges—

Mr. Lanſkoy has a little of the beauty and ſweetneſs of countenance of his couſin who died; the favourite of the Empreſs; and who, if his pictures

and the medal do not flatter him, was perfectly beautiful. Both Prince Kourakin and Lanſkoy are very impatient to quit ſuch diſmal quarters, and ſeem to deſire ſome event in which they may diſplay a military ardour, very natural to ſoldiers, and increaſed in them, by having no poliſhed people to converſe with—as I found, upon my aſking what ſociety they had, their account of the country nobles thereabout was truly laughable——

There is no gentleman's houſe at Pultawa; I ſlept at my banker's, and walked all about the ſkirts of the town——

At Krementchouck, the general who commands has a very pretty well-bred wife, who did the honours of her houſe and the place perfectly well. Prince Potemkin has a large houſe juſt out of the town, which I went to ſee; at the Governor's I aſſiſted at a dinner where there was ſuch a number of people, and ſo much company after dinner, that I was heartily tired——There I began to find the manner in which I was recommended by the prince; the greateſt attentions and reſpect were paid me—An Engliſh woman, married to a Ruſſian who was there, came to my lodging, and looking earneſtly at me, ſaid, are you an Engliſh lady: I ſmiled, and ſaid, quite ſo: ſhe flung her arms round my neck, and

almoſt ſmothered me with kiſſes—Forgive me, ſaid ſhe, I too was born in England and have never had the happineſs of ſeeing a country-woman ſince I left it; I am married, have children here, and probably ſhall never ſee England again——I was intreated to ſtay by all the ladies at leaſt ſome days; but I cannot defer too long letting ——— know what is become of me; I concealed from —— and —— my intended journey, and only wrote word from Peterſburgh, that I was going to make a little tour to a warmer part of that country—and I mean not to let either of them know where I am till I get ſafe to Conſtantinople.

I am going to ſee the Dock-Yard here and the fortifications, which are to be new done by a Colonel Korſakof, a very civil ſpirited young man here, who ſeems to have the welfare of this place and the honour of his nation very much at heart. I ſhall give you an account of what I have ſeen to-morrow.

I remain with reſpect,

Your affectionate ſiſter,

E. C——

LETTER XXXVII.

CHERSON, March 9, 1786.

THIS place is ſituated upon the Dneiper, called by the ancients, the Boriſthenes; which falls into the Black Sea; the only inconvenience of the Docks here is that the ſhips, when built, are obliged to be taken with camels into that part of the channel deep enough to receive them—The town is not at preſent very large, though there are many new houſes and a church built after pretty models; good architecture of white ſtone——There are no trees near this place; Korſakof is trying to make large plantations; the town is intirely furniſhed with fuel by reeds, of which there is an inexhauſtible foreſt in the ſhallows of the Boriſthenes, juſt facing Cherſon——Rails and even temporary houſes are made of them—Theſe reeds are ſtrong and tall, and are a harbour for birds of various kind, particularly aquatics; of which there are ſuch a number, and of ſuch beautiful kinds, that I can conceive nothing ſo entertaining as ſhooting parties in boats here——. Korſakof, and a Captain Mordwinof, who both have been educated in England, will, I have no doubt,

make a diſtinguiſhed figure in the military annals of Ruſſia; Mordwinof is a ſea-officer, and ſuperintends the ſhip-building here—there are ſome very pretty frigates on the ſtocks. Repninſkai is the governor's name, and he has a young wife, who is very civil; my lodging is a large houſe built for a Greek Archbiſhop—but, being empty, was appropriated to my uſe: I have remonſtrated here, but in vain, againſt having centinels, and the guard turning out as I paſs through the gates. I hate all kind of ceremony and honours, particularly ſuch as I am not accuſtomed to—but I am told here I muſt content myſelf with not refuſing the orders that are given—— The Emperor's Conſul has a wife who wears a Greek dreſs here; I think it by no means becoming—Cherſon may in time become a very beautiful town, and furniſh the borders of the Boriſthenes with examples of commerce; that ineſtimable and only real ſource of greatneſs to an empire——I am not ſoldier enough to know what fault there was in the fortifications, ſo that they are intirely to be done anew—but by the active and ſtudious ſpirit of Korſakof, I have no doubt that they will be executed in a maſterly manner——

I can conceive nothing ſo pleaſant to a young ſoldier, as to be employed in places where his talents

muſt create the defence and ſtability of newly acquired poſſeſſions——I leave this place in two days, dear Sir; and will do myſelf the honour of writing from the firſt town where I can ſit down again for a few days——

I have nothing but maps and plans of various ſorts in my head at preſent, having looked over all ſuch as my curioſity could induce me to aſk for—The fortifications and plantations are executed here by malefactors, whoſe chains and fierce looks ſtruck horror into my heart, as I walked over them, particularly when I was informed there are between three and four thouſand——Yet I muſt confeſs, I think this method of treating criminals much more rational than that of ſhutting them up; and rendering them uſeleſs members of the ſociety by which they muſt be maintained——

Mordwinof informs me, the frigate which is to convey me to Conſtantinople is prepared, and is to wait my pleaſure at one of the ſea-ports in the Crimea, and that the Comte de Wynowitch, who commands at Sevaſtopole has directions to accommodate me in the beſt manner——Mordwinof and Korſakof both are much more like Engliſhmen than any foreigners I ever met with, except one—who you are aſſured

is the perſon upon upon earth I honour and eſteem the moſt; and to whom I ſubſcribe myſelf with all reſpect,

His moſt affectionate ſiſter,

E. C——

LETTER XXXVIII.

KARASBAYER, April 3, 1786.

I Went in a barge for about two hours down the Boriſthenes, and landed on the ſhore oppoſite to that on which Cherſon ſtands. A carriage and horſes belonging to a Major who commands a poſt about two hours drive from the place where I landed were waiting, and theſe conveyed me to his houſe, where I found a great dinner prepared, and he gave me ſome excellent freſh-butter made of Buffalo's milk; this poor man has juſt loſt a wife he loved, and who was the only delight he could poſſeſs in a moſt diſagreeable ſpot, marſhy, low, and where he can have no other amuſement but the troops—— From thence I croſſed the plains of Perekop, on which nothing but a large coarſe graſs grows, which is burnt at certain periods of the year—— All this country,

like that between Cherſon and Krementchouck, is called Steps—I ſhould call it deſart; except where the poſt-horſes are found, not a tree not a habitation is to be ſeen—But one thing which delighted me much, for ſeveral miles after I had quitted Cherſon, was the immenſe flocks of birds—buſtards, which I took at a certain diſtance for herds of calves—and millions of a ſmall bird about the ſize of a pigeon, cinnamon colour and white—droves of a kind of wild ſmall gooſe, cinnamon colour, brown and white. As I went farther on, theſe multitudes decreaſed, not chooſing I ſuppoſe to go too far from their ſhelter, the reeds——

Perekop is ſituated upon an eminence—the ditch of it ſeems rather calculated for the lodgment of an enemy than a defence——The governor did every thing he could to detain me a few hours; but, as there was nothing to ſee, I went on. Juſt without the fortreſs of Perekop I was obliged to ſend one of my ſervants to a Tartar village to get a paſs; the ſervant whom I ſent, whoſe ridiculous fears through the whole journey have not a little amuſed me, came back as pale as death—He told me the chiefs were ſitting in a circle ſmoaking, that they were very ill black-looking people——I looked at the paſs, it was in Turkiſh or Tartarian characters. I ſaw

there two camels drawing a cart——This village gave me no great opinion of Tartarian cleanlineſs, a more dirty miſerable looking place I never ſaw—— The land at Perekop is but ſix miles acroſs from the ſea of Aſoph, or rather an arm of it called the Suaſh, to the Black Sea——The Crimea might with great eaſe be made an iſland; after leaving Perekop, the country is exactly like what we call downs in England, and the turf is like the fineſt green velvet——The horſes flew along; and though there was not a horſe in the ſtables of the poſt-houſes, I did not wait long to have them harneſſed; the Coſſacks have the furniſhing of the horſes—and verſts or mile-ſtones are put up; the horſes were all graſing on the plain at ſome diſtance, but the inſtant they ſee their Coſſack come out with a little corn the whole herd ſurrounds him, and he takes thoſe he pleaſes—The poſts were ſometimes in a deſerted Tartarian village, and ſometimes the only habitation for the ſtable-keeper was a hut made under ground, a common habitation in this country, where the ſun is ſo extremely hot, and there is no ſhade of any ſort. To the left of Perekop I ſaw ſeveral ſalt-lakes about the third poſt—it was a moſt beautiful ſight. About ſun-ſet, I arrived at a Tartarian village, of houſes or rather huts ſtraggling in a circle without

fence of any kind——At different ſpots upon the downs, large herds of horſes, cows, and ſheep were approaching, with a ſlow pace, the village—making at once a ſimple and majeſtic landſcape, full of that peace and plenty which poſſeſſions in the primitive ſtate of the world might have enjoyed——

I ſtopped there and made tea; that I might go on, as far as I could that night——You muſt not ſuppoſe, my dear Sir, though I have left my coach and harp at Peterſburgh, that I have not all my little neceſſaries even in a kibitka—a tin-kettle in a baſket holds my tea equipage, and I have my Engliſh ſide-ſaddle tied behind my carriage—What I have chiefly lived upon is new milk, in which I melt a little chocolate. At every place I have ſtopped at I aſked to taſte the water from curioſity, I have always found it perfectly good— —

I can eaſily ſuppoſe people jealous of Prince Potemkin's merit; his having the government of the Tauride, or commanding the troops in it, may have cauſed the invention of a thouſand ill-natured lies about this new country, in order to leſſen the ſhare of praiſe which is his due, in the attainment or preſervation of it—but I ſee nothing at preſent which

can juſtify the idea of the country's being unwholeſome. To-morrow I ſhall have the honour of giving you an account of my arrival and reception here, and what ſort of a place it is.

I remain your's affectionately——

E. C——

LETTER XXXIX.

KARASBAYER, April 4, 1786.

ABOUT half an hour after ten laſt night I ordered my ſervants not to have the horſes put to, as I intended to ſleep; for the only thing in which I am a bad traveller is, that I cannot go to ſleep while the carriage is in motion——I had not an idea of getting out of it, as our Poſt was a vile Tartar village; in a few minutes the ſervants called me, and ſaid, the General's nephew and ſon were arrived to meet me, and very ſorry to find I had quitted Perekop, as they had orders to eſcort me from thence. I opened my carriage and ſaw two very pretty looking young men; I told them I ſhould certainly not think of detaining them; and we ſet off, nor did I ſuſpect that there were any perſons with

me but them: at —— o'clock I let down the fore-part of my carriage to ſee the ſun riſe; when, to my great ſurpriſe, I ſaw a guard of between twenty and thirty Coſſacks, with an officer, who was cloſe to the fore-wheel of the carriage; upon ſeeing me he ſmiled and pulled off his cap—his companions gave a moſt violent ſhriek, and horſes, carriages, and all increaſed their pace, ſo that the horſes in the carriages behind mine took fright, ran away, and running againſt my carriage very nearly overturned it; and when I aſked what occaſioned this event, I found my Coſſack eſcort, ſeeing my carriage ſhut, thought I was dead; as a Coſſack has no idea that a perſon in health can travel in a carriage that is not open, and the ſhout I had heard, the ſmile I had ſeen, was the ſurpriſe they had felt, that the young Engliſh princeſs, as they called me, was alive; as they believed it was only my corpſe that was conveying to Karaſbazar to be buried——They always ride with long pikes, holding the points upwards; the Tartars ride with pikes, but they hold the ends of theirs to the ground——About ſix I paſſed the Tartar town of Karaſbazar, lying to the left—and arrived at the General's houſe, a very good one, newly built for the reception of the Empreſs; the General Kokotchki, his brother the Governor, and

almoſt all the general officers were up and dreſſed; upon the ſteps of the houſe I found myſelf in my night-cap, a moſt tired and forlorn figure, in the midſt of well-powdered men, and as many ſtars and ribbons around me as if I had been at a birth-day at St. James's—I retired but roſe again at one, dreſſed and dined, and looked about me; this houſe is ſituated near the river Karaſou or Black-water, which bathes the lawn before the houſe, and runs in many windings towards the town; it is narrow, rapid, and very clear; this is a moſt rural and lovely ſpot, very well calculated to give the Empreſs a good opinion of her new kingdom, for ſo it may be called. I had a Coſſack chief preſented to me, a ſoldier-like fine white-haired figure, he wore a ribbon and order the Empreſs had given him ſet round with brilliants—The General told me he was ſorry he was not thirty years younger, as the Empreſs had not a braver officer in her ſervice——In the evening, in an amazing large hall, ſeveral different bands of muſic played; and I heard the national ſongs of the Ruſſian peaſants—which are ſo ſingular that I cannot forbear endeavouring to give you ſome idea of them——One man ſtands in the midſt of three or four, who make a circle round him; ſeven or eight more make a ſecond round thoſe; a third

is compoſed of a greater number; the man in the middle of this groupe begins, and when he has ſung one verſe, the firſt circle accompany him, and then the ſecond, till they become ſo animated, and the noiſe ſo great, that it was with difficulty the officers could ſtop them—What is very ſingular they ſing in parts, and though the muſic is not much varied, nor the tune fine, yet as ſome take thirds and fifths as their ear direct, in perfect harmony, it is by no means unpleaſing—If you aſk one of them why he does not ſing the ſame note as the man before him—he does not know what you mean——The ſubjects of theſe ballads are, hunting, war, or counterfeiting the gradations between ſoberneſs into intoxication—and very diverting. As theſe ſingers were only young Ruſſian peaſants, they began with great timidity, but by little and little ended in a kind of wild jollity, which made us all laugh very heartily—— The Governor's reſidence is not here, but at a place called Atchmechet; he is only come here to meet and conduct me through the Crimea; he is a grave ſenſible mild man. I am told he has conciliated the Tartars to their change of ſovereign very much by his gentleneſs and firmneſs—To their honour, I find none would ſtay who could not bear the idea of taking the oaths of allegiance—but are gone towards

Mount Caucaſus—They have repented ſince, but it was too late——All the country here is downs except the borders of vallies, where rice is cultivated, and what the Tartars call gardens, which I call orchards——I cannot tell you, Sir, with what reſpect and attention I am treated here, and how good-naturedly all the queſtions I aſk are anſwered——

There is an Albanian Chief here, though his poſt is at Bilaklava, a ſea-port; he is diſtinguiſhed by the Empreſs likewiſe for his bravery; his dreſs differs much from the Coſſack; it is ſomething like the ancient Romans—he is an elderly man too. In a day or two I ſhall give you an account of the ſource of the Karaſou, and take my leave of this place for Batcheſerai, the principal town and formerly the chief reſidence of the Khans.

Adieu——

E. C——





View of the Source of the River Karasou in the Crimea. April 1786.

LETTER XL.

April, 1786.

YESTERDAY I went to ſee the ſource of the river, it lies in the receſs of a rock, which is placed between many others that line the ſteep ſides of a valley; a Major Ribas, a very lively handſome officer of the Chaſſeurs, has drawn it for me. I rode a white horſe of the General's, a very quiet creature, but awkward, not being uſed to a ſide-ſaddle——

I never ſaw a ſcene ſo lively as this viſit—there were near forty people on horſeback—the variety of dreſſes and colours upon the green carpet was gay and pictureſque. We continued going up hill to the ſource, till we perceived the rocks, but the ſides of them were ſo ſteep that we were all obliged to diſmount and ſcramble down as we could; this ſpring does not preſent itſelf like the Vaucluſe, majeſtic and terrible, but pretty and romantic—and might be copied in a park where huge fragments of ſtone could be had——As we returned, I got off and walked beſide the ſoldiers houſes, and went into ſome; they are placed in a line on the declivity of

the down, as they deſcend to the General's houſe—all things were very neat and orderly. The old Coſſack Chief had looked with the greateſt aſtoniſhment at my riding, and when I jumped down from my horſe on returning home, he kiſſed the edge of my petticoat, and ſaid ſomething in his language which I did not comprehend, but the General told me he had paid me the higheſt compliment imaginable, viz. I was worthy of being a Coſſack——

In the evening I went in a carriage with the Governor and General to Karaſbazar—and on the road ſaw a mock battle between the Coſſacks—As I was not appriſed before-hand, I confeſs the beginning of it aſtoniſhed me very much——I ſaw the Coſſack guard on each ſide the carriage ſpring from their ſtirrups, with their feet on the ſaddle, and gallop away thus with a loud ſhriek—The General ſmiled at my aſtoniſhed looks—and told me the Coſſack Chief had ordered an entertainment for me—and deſired me to get out and ſtand on the riſing part of the down, facing that where a troop of Coſſacks was poſted—which I ſaw advancing with a ſlow pace—a detached Coſſack of the adverſe party approached the troop, and turning round ſought his ſcattered companions, who were in ſearch like him of the little army—they approached, but not in a ſquadron,

ſome on the left, ſome on the right, ſome before, ſome behind the troop—a ſhriek—a piſtol fired, were the ſignals of battle—the troop was obliged to divide in order to face an enemy that attacked it on all ſides——The greateſt ſcene of hurry and agility enſued; one had ſeized his enemy, pulled him off his horſe, and was upon the point of ſtripping him*, when one of the priſoner's party came up, laid him to the ground, remounted his companion, and rode off with the horſe of the firſt victor——Some flung themſelves off their horſes to tear their foe to the ground—alternately they purſued or were purſuing, their pikes, their piſtols, their hangers all were made uſe of—and when the parties were completely engaged together, it was difficult to ſee all the adroit manœuvres that paſſed——

I was much entertained and pleaſed—and deſired the Coſſack Chief might have my beſt thanks——I arrived at the town, and was led to the Kadis' houſe, where his wife received me, and no male creature was ſuffered to come into the room, except the interpreter and a young Ruſſian nobleman only twelve years of age. This woman had a kind of turban on, with ſome indifferent diamonds and

* A Coſſack if he can avoid it never kills his enemy before he has ſtripped him, becauſe the ſpoils are his property, and he fears the blood ſhould ſpoil the dreſs——

pearls upon it. Her nails were dyed ſcarlet, her face painted white and red, the veins blue; ſhe appeared to me to be a little ſhrivelled woman of near ſixty, but I was told ſhe was not above fifty—— She had a kind of robe and veſt on, and her girdle was a handkerchief embroidered with gold and a variety of colours——She made me a ſign to ſit down; and my gloves ſeeming to excite much uneaſineſs in her I took them off—upon which ſhe drew near, ſmiled, took one of my hands between her's, and winked and nodded as a ſign of approbation—but ſhe felt my arm up beyond the elbow, half way up my ſhoulder, winking and nodding—I began to wonder where this extraordinary examination would end—which it did there —— Coffee was brought, and after that roſe-leaves made into ſweatmeats—both of which the interpreter obliged me to taſte—The ſweetmeats are introduced laſt, and among the Orientals they are a ſignal that the viſit muſt end——Our converſation by the interpreter was not very entertaining——She aſked if I had a child, and told me what I have been told ſo often before, though I confeſs not by women*, that would

* Tartarian and Turkiſh women deriving the only pleaſures of ſociety from women, have none of that envy which prevails in European female breaſts—and among the Tartarian and Turkiſh women, the extravagant encomiums which fall from the lips of a man deſperately in love with a pretty woman, are to be heard, and are in frequent uſe.

be unneceſſary to repeat it——A Tartar houſe is a very ſlight building of one ſtory only—no chair, table, or piece of furniture in wood to be ſeen—large cuſhions are ranged round the room, on which we ſat or reclined—but what is extremely convenient, I obſerved more than double the ſpace of the room behind the wainſcot, which drew back in moſt places, ſo that in a ſmall room, where it appears there is nothing but the cuſhions—every neceſſary is to be found——As the viſit was at an end, I curtſied and ſhe bowed. In the court-yard there was a dancer, a woman accompanied in her geſtures by a boy, but it was impoſſible to ſee them either with pleaſure or propriety; ſhe never lifted her feet off the ground but once in four minutes, and then only one foot at a time, and every part of her perſon danced except her feet——I went to a Moſque, where ſeveral pious Muſſulmen were going round in a circle in the midſt of the building, groaning and flinging their heads almoſt to the ground and then up again, a conſtant motion which with the moving round one way ſoon puts them into a kind of torture, under which they fall to the ground and then are dragged into receſſes in the Moſque, made on purpoſe to receive theſe holy men, who ſacrifice ſo many hours, and their perſons to idle

pain, in order to prove their devotion to Mahomet—They frequently pronounced Allah——

In one of the receſſes I ſaw a man lying, that I was told had been there without eating or drinking forty hours; which abſtinence is another pious act, and if their courage is exceſſive, and Allah can inſpire them with ſtrength enough, they endeavour in getting out of the dark and damp hole where they lay for many hours, to join in the circle, and begin to move, but in this attempt they generally fall ſenſeleſs to the ground, and are carried home to recover their ſtrength——This kind of mummery inſpires the people with a great reverence and eſteem for thoſe who practiſe it—I returned home as much diſguſted with this nonſenſe as I was diſpleaſed with the dirt of the town—The Moſque was ſhabby on the outſide and gloomy within, notwithſtanding many lamps in it——The Minaret, which we ſhould call a ſteeple, and all the other Minarets I ſaw in the town, are uncommonly light, being very high and narrow—A man ſtands at the top and calls to prayers, inſtead of tolling bells as we do, at particular hours—and makes a noiſe to the full as agreeable——

The chief traffic of this town is the leather which we call Morocco, of various colours, yellow, red,

green, and blue—it is to be had very cheap, and is like ſattin——The innumerable ſheep with which theſe plains are covered furniſh much leather, which is a cheap commodity, as well as the moſt beautiful and coſtly peliſſes—The ſheep are all ſpotted—The lamb-ſkins are beautiful, and they kill the ewes to have the lamb-ſkins before the birth; theſe have ſmall ſpots, and are ſmooth like the lighteſt and fineſt ſattins——As many of theſe little animals muſt be ſkinned to make the lining of one coat, it is no wonder this is one of the moſt ſumptuous preſents the Empreſs can make to an ambaſſador—I wiſh I was rich enough to ſend you a peliſſe made of theſe ſkins——

I remain dear Sir,.

Your affectionate ſiſter,

E. C——

LETTER XLI.

BATCHESERAI, April 8, 1786.

IN my way hither I dined at the Coſſack Chief's poſt—and my entertainment was truly Coſſack—A long table for thirty people—at one end a half-grown pig roaſted whole—at the other a half-grown ſheep, whole likewiſe—in the middle of the table an immenſe tureen of curdled milk—there were ſeveral ſide-diſhes made for me and the Ruſſians, as well as the cook could imagine to our taſte——The old warrior would fain have made me taſte above thirty ſorts of wine from his country, the borders of the Don; but I contented myſelf with three or four, and ſome were very good. After dinner from the windows, I ſaw a fine mock battle between the Coſſacks; and I ſaw three Calmoucks, the uglieſt fierceſt looking men imaginable, with their eyes ſet in their head, inclining down to their noſe, and uncommonly ſquare jaw-bones——Theſe Calmoucks are ſo dexterous with bows and arrows that one killed a gooſe at a hundred paces, and the other broke an egg at fifty——The young Coſſack officers tried their ſkill with them, but they were

perfectly novices in compariſon to them—they ſung and danced, but their ſteps and their tones were equally inſipid, void of grace and harmony.

When a Coſſack is ſick he drinks ſour milk for a few days, and that is the only remedy the Coſſacks have for fevers——

At night I lodged at a houſe that had belonged to a noble Tartar, where there is a Ruſſian poſt with about twelve hundred of the fineſt men I ever ſaw, and uncommonly tall. A Tartarian houſe has always another building at a little diſtance from it, for the convenience of travellers or ſtrangers, whom the noble Tartar always treats with the greateſt hoſpitality——Here the General parted from us. I proceeded in the Governor's carriage with him thus far, the reſt of our company went to ſee Kaffa or Theodoſia. I go to meet them to-morrow, at a place called Mangouſs——We had only two Coſſacks with us, as the General, to pleaſe the Tartars, never is eſcorted by a military party. Batcheſerai is ſituated in ſo ſteep a valley, that ſome of the hanging pieces of rock ſeem ready to fall and cruſh the houſes——About a mile from the town on the left, I ſaw a troop of well-dreſſed Tartars, there were above a hundred on horſeback; the Kaima-

Kan* was at the head of this company, who were come out to meet and eſcort us, but I who did not know this, aſked the Governor if there was a Ruſſian poſt here; which there is above the town, of a thouſand men——There are five thouſand Tartar inhabitants here; I do not believe there was a man left in his houſe, the ſtreets being lined with Tartarian men on each ſide; their countenances were very ſingular, moſt of them kept their eyes fixed on the ground, as we paſſed; but ſome juſt looked up, and, as if they were afraid of ſeeing a woman's face uncovered, haſtily caſt their eyes downward again; ſome diverted at the novelty, looked and laughed very much——There is a great trade here of blades for ſwords, hangers, and knives—I am aſſured many made here are not to be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of Damaſcus——

The Khan's palace is an irregular building, the greateſt part of it is one floor raiſed upon pillars of wood painted and gilt in a fanciful and lively manner—the arch, or laſt door-way, has fine proportions, a large inſcription in gilt letters is the chief ornament——I am told it was perfectly in ruins, but the Governor has had it repaired, new

* That word means the Khan's firſt miniſter—a perſon called him Cream of Tartar—which I fearing he ſhould be told of, turned into the Cream of the Tartars—which he ſaid was no wonder; as he was ſo——

gilt, and painted for the Empreſs's reception—— Court within court, and garden within garden, make a variety of apartments where the Khan walked from his own reſidence to the Harem*, which is ſpacious and higher than the other buildings——What I thought pretty enough was that ſeveral of the ſquare places under his apartment were paved with marble, and have in the center fountains which play conſtantly——My room is a ſquare of more than forty feet, having two rows of windows one above the other on three ſides, and it was with difficulty I found a place to have my bed put up in——

I never ſaw ſuch a variety of colours—different coloured gold and ſilver mixed together——The Kaima-Kan, and two other principal Tartars, ſupped with us, and I find nothing can exceed the ignorance and ſimplicity of theſe people—The Kaima-Kan is the Khan's firſt miniſter—He is totally ignorant of the geography of his own country; and ſays that England and Peterſburgh are the ſame thing——I am to dine with his ſiſter to-morrow; ſhe is married to a rich Tartar, who has given a certain yearly ſum to poſſeſs, ſolely, the profits of the ſoap mines—For among the excellent productions of this peninſula,

* Harem means that apartment where the women reſide; which is always a ſeparate building from that which the maſter inhabits—and ſiſters, mothers, wives, or miſtreſſes all inhabit the Harem ——

there is a mine of earth exactly like ſoap, and reckoned very good for the ſkin——The Turkiſh women conſume a great quantity of it at Conſtantinople—and I am told this Tartar makes an immenſe income from it——I ſaw from the windows a kind of dome which raiſed my curioſity, and I am told it is a monument built to the memory of a Chriſtian wife, which the Khan loved ſo tenderly that he was inconſolable for her loſs; and that he had placed it there, that he might have the ſatisfaction of looking at the building which contained her remains*——This Tartar Khan muſt have had a ſoul worthy of being loved by a Chriſtian wife I think——

Adieu for the preſent, dear Sir,

E. C——

P. S. Wild aſparagus grows in great plenty all over the peninſula—and a wild kind of horſe-radiſh of an enormous ſize, and the ſtrongeſt and beſt flavoured I ever taſted—the root is as long and as big as the ſtouteſt leg you ever ſaw——

* Many buildings, ſuch as baths, ſummer-houſes, &c. are in ruins near Batcheſerai. I went into one bath, it was circular, having white marble on the inſide, with niches for the bathers to ſit in, which we have no idea of. Cold bathing is unknown in Turkey and Tartary——

LETTER XLII.

SEVASTOPOLE, April 12, 1786.

THE laſt time I wrote I was at Batcheſerai, ſince which I have been at another Ruſſian poſt, at the place where the ancient town of Krim ſtood, of which there is not a veſtige left—A General Schlikt commands a fine regiment of Ruſſian cavalry there, and lodges in an outer building belonging to a good houſe prepared for the Empreſs——This general fought very valiantly in the Poliſh Confederacy againſt the Ruſſians, and his bravery induced the Empreſs to take him into her ſervice——He ſhewed me among his horſes a fine cheſtnut or rather gold-coloured Arabian, ſo beautiful an animal I never before ſaw—I muſt not forget to tell you that I went, as I told you I ſhould, to dine with the Kaima-Kan's ſiſter, whoſe harem, with her huſband's houſe, is ſituated in a very romantic manner at the foot of ſome very extraordinary rocks, from which iſſue many clear ſprings, that ſupply the houſes and her bath with perpetual freſh water; there is a ſtrange appearance on the ſummit of thoſe rocks, places where immenſe cables have certainly paſſed and

been tied—The Tartarians inſiſt upon it that the ſea once lay at the foot of them—and ſhips were faſtened to them——We dined in the huſband's apartment, a very dirty ſhabby place for ſo rich a gentleman——Tartarian cookery conſiſts in much greaſe and honey——After dinner, the Kaima-Kan walked acroſs a yard and I was bid to follow. I did ſo into another court, where four women and ſome young girls met us, and laſt of all his ſiſter—Her dreſs was magnificent, particularly her girdle, in the front of which were two circles like bracelet lockets; the centers of them contained two fine emeralds——She offered me a large goblet which held two quarts of ſherbet, an indifferent kind of lemonade—after that coffee, and laſt of all ſweet-meats——We converſed very well by ſigns, ſhe was neither old nor ugly, but how is it poſſible to judge of a countenance hid under bad painting, and eye-brows which join into one ſtraight line drawn acroſs the noſe——My gloves gave her the ſame uneaſy appearance I had ſeen in the other Tartarian women, ſo I pulled them off, but ſhe was not ſo curious as the other, and it ſeemed to be a high entertainment to her brother to ſee us converſe by ſigns. I wore a *chemiſe* with two rows of very fine lace at the boſom, which I thought would ſurpriſe her, but

lace, and every magnificence which is not gold, ſilver, pearls, or diamonds, I am told paſſes unnoticed——Linen is not much in uſe; their ſhifts, and the ſhirts of the men, are generally made of very thin ſilk, or ſilk mixed with cotton, which is ſeldom changed; but the very frequent uſe of baths makes this cuſtom leſs loathſome than it would otherwiſe be—When ſhe had quitted the harem, her brother ſtaid behind a little, and afterwards came up to me, kiſſed the bottom of my gown, and preſented me a very beautiful handkerchief of his ſiſter's embroidery, which the Governor told me I muſt accept—I deſired the Kaima-Kan to thank her, and tell her I would keep it for her ſake—It is of muſlin, the borders embroidered with different coloured ſilks and gold, and what I cannot comprehend, both ſides are the ſame——

I have been at Soudak, where the foundations yet remain of a very large town, which was rebuilt by the Genoeſe, on the deſcent of ſteep rocks. When you get to the ſummit of theſe you look down to the ſea, and there is the remains of a chapel, where a granite pillar is ſo placed, that the firſt ſhake it receives it muſt fall perpendicularly into it——This town muſt have been inacceſſible to a fleet, and from the poſition of the fortifications and out-poſts, of which

there are remains, muſt have been extremely well defended from the inhabitants of the interior part of the country——

To the left of the town there is a fine harbour—it is upon this ſouthern part of the peninſula that vines are cultivated, and grow wild in great abundance—at preſent only a few private people there have vineyards of their own—There is little good wine made, and the Empreſs has indeed a Frenchman, who ſeems to care only about the ſtrength of the wine being ſufficient to make brandy, which he diſtils in great quantities—He is ſettled at Soudak at preſent, and probably will make a great fortune, but not teach the culture of vines to the Ruſſians—From Soudak I went to Atchmechet, the reſidence of the Governor—It is prettily ſituated on a riſing ground, not far from the valley which borders the river Salguir—and the ſoil on the borders of this river is exactly like the black mould of our kitchen gardens, and extremely fertile——The Governor's houſe is comfortable, and the barracks with the other buildings erected by the Ruſſians make a good appearance—I ſaw ſome people courſing with Tartarian greyhounds, which are remarkably tall, and reckoned very good. The governor ſhewed me likewiſe a pretty collection of ſtuffed birds, and

other preſervations; with ſtones, minerals, the produce of the Crimea—but the fine turf, the excellent ſoil, the orchards, the climate, are ſufficient inducements to be partial to this country—One very particular thing I took notice of was a ſmall pink flower, that ſpread like net-work over the turf—and, aſking what it was, found they were peach-trees, which when very young, being nipped by the ſheep, grow into little buſhes——I was really ſorry to quit the Governor; grave, ſteady, and cold in his manner, there was a dignity in it which made his extreme attention and reſpect for me the more acceptable, nor can I ſay that he forgot any thing that could make me take a true impreſſion of the country, or a favourable one of the Ruſſian officers, who have given me ſeveral maps, and every information I could deſire——I wiſh it may ever be in my power to ſhew him in my country any marks of the ſenſe I have of his goodneſs—I have promiſed to take a barrel of wine belonging to Mr. de Bukalow, the Ruſſian miniſter at the Porte—and a root of horſe-radiſh from him——

I find a thirty-ſix gun frigate, under the diſguiſe of a merchant-ſhip, had been fitted out for me, and had been ready above a fortnight; the Governor accompanied me to this place, which the deſcription

of would be too long for this letter, ſo I ſhall take my leave of you for the preſent, only obſerving that I have a whole houſe to myſelf, where the architecture and furniture are Engliſh; it belonged to an Admiral Mackenzie, who is juſt dead——I croſſed an arm of the ſea in the Comte de Wynowitch's barge to arrive here—and upon landing, at the bottom of a flight of ſeveral ſteps, I was ſurpriſed by two or three voices, who ſaid, we are your countrymen, my Lady—and in fact, there are ſeveral of my countrymen as captains or lieutenants in this navy—The Admiral's houſe is juſt above this landing-place, and makes a fine appearance——

Adieu, dear Sir,

I remain your affectionate

E. C——

LETTER XLIII.

DEAR SIR,

I Should be very glad you could ſee this place—From the ſingularity of the coaſt, the harbour is unlike any other I ever ſaw; it is a long creek that is formed by the Black Sea between two ridges of land, ſo high that The Glory of Catherine, one of the largeſt ſhips in the Ruſſian navy, which is at anchor here, cannot be ſeen, as the ſhore is above the pendant—The water is ſo deep that this ſhip touches the land——All the fleets in Europe would be ſafe from ſtorms or enemies in theſe creeks or harbours, for there are many.——Batteries at the entrance of them, on one ſide, would be ſufficient effectually to deſtroy any ſhips that would venture in, and placed towards the ſea muſt even prevent the entrance of a fleet——The Comte de Wynowitch commands here, and has a little farm at Inkerman, which muſt once have been a very conſiderable and extraordinary town; at preſent the only remains of it are rooms hewn out of the rock. Here is a large chapel, the pillars and altars of which are extremely curious; the ſtone is whitiſh

and not unlike marble. I climbed up a ſtair-caſe, and crept into and out of very extraordinary ſpaces large and commodious; I entered at the bottom of theſe ſingular habitations, and like a chimney-ſweeper came out at the top; and though it coſt me not a little trouble in turning and climbing up ſo high, I had no idea I had mounted ſo much, till on looking about me I turned quite giddy, in ſeeing the Bay of Inkerman and all the Black Sea, at leaſt two hundred and fifty feet beneath the place where I ſtood——Though I have not been abſolutely all over this peninſula, I think I am perfectly acquainted with it; and though it is a new acquaintance to me, I ſincerely wiſh it to be peopled by the induſtrious, who may reſtore to it that commerce and opulence, which the natural productions of it demand from the hand of man——Can any rational being, dear Sir, ſee nature, without the leaſt aſſiſtance from art, in all her grace and beauty, ſtretching out her liberal hand to induſtry, and not wiſh to do her juſtice? Yes, I confeſs, I wiſh to ſee a colony of honeſt Engliſh families here; eſtabliſhing manufactures, ſuch as England produces, and returning the produce of this country to ours—eſtabliſhing a fair and free trade from hence, and teaching induſtry and honeſty to the inſidious but oppreſſed Greeks, in

their iſlands—waking the indolent Turk from his gilded ſlumbers, and carrying fair Liberty in her ſwelling ſails as ſhe paſſes through the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, to our dangerous (happily for us our dangerous) coaſt——This is no viſionary or poetical figure—it is the honeſt wiſh of one who conſiders all mankind as one family, and, looking upon them as ſuch, wiſhes them to be united for the common good; excluding from nations all ſelfiſh and monopolizing views——I am in poſſeſſion of ſeveral maps of this country, drawn and coloured very well, which I ſhall have the honour of ſhewing you when I ſee you. I take my leave at preſent, and remain

Your moſt obliged and affectionate

E. C——

LETTER XLIV.

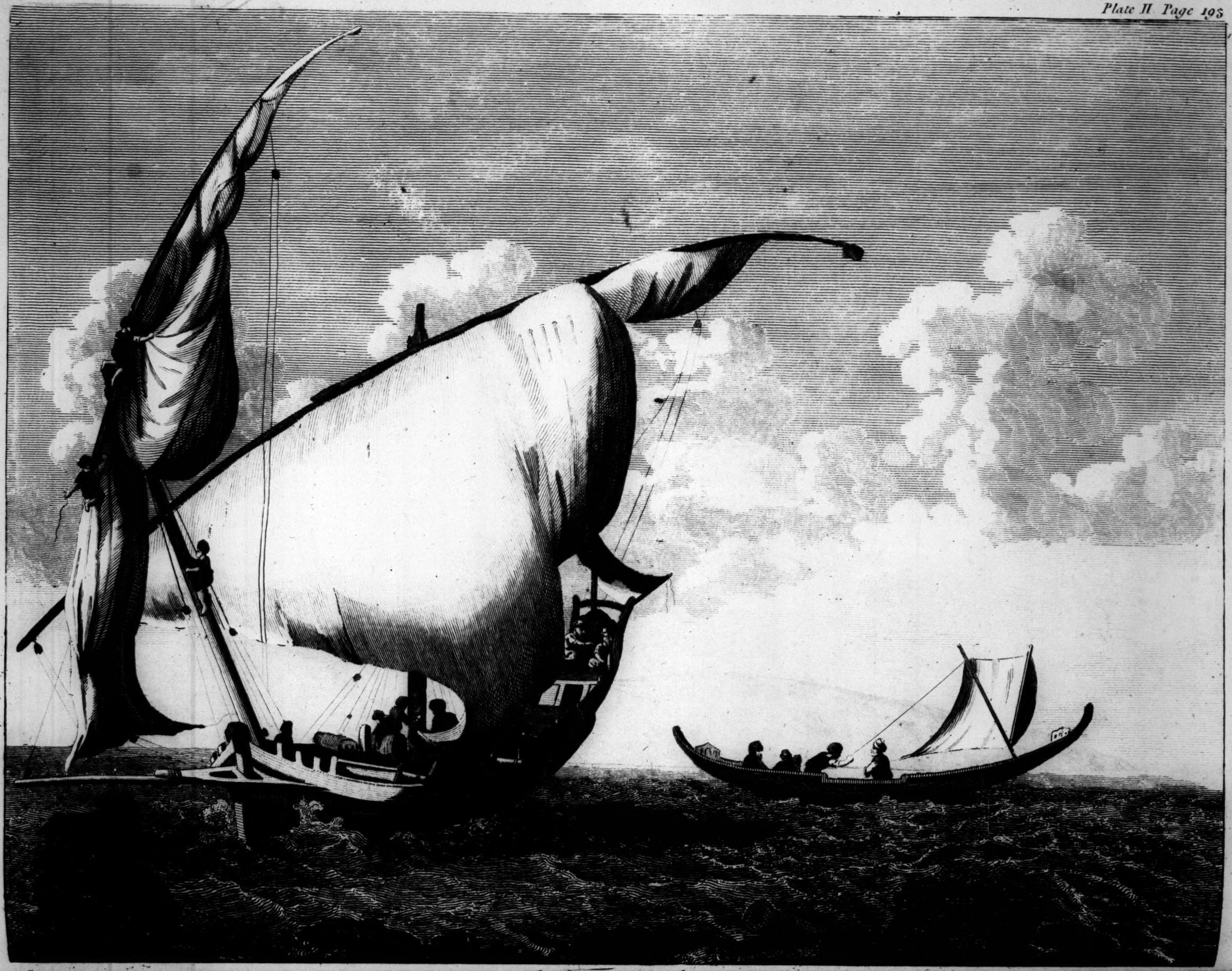
WE ſet out the day before yeſterday to ſee a moſt beautiful valley called Baydar, but when we had gone a conſiderable way acroſs the mountains in carriages, the Comte de Wynowitch told me that we were five-and-twenty miles from the place we were going to, and that we muſt take the Coſſack horſes, of which we had five with us, and ride them——As I was not appriſed of this, I had not brought my ſide-ſaddle with me. I told him it was impoſſible for me to ride aſtride, and the Coſſack ſaddles I could not ſit upon, ſo we returned back to Sevaſtopole——We ſet out again yeſterday for the valley of Baydar, and at the ſame place where we had left the carriages the day before, I had my ſide-ſaddle put upon the talleſt of the Coſſack horſes, and after going about twelve miles among the moſt beautiful mountains imaginable, a ſmall valley appeared a little to the right of us infinitely pretty—We croſſed that and went through a thick wood, which led to the valley of Baydar—a moſt enchanting and magnificent ſpot, intended by nature

for ſome induſtrious and happy nation to enjoy in peace—A few Tartar villages leſſen the wildneſs of the ſcene, but, in ſuch a place, the meadow part ſhould be covered with herds, and the mountainous with ſheep——When we were come into this valley we found the mountains to the left leſs high, and leſs rocky than thoſe to the right, which run in a line with thoſe of Soudak, and form the coaſt——When we were in the valley we could not have imagined that we were ſo near the ſea—as the rocks which are above it are covered with wood of every ſort, wild vine, pomegranate, and many ſweet ſhrubs—I rode up to an elevation, which is, for as much as I can gueſs, the centre of the valley—and ſat there with my companions contemplating the beautiful ſcene——The valley is above twenty miles long, wide enough to form it into a graceful oval—two or three ſmall rivers run through it, and there are fine clear ſprings in every village——The Albanian Colonel, who had been preſented to me at Karaſ-baſar, met us with his ſon; and I ſhall never forget their appearance. When they heard us coming they got off their horſes. I ſaw the ſon firſt—a tall lad about thirteen years old, in a kind of Roman warrior's dreſs, with rows of gold like armour all down the fore part of the veſt——He had a helmet on—As I

was not appriſed of this, I had no idea what the viſion was, that preſented itſelf, till I ſaw the father—They were both leading their horſes, and came to me to inſiſt on my dining at Balaklava, on my way home—which I did; and if I had not been obliged to quit this country in a ſhip—I ſhould certainly have bribed my Coſſack to have ſold his horſe to me; the animal was ſo excellent a galloper that I was obliged ſeveral times to ſtop till the reſt of the company came up——

The Coſſacks, Sir, are extremely proud of their horſes, as they ſay ſince your immortal uncle the King of Pruſſia firſt rode one, he never has, in time of war, made uſe of any other than a horſe from the borders of the Don——I do not know who was moſt pleaſed, the Coſſack that lent me his horſe, or I who rode him——We turned to the left to go to the Colonel's houſe, and winding round ſome beautiful rocks, the deſcent of which was gentle, we ſaw before us the harbour of Balaklava—The Albanian Chief had ranged his regiment in one ſtraight line, at the foot of the rocks to the left facing the ſea, on the edge of which his houſe ſtood——I can conceive nothing ſo ſingular to a regular corps as the ſight of an Albanian troop; they had firelocks of every country; each man is at liberty to dreſs

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and arm himſelf as he pleaſes—Oriental and Italian poinards, with the oddeſt piſtols in the world were ſtuck in their girdles—ſome had hats, others caps, and helmets upon their head——Gregorio Chapone, the colonel, deſired I might be told they were alert, ſpirited, and brave; his poſt indeed was of infinite conſequence, and he was placed there on that account—opinions were unanimous upon his military reputation. The Albanians wear ſhort jackets, with two, three, or four rows of fillagree buttons, an ornament they like much, and I thought them pretty. The Colonel's wife and ſeveral other women received me at the door, and we converſed by interpreters—There were ſeveral Turkiſh boats in the harbour, but there was a line on the ſhore marked with fires which they were not permitted to paſs—The Turks came to ſell oranges, and every precaution is taken to prevent their communicating the plague; ſo that although they may come on ſhore, they are obliged to heap their oranges within the ſpace allotted to them, and bargain at a diſtance——We were above thirty people at table, and I returned with my company to Sevaſtopole in carriages——I called juſt now the Turkiſh veſſels boats—but I am told they are ſhips—a moſt dangerous ſort of conveyance for men or merchandiſe in my opinion—

long, narrow, and top-heavy——The frigate prepared for me ſeems a good ſhip—the three ſea-officers who go with me, have never been at Conſtantinople; we go as merchants, for by a treaty between the Porte and Ruſſia, trading veſſels may come from the Black Sea into the Canal of Conſtantinople, but not men of war. We have a Greek pilot on board, who is to ſteer us ſafe, pleaſe Heaven. I am told we are not to be much more than two days in our paſſage; but I have told my company I expect to be ſeven. Why I have choſen the number ſeven I cannot gueſs; but I can give no other reaſon to you than that I have long reſolved in my mind to expect a triple doſe of any bitter draught I am obliged to ſwallow; and I aſſure you, Sir, in this method of calculating events, I ſhall not be ſo often diſappointed as I have been in life, when the natural chearfulneſs of my mind made me always *foreſee proſperous gales*——I ſhall write to you next from the Canal, whence I hope to afford you ſome entertainment. There and every where elſe, Sir, I am with all gratitude, reſpect, and eſteem,

Your moſt affectionate, and ever attached ſiſter,

E. C——

P. S. You may think me very odd in ſaying a voyage is a bitter draught to me—you will be much more ſurpriſed when I tell you I hate travelling; but you know why I travel — — —
— — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — —
— — — — —

And as I do, I am determined to ſee that place where the capital of the world ought to be placed; when I am ſick at ſea I ſhall think of that—and, that according to a vulgar Engliſh ſaying, the longeſt way about is the neareſt way home——

LETTER XLV.

PALAIS DE FRANCE, PERA, April 20, 1786.

I Am ſafely arrived, dear Sir, and haſten to inform you how I made my voyage. I ſet out the 13th at five in the morning; Mr. de Wynowitch took me out of the harbour in a ſmall frigate, and after ſeeing me ſafe in my cabbin took leave. I gave him many thanks for the attentions he had paid me, and wiſhed him an opportunity of ſignalizing his courage at ſea, which ſeemed to be the thing he had moſt at heart. He gave me a royal ſalute, and as his guns fired, we ſet ſail with a fair wind; we had not been two days at ſea before we were becalmed; and we lay three days and three nights, wiſhing for wind, which came on at laſt very freſh with rain—It was a ſide-wind, the rain prevented us from ſeeing the Turkiſh ſhore ſometimes, and ſometimes we could ſee it very diſtinctly; but we ran thus four-and-twenty hours to the left, without ſeeing the objects that precede the entrance of the Canal —— On the ſeventh day, the Greek pilot, the only perſon on board who had ever been at Conſtantinople, was dead drunk and incapable of

ſpeaking, much leſs of ſteering the ſhip—The officers were greatly alarmed, and there was a long conſultation between them and the reſt of the company—I luckily had a ſmall map of the Black Sea, and the entrance of the Canal—which alone was our guide—As to me I had dreſſed myſelf in a riding habit, and had a ſmall box in one hand, an umbrella in the other, and had told the captain I was determined to get into the boat and land on the Turkiſh ſhore, rather than loſe ſight of the Canal, or ſail into it without being quite ſure that we were right—There is a large rock on the European ſhore, which is ſo far diſtant from it that, unleſs a map or pilot directs the mariner, he muſt infallibly take it for the entrance of the Boſphorus, and ſeveral hundreds of Turkiſh boats are wrecked upon it yearly.

The gentlemen and officers ſtood all the morning upon deck, watching the ſhore; we had ran then above ninety leagues to the left, always ſeeing land, which was owing to the currents which had taken our ſhip during the three days calm, ſo much more to the right——As to me I ſtood between decks, till the Captain told me to come and look at a village, church, or ſomething—It was a Turkiſh minaret, and a few moments afterward we ſaw that rock I dreaded ſo much, upon which there are about a

thouſand Turkiſh veſſels that periſh conſtantly every year, as the Turks forget as they leave it to the left in coming out, they muſt leave it to the right in going in—Perhaps they are like an Iriſh acquaintance of mine, who going up a very ſteep hill in a carriage to pay a viſit, could never be made to underſtand that he was to go down the hill in returning; the only argument he made uſe of was, that as the road was the ſame, he muſt neceſſarily go up the hill, having done ſo, in going over that ſame road——

To return to my voyage, Sir: you may judge how infinitely comfortable I felt, in being at anchor about ſix in the evening; eſcaped from all the dangers I had been threatened with upon the Black Sea; and the ugly circumſtance that attended us when we were about to take our leave of it. I had ſo many birds, among which was a moſt beautiful milk-white ſmall heron, that had taken refuge in the ſhip, that my cabbin looked like a bird-ſhop——We ſupped on board very comfortably, and I took ſome hours reſt; and the next morning we put ourſelves in the long-boat, and were rowed to Mr. de Bukalow's houſe at Boyukdere, but he was at Pera, ſo we were rowed by a Turkiſh boat down to Pera——The Boſphorus takes a ſudden turn at Boyukdere—I refer you to Mr. Gibbon, Sir, for his account of the ſingular

ſituation of Conſtantinople, my pen will repeat feebly what he has deſcribed in language majeſtic as the ſubject deſerves——But I am certain no landſcape can amuſe or pleaſe in compariſon with the varied view, which the borders of this famed Strait compoſe—Rocks, verdure, ancient caſtles built on the ſummit of the hills by the Genoeſe—modern Kioſks*, Minarets, and large platane-trees, riſing promiſcuous in the vallies—large meadows—multitudes of people, and boats ſwarming on the ſhore and on the water; and what was particular, nothing to be ſeen like a formal French garden—The Turks have ſo great a reſpect for natural beauties, that if they muſt build a houſe where a tree ſtands, they leave a large hole for the tree to paſs through and increaſe in ſize, they think the branches of it the prettieſt ornament for the top of the houſe; in truth, Sir, contraſt a chimney to a beautiful foliage, and judge if they are right or wrong——The coaſt is ſo ſafe that a large fleet of Turkiſh veſſels is to be ſeen in every creek, maſts of which are intermingled with the trees, and a graceful confuſion and variety make this living picture the moſt poignant ſcene I ever beheld.

* Kioſk means a ſummer-houſe with blinds all round.

Judge of Mr. de Bukalow's ſurpriſe, when he had opened his letters and read my name; he had ſcarcely time to offer me his ſervices, when Mr. de Choiſeul's people came and claimed me from their maſter, who had been prepared for three weeks before for my arrival, by Mr. de Segur at Peterſburgh; and, I confeſs, from the character I had heard of him, I was not at all ſorry that he claimed my ſociety as his *droit*—And now I have heard him ſpeak, I am extremely glad that I am to profit by his converſation and company, both of which are as much to be deſired as talents and politeneſs can make them. Adieu for to-day —— I am ſun-burnt, tired, but likewiſe pleaſed beyond meaſure—yes, Sir, pleaſed to be here, and to call myſelf by the honoured name of

Your affectionate ſiſter,

E. C——

LETTER XLVI.

April 25, 1786.

I Have a double ſatisfaction in being *au Palais de France*; Mr. de Choiſeul has been ſick theſe ſix months and never been out, but his ſpirits are better, and upon my account he has opened his houſe, and goes out a little, which cannot fail to do him good. He has ſome artiſts with him, whoſe pencils he has employed to collect all the fineſt drawings, coloured, of the fineſt ruins that exiſt either in Europe or Aſia, where an artiſt could venture—Monſieur Caſas, one of them, has been plundered by Arabs ſeveral times; but his beautiful and accurate drawings will gain him immortal honour. The Comte de Choiſeul's collection is, perhaps, the only thing in the world of the kind, and he means, when he returns to Paris, to have all the ruins and temples executed in plaſter of Paris, or ſome materials which will copy the marble, in ſmall models; to be placed in a gallery upon tables——

The ambaſſador aſſures me the moſt ancient and fineſt amphitheatre in the world is at Pola in Iſtria, three days ſail South-Eaſt of Venice; it ſtands near

the port, and in good preſervation. The Temple of Auguſtus and the Triumphal Arch, both of the Corinthian order, belonging to the ſame town, are fine monuments of antiquity—Mr. Caſas has taken drawings of them.——At night when we have no viſitors, and all the ambaſſador's buſineſs is done, he comes into my room, followed by Mr. Caſas and a few more people, with large *portefeuilles* full of theſe moſt beautiful drawings, and we paſs three or four hours looking over them, and converſing upon topics which are my favourites——It is a ſingular inſtance of good taſte in a Frenchman, to have given himſelf up ten years ago to the finding and collecting all that is really beſt worthy of record, as to the ancient architecture—Mr. de Choiſeul's *Voyage Pittoreſque de la Grece*, and when he was but two-and-twenty, taking the moſt perilous journeys to find out new antiquities, if I may ſo call them, muſt endear him to all lovers of the fine arts—but now that his judgment is formed, and that he ſits down to collect all his materials together, I doubt not the work he is about to publiſh, which is an addition to the firſt, will be the moſt perfect thing of the kind exiſting——You will wonder that I do not begin this letter by giving you a magnificent account of the view from my windows; but my eyes and ears

both are ſo much better pleaſed within than without doors, that I muſt firſt give you an account of what paſſes there——Mr. de Choiſeul, beſide being a very fine ſcholar, is a very lively and polite man; and has none of that kind of moſt odious attention which young Frenchmen diſplay, thinking it neceſſary to ſay fine things to, or admire ladies upon the ſlighteſt acquaintance; he has the dignity of the *Vieille cour*, with the eaſe of modern manners—and, if I was the Empreſs of Ruſſia, he could not treat me with more reſpect, nor if I was his ſiſter, with more regard——His houſe is like a very fine French Hotel at Paris, built with good ſtone and wood, rare materials here, where every houſe is in the conſtruction like a ſtage, and compoſed of as ſlight materials——From ſome of the windows I look acroſs that harbour called the Golden Horn by the ancients, and from others can ſee the ſea of Marmora, the iſlands therein, and part of the Seraglio—from mine I ſaw yeſterday the Sultan ſitting on a ſilver ſofa, while his boats, and many of the people who were to accompany him, were lining the banks of the garden——A magnificent ſight, as they are of a light ſhape, gilt, and painted very beautifully——We had a large teleſcope, and ſaw the Ottoman

ſplendour very diſtinctly——The Sultan dyes his beard black, to give himſelf a young look—and he is known at a conſiderable diſtance by that, which contraſts ſingularly with his face, that is extremely livid and pale——The kioſk, which contained him and his ſilver ſofa, was not very large, and like a hundred others to be ſeen on the Canal——It is ſtrange, Sir, how words gain in other countries a ſignification different from the meaning they poſſeſs in their own. Serail, or Seraglio, is generally underſtood as the habitation, or rather the confinement for women; here it is the Sultan's reſidence; it cannot be called his palace, for the kioſks, gardens, courts, walls, ſtables, are ſo mixed, that it is many houſes in many gardens.

The ſtreets both of Pera and Conſtantinople are ſo narrow that few of them admit of a carriage—the windows of every ſtory project over thoſe under them, ſo that at the upper, people may ſhake hands ſometimes acroſs the ſtreet——No Turk of any conſequence makes a viſit, if it is only four doors from his own, but on horſeback; and, on my arrival here, I ſaw one who landed in a boat, and had a fine grey horſe led by four men, that went a long way round, which he mounted gravely, to get off in a few moments.

As to women, as many, if not more than men, are to be ſeen in the ſtreets—but they look like walking mummies—A large looſe robe of dark green cloth covers them from the neck to the ground, over that a large piece of muſlin, which wraps the ſhoulders and the arms, another which goes over the head and eyes; judge, Sir, if all theſe coverings do not confound all ſhape or air ſo much, that men or women, princeſſes and ſlaves, may be concealed under them. I think I never ſaw a country where women may enjoy ſo much liberty, and free from all reproach, as in Turkey—A Turkiſh huſband that ſees a pair of ſlippers at the door of his harem muſt not enter; his reſpect for the ſex prevents him from intruding when a ſtranger is there upon a viſit; how eaſy then is it for men to viſit and paſs for women——If I was to walk about the ſtreets here I would certainly wear the ſame dreſs, for the Turkiſh women call others names, when they meet them with their faces uncovered—When I go out I have the Ambaſſador's ſedan-chair, which is like mine in London, only gilt and varniſhed like a French coach, and ſix Turks carry it; as they fancy it impoſſible that two or four men can carry one; two Janiſſaries walk before with high fur caps on—The Ambaſſadors here have all Janiſſaries as guards

allowed them by the Porte——Thank Heaven I have but a little way to go in this pomp, and fearing every moment the Turks ſhould fling me down they are ſo awkward; for the platform, where people land and embark from and to Pera, is not far from this houſe——

There the Ambaſſador's boat waits for us, and we row out; boats here are to be hired as hackney-coaches are in London, and all very beautifully carved, moſt of them with ſome gilding; the ſhape of theſe boats is light and beautiful, and the Turks row very well, which is a thing quite incompatible with the idleneſs viſible in all ranks of people—— I ſaw a Turk the other day, lying on cuſhions, ſtriking ſlowly an iron which he was ſhaping into an horſe-ſhoe, his pipe in his mouth all the time—nay, among the higher order of Turks, there is an invention which ſaves them the trouble of holding the pipe, two ſmall wheels are fixed on each ſide the bowl of the pipe, and thus the ſmoaker has only to puff away, or let the pipe reſt upon his under lip, while he moves his head as he pleaſes——Perhaps, Sir, it is lucky for Europe that the Turks are idle and ignorant—the immenſe power this empire might have, were it peopled by the induſtrious and ambitious, would make it the miſtreſs of the world—

At preſent it only ſerves as a dead wall to intercept the commerce and battles which other powers might create one another——

The quiet ſtupid Turk will ſit a whole day by the ſide of the Canal, looking at flying kites or children's boats—and I ſaw one who was enjoying the ſhade of an immenſe platane-tree—his eyes fixed on a kind of bottle, diverted by the noiſe and motion of it, while the ſtream kept it in conſtant motion——How the buſineſs of the nation goes on at all I cannot gueſs, for the cabinet is compoſed generally of ignorant mercenaries; the Viſir was a water-carrier to Haſſan Bey, the Capitan Pacha, or high-admiral—Haſſan himſelf was only a ſervant at Algiers——Places are obtained at the Porte by intrigue—each placeman, each Sultaneſs has her creatures, and plots for placing them—and Verſailles has not more intricate intrigue than the Porte—— A rebellious baſhaw raiſes troops and lives in open defiance of the ſovereign who inveſted him with his authority—There is one at this moment, at the head of forty thouſand men in Albany, who might with the greateſt eaſe make himſelf king of a large country—his name is Maſmoud, not above thirty years of age—and he ſucceeded his father in the government, which he now holds in defiance of the

Porte——Is it to be wondered at if the Turk is a predeſtinarian in moſt things, ſince it is neither birth or abilities that can give him place or power—nor is there generally any viſible juſt reaſon why heads are ſtruck off——There is a recent example here, proving that the confidence of the Sultan is not the ſureſt way to eſcape a ſudden and unexpected death—One Petraki, a Greek, a kind of banker to the court, by his frequent acceſs to Achmet, raiſed the jealouſy of the miniſtry, who, upon various pretences, one day in council, deſired Petraki's head might fall——

The Sultan, whoſe private reaſons for keeping it on, were infinitely better than thoſe Petraki's enemies had alledged, was extremely averſe to ſuch a thing; but the Capitan Pacha and his friends were bold enough to declare, they would not ſtir out of the council till Achmet had ſigned the order; which he did, with the tears ſtreaming down his cheeks. Upon ſuch occaſions, there is a perſon whoſe place it is to go to the houſe of the unfortunate dead man—and examine the papers of any perſon who in his life-time had dealings with the cabinet——

The man found ſome, which he ſealed up with four large ſeals, and deſired they might be delivered into the Sultan's own hands; very much alarmed at

having ſeen them; for Petraki was the private agent of the Sultan, who received the money, which Petraki ſeemed only to receive for places which his intereſt procured—and Petraki's accounts were ſo regularly kept, that the money he delivered, with the dates and the places were regiſtered ——

The vile low intrigues of the miniſters here are not to be imagined——The Sultan has the higheſt opinion of the ſenſe and courage of the Capitan Pacha; when he quits Conſtantinople the Sovereign thinks his capital in danger——But I find all ranks of people agree in his having introduced a better police for the town than hitherto exiſted——At a fire ſome Janiſſaries not doing their duty properly, he had four of them flung into it. *Pour encourager les autres*, as Voltaire has obſerved upon another occaſion——He is always accompanied by a lion, who follows him like a dog—The other day he ſuffered him to accompany him to the Divan, but the miniſters were ſo terrified that ſome jumped out of the windows, one was near breaking his neck in flying down ſtairs, and the High Admiral and his lion were left to ſettle the councils of the day together——

I think it a lucky thing for the Ambaſſadors that the Turks neither pay nor receive viſits. Could

any thing be ſo terrible as the ſociety of the moſt ignorant and uninformed men upon earth?

You know, I ſuppoſe, that they were always perſuaded it was impoſſible for a Ruſſian fleet to come to Conſtantinople by any other ſea than the Black Sea—and though the French endeavoured to prove to them by maps, the paſſage of their enemies to the Archipelago—till the Turkiſh fleet was engaged with the Ruſſian in the Bay of Tcheſme, no Turk would believe the poſſibility of the thing——

I am told here, that a Mr. Bouverie, who deſired to ſee Conſtantinople, came and looked at it from the frigate he was in—but never landed—I really do not think he was to blame——Conſtantinople, and the entrance of the Boſphorus by the ſea of Marmora, is the moſt majeſtic, magnificent, graceful, and lively ſcene the moſt luxuriant imagination can deſire to behold.

It was no wonder Conſtantine choſe it for the ſeat of empire—Nature has compoſed of earth and water ſuch a landſcape, that taſte, unaſſiſted by ambitious reflections, would naturally deſire to give the picture living graces—but I, who am apt to ſuppoſe whatever is in poſſibility, to exiſt, often place along the ſhore, Peterſburgh, Paris, London, Moſcow, Amſterdam, and all the great towns I have

ſeen—ſeparate from each other, and there is full room enough——Here I will end my ſuppoſitions, and think it better that man has done ſo little where nature has done ſo much—*et que tout eſt comme il doit etre*; who ought with more juſtice to think ſo? I who have you for my friend and brother—But leſt you ſhould not be of the ſame opinion as to the length of this letter, I will now take my leave, and aſſure you I remain at all times and places,

Your affectionate

E. C——

LETTER XLVII.

THE harbour called the Golden Horn, which ſeparates Pera and Conſtantinople, has a ſingularity I wiſh much to have explained to me—All the filth and rubbiſh of both towns are conſtantly flung into it—cuſtom-houſes, barracks, ſtore-houſes, the dock-yard, all theſe are placed on the borders of it—whole dung-hills are ſwept into it; no meaſures for keeping it clean are taken, no quays are formed by men—yet by the ſtrength or variety of currents, or ſome other natural cauſe, this port is always clean, and deep enough to admit of the entrance of the largeſt merchantmen; which, like as in all the other harbours in the canal, may be hooked on, cloſe to the ſhore——This harbour grows narrower as it meets the freſh water, and ends at laſt in a ſmall rivulet—But where it is juſt wide enough to have the appearance of a ſmall river, the French ſome time paſt have dammed the freſh water up, making of it ſquare pieces of water, to imitate thoſe of Marly——Here kioſks and trees have been placed in great regularity, and it is here that on a

Friday Turks in groupes are to be ſeen dining, taking coffee, or ſmoaking upon carpets, ſpread under the ſhade of the immenſe and lofty platane——I can give you no other idea of the ſize of ſome of theſe beautiful trees, but by telling you it correſponds to the gigantic landſcape of which they make the fineſt ornament—yes, my dear Sir, the largeſt oaks you can have ſeen would look, ſet down by theſe, as little broomſticks——Women in groupes likewiſe, apart from the men, meet here——But when they come to theſe places, of which there are a great number near Conſtantinople, they hire what they imagine to be coaches, called *arabats*—A vile machine like a covered cart, with rows of benches in the inſide. There are no ſprings to them; and one day in a valley called *l'Echelle du grand Seigneur*, I got into one, but choſe rather to get out and walk ſix miles, than be jolted unmercifully——All the Ambaſſadors ſince my arrival here have given balls and dinners. Madame d'Herbert, the Imperial Miniſter's wife, is lively, and I ſee her often—The Dutch Ambaſſador's wife is a very good woman; and I am very comfortable, thinking people extremely good to me to anſwer the million of queſtions I aſk——There is but one perſon here to whom I never apply about any thing; for I

obſerve a ſhifted ſmile upon every perſon's countenance when he opens his lips; his long reſidence here has given the other — — —

France, and ſays, if Sir R. Ainſtie's houſe was not good enough for me, he had a new houſe, which he would have emptied, and let me have had it all to myſelf—It is an affront to the *nation*, he ſays—*A peereſs of England to lodge at the French Ambaſſador's!*——The Engliſh merchants are very good to me; I believe they gueſs the reſpect and eſteem I have for them——

Mr. de Bukalow ſent me a few days paſt, one of Merlin's fineſt piano-fortes—to remain here as long as I ſtay—and Mr. de Choiſeul found out a pedal-harp ſomewhere, and had it ſet in my room——I believe people think it ſo ſingular a thing for a lady to come here without being obliged, as a miniſter's wife, that they endeavour to keep me as long as they can——Mr. de Herbert told me —

I repeat this to you, Sir, that you may know at leaſt that — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Think me not quite unworthy of your eſteem and friendſhip—and you will find I prize both, beyond thoſe of every other perſon; being

Your affectionate

E. C——

LETTER XLVIII.

DEAR SIR,

IT would ſeem that every thing in nature which has remarkable advantages, has likewiſe ſome misfortunes attending it that counterbalance the good, ſo as to reduce the portion of happineſs to a level for mankind——This beautiful enchanting country, the climate, the objects, the ſituation of it, makes it an earthly Paradiſe; but the plague—but earthquakes—what terrifying ſubjects, to make the thinking part fly it for ever. If things and perſons may be compared, is it not a beautiful woman, who is handſomer than moſt of her ſex, with accompliſhments equal to her beauty; but whom the world, her very intimates envy thoſe advantages—and might not the baſe paſſions that ſurround her frighten her greateſt admirers from truſting to her bewitching charms——

I was led to this compariſon by talking about the Grecian Iſlands, which I mean to viſit—they are all I am told volcanos; ſome of them have diſappeared; and thoſe which have furniſhed Greece with their men of greateſt genius, only like them, are

to be found in books; and by an adventure which happened to us yeſterday, as we embarked at Tophana—There are ſmall platforms of wood fixed on to the edge of the water, where people leave or take boats——As we arrived, a boat full of Turks landed with a corpſe, ſeemingly in great haſte, and as they paſſed, touched Monſ. de Choiſeul and me——He ſtarted, and I aſked him what was the matter—He told me he was ſure it was a man dead of the plague; and in truth it was ſo—Judge how diſagreeable to one who had not been out for ſix months——

I have been to ſee the Moſque of St. Sophia, with two others. The dome of St. Sophia is extremely large, and well worth ſeeing, but ſome of the fineſt pillars are ſet topſy-turvy, or have capitals of Turkiſh architecture. In theſe holy temples neither the beautiful ſtatues belonging to Pagan times, nor the coſtly ornaments of modern Rome, are to be ſeen: ſome ſhabby lamps, hung irregularly, are the only expence the Mahometans permit themſelves, as a proof of their reſpect for the Deity or his Prophet—I went and ſat ſome time up ſtairs, to look down into the body of the temple—I ſaw ſeveral Turks and women kneeling, and ſeemingly praying with great devotion. Moſques are conſtantly open; and

I could not help reflecting that their mode of worſhip is extremely convenient for the carrying on a plot of any ſort—A figure, wrapped up like a mummy, can eaſily kneel down by another without being ſuſpected, and mutter in a whiſper any ſort of thing; the longer the converſation laſts the more edified a ſilent obſerver may be——No particular hour for divine ſervice, or perſon to officiate, is appointed. It is true, that at certain hours of the day men are ſeen on the minarets or ſteeples, bawling and hallooing to all good Muſſelmen, that it is the hour appointed for prayer; but they follow their own convenience or devout humour, and ſay their prayers not only when but where they chooſe—for I have ſeen ſeveral Turks, in the moſt public and noiſy places about Conſtantinople, kneeling and praying, without being the leaſt deranged or diſturbed by the variety of objects or noiſes that ſurrounded or paſſed by them——In order to procure me a ſight of the Moſques, the Ambaſſador was obliged to apply for a permiſſion; the Porte graciouſly gave one, in which I had leave to ſee ſeventy-five——The burial places for the dead are very numerous, and in a manner ſurround Conſtantinople and Pera, forming very ſhady romantic walks, as the trees and grave-ſtones are huddled



A Turkish



Turkish Burial Ground.

together in a confuſed manner; both preſenting great variety to thoſe who ramble among them—— Each grave-ſtone is crowned with a turban, the form of which ſhews the employment or quality of corpſe when living—I ſhall ſend you a drawing that will give you ſome idea of them——

I can give you no juſt idea of the beauty of the trees; which, particularly in theſe burial places, are never touched, therefore ſpread and grow in the moſt luxuriant and graceful diſorder——There are no bounds ſet, or fences to reſtrain or deſign the form of theſe burial places, ſome extend a mile or two; and if it was not for one diſagreeable reflexion, would be as pleaſant to a foreigner as to a Turk; but when we conſider that it is peſtiferated earth we tread on; that every new made grave may contain a body rotting with the plague, and the ſlight manner in which it is covered with earth, from the hurry with which it is thrown in, we cannot with reaſon ſtay therein—Turks are predeſtinarians, and therefore imagine it is fate, and not the care which is taken in Chriſtian houſes that prevents them from dying of this horrid diſorder; therefore walk unconcerned under the dangerous ſhade of the trees that hang over their deceaſed neighbours——

Conſtantinople is almoſt ſurrounded by a very high wall, turretted and flanked by large ſquare towers, built by the Greek Emperors—the ſtyle of architecture exactly like that of Warwick and Berkeley Caſtles—but many of the ſquare towers, which ſerve as gateways, are mouldering away under the negligence of the Turks; moſt of whom believe in an ancient prophecy, which announces that the time is near when the Empreſs of Ruſſia is to make her public and triumphal entry through one of theſe towers, as Empreſs of Greece, into Conſtantinople——Many have made up their minds, and taken their meaſures to tranſport themſelves acroſs the Boſphorus into Aſia—nay, ſome go ſo far as to point to the very identical gateway through which ſhe is to proceed——To ſome nations it would be very agreeable that the Turkiſh empire was to be driven from a ſituation, which ſeems by nature formed as an univerſal paſſage for trading nations, which the inactivity of the Turks has too long obſtructed——And it is to be wiſhed by all thoſe who bear any reſpect to the beſt monuments of ſculpture, that Athens, and all it yet contains, might not by Mahometan ignorance be entirely deſtroyed: at preſent, ruins, that would adorn a virtuoſo's cabinet, are daily burnt into lime

by the Turks; and pieces of exquiſite workmanſhip ſtuck into a wall or fountain——There remains but a very little of that pillar that once probably was a fine ornament to the Atmeidan, or market for horſes.

I have ſeen likewiſe the Sultan go in ceremony to prayers—from the gate of the Seraglio to the door of the Moſque—it was but a few paces——He was preceded by a double row of Janiſſaries, to the amount of about an hundred and fifty, with other attendants; he was mounted on a grey horſe led by two perſons, and followed by his ſon, a ſickly looking child, ſitting on a milk-white horſe; over his head was held a green umbrella, the ribs of which were ſet with diamonds. You muſt know diamonds are the things which the Turks are moſt fond of—While the Porte delays erecting batteries upon the moſt important poſts, under the pretence of wanting money to pay for the pieces and work neceſſary for the defence of the empire, the jewellers cannot find diamonds enough to ſupply the demands of the Harem, for which they are paid ready money——It is the quantity, and not the quality of this ſtone, which they prize—ſcarcely any other than roſe diamonds are to be ſeen here——

I have been with a large party to ſee the Capitan Pacha's wife, but as this letter will not contain an account of this curious viſit, I muſt defer my account of it to the next. Believe me, Sir, with the trueſt eſteem and affection,

Your friend and ſiſter,

E. C——

LETTER XLIX.

DEAR SIR,

PALAIS DE FRANCE, PERA, May 7, 1786.

MONSIEUR de Choiſeul propoſed to the Ambaſſadors' wives and me to go and ſee the Capitan Pacha's country ſeat; accordingly we ſet out with ſeveral carriages, and about a league from Conſtantinople, towards Romelia, we arrived there—The houſe and plantations about it are new and irregular——The Ambaſſadors and the reſt of the male party were ſuffered to walk in the garden—but the Miniſters' wives and myſelf were ſhewn into a ſeparate building from the houſe, where the ground floor was made to contain a great quantity of water, and looked like a large clean ciſtern. We then were led up ſtairs, and upon the landing-place, which was circular, the doors of ſeveral rooms were open. In ſome there was nothing to be ſeen, in others two or three women ſitting cloſe together; in one, a pretty young woman, with a great quantity of jewels on her turban, was ſitting almoſt in the lap of a frightful negro woman; we were told ſhe was the Capitan Pacha's ſiſter-in-law; ſhe looked at us with

much ſurpriſe; and at laſt, with great fear, threw herſelf into the arms of the Black woman, as if to hide herſelf. We were called away into a larger room than any we had ſeen, where the Capitan Pacha's wife, a middle-aged woman, dreſſed with great magnificence, received us with much politeneſs; many women were with her, and ſhe had by her a little girl, dreſſed as magnificently as herſelf, her adopted child——She made an excuſe for not receiving us at the door, as ſhe was dining with her huſband when we arrived. Coffee, ſherbet, and ſweetmeats were offered, and we haſtened to take our leave, as our cavaliers were cooling their heels in the garden.

You can conceive nothing ſo neat and clean to all appearance as the interior of this Harem; the floors and paſſages are covered with matting of a cloſe and ſtrong kind; the colour of the ſtraw or reeds with which they are made is a pale ſtraw. The rooms had no other furniture than the cuſhions, which lined the whole room, and thoſe, with the curtains, were of white linen. As the Turks never come into the room, either men or women, with the ſlippers they walk abroad with, there is not a ſpeck of ſand or dirt within doors. I am *femmelette* enough to have taken particular notice

of the dreſs—which, if female envy did not ſpoil every thing in the world of women, would be graceful—It conſiſts of a petticoat and veſt, over which is worn a robe with ſhort ſleeves—the one belonging to the lady of the houſe was of ſattin, embroidered richly with the fineſt colours, gold, and diamonds—A girdle under that, with two circles of jewels in front, and from this girdle hangs an embroidered handkerchief—A turban with a profuſion of diamonds and pearls, ſeemed to weigh this lady's head down; but what ſpoiled the whole was a piece of ermine, that probably was originally only a cape, but each woman increaſing the ſize of it, in order to be more magnificent than her neighbour, they now have it like a great ſquare plaſter that comes down to the hips—and theſe ſimple ignorant beings do not ſee that it diſfigures the *tout enſemble* of a beautiful dreſs——The hair is ſeparated in many ſmall braids hanging down the back, or tied up to the point of the turban on the outſide——I have no doubt but that nature intended ſome of theſe women to be very handſome, but white and red ill-applied, their eye-brows hid under one or two black lines—teeth black by ſmoaking, and an univerſal ſtoop in the ſhoulders, made them appear

rather diſguſting than handſome——The laſt defect is cauſed by the poſture they ſit in, which is that of a taylor, from their infancy——

The black powder with which they line their eyelids gives their eyes likewiſe a harſh expreſſion. Their queſtions are as ſimple as their dreſs is ſtudied—Are you married? Have you children? Have you no diſorder? Do you like Conſtantinople? The Turkiſh women paſs moſt of their time in the bath or upon their dreſs; ſtrange paſtimes! The firſt ſpoils their perſons, the laſt diſfigures them. The frequent uſe of hot-baths deſtroys the ſolids, and theſe women at nineteen look older than I am at this moment—— They endeavour to repair by art the miſchief their conſtant ſoaking does to their charms—but till ſome one, more wiſe than the reſt, finds out the cauſe of the premature decay of that invaluable gift, beauty, and ſets an example to the riſing generation of a different mode of life, they will always fade as faſt as the roſes they are ſo juſtly fond of——

Our gentlemen were very curious to hear an account of the Harem, and when we were driving out of the court-yard, a meſſenger from the Harem came running after us, to deſire the carriages might

be driven round the court two or three times, for the amuſement of the Capitan Pacha's wife and the Harem, that were looking through the blinds—this ridiculous meſſage was not complied with, as you may imagine—and we got home, laughing at our adventures.

You muſt not ſuppoſe that carriages may proceed in the ſtreets of Pera, or Conſtantinople, as faſt as in thoſe of London, or Paris. A race of dogs, belonging to no one in particular, but to every Turk indifferently, ſwarm in the ſtreets—and ſo accuſtomed are they to have the Turks on horſeback turn out of the middle of the ſtreet, where they lie baſking in the ſun, that our ſervants were obliged to ſtop the carriages and lift the dogs out of the way, ſeveral times, before we reached the *Palais de France*——Nothing is more horrible than the ſpecies of this animal here, all of the ſame race, an ugly curriſh breed; nothing more abſurd than the general protection afforded them; on every dung-hill you may ſee a hundred fighting and ſcrambling for the filth they can ſcratch out of it; for the ill-underſtood charity, publicly given them, is by no means ſufficient to feed them, and many hundreds die with hunger—No man has a dog belonging to

him, but all dogs are ſuffered to lie and breed about the ſtreets——Turtle-doves are likewiſe an object of reſpect with the Turks, and they are ſeen diſputing the crumbs with the hungry curs in the ſtreets——

Adieu, my dear brother, my beſt wiſhes and reſpects attend you——

Your's affectionately,

E. C——

LETTER L.

MY DEAR SIR,

I Have ſeen a very horrible ſight, though not a new one to thoſe who inhabit Conſtantinople or Pera. Yeſterday I went upon the Canal to ſee the departure of the Capitan Pacha, commanding the Turkiſh fleet, which ſet ſail for Egypt—and at night a moſt dreadful fire broke out in Conſtantinople—probably kindled by the partizans of the commander, in order to perſuade the Sultan that in the abſence of this favourite, he is not in the ſame ſecurity as when he is preſent——

You may be ſurpriſed at this ſuppoſition, but nothing is more frequent than tricks of this kind—I went up with the Ambaſſador and many more perſons into the Obſervatory, and ſtaid till three in the morning, to make my remarks——The houſes are like tinder, and burn as faſt as matches from their ſlight conſtruction and the material, which is wood——The ſcene of horror and confuſion was great, and though the fire began at the edge of the water, and the Janiſſaries were very diligent, above ſeventy houſes were burnt preſently——

The Sultan, when he wants to make the common people believe he has no fears, goes out incognito, in a hired boat with only two or three attendants—I had ſeen him come out thus of a back-door of his garden, juſt after the fleet had ſailed; the fire at night was calculated to renew his fears if he had loſt them. But here it is known when he ſallies forth without guards and ceremony: it is like children that ſing in the dark, to make their nurſes believe they are not afraid ——

Upon new buildings or children, the Turks imagine the looks of Chriſtians bring ill luck—and ſo to attract what they call the *evil ſight*, upon arches or houſes they ſuſpend a ball, or ſome fantaſtic thing to fix the attention of thoſe who paſs, in order that the eyes may not be fixed too long on the building—As to children, particularly the Sultan's, the guards hide them when Chriſtian men or women would look at them——

All this is very childiſh indeed; but there are a thouſand ſuperſtitious ideas the Turks have relative to the Franks, which is the name by which they diſtinguiſh every one who wears an European dreſs—Among others, they imagine them to have an intuitive knowledge in phyſic—and aſk Chriſtians oftener to give them a cure for diſorders than any other queſtion.

The red leather pocket-books, embroidered with gold ſo neatly, and which you may have ſeen, are to be had cheap here—half-a-guinea or fifteen ſhillings is the higheſt price for them—I ſhall ſend you one or two, and beg you will keep my letters to you in them. I know, dear Sir, the magnificent outſide of them will not pleaſe you half ſo well as the ſimple ſcrawl within——

Among many abſurdities the Turks are guilty of, there is one for which I ſee no reaſon——The Sultans formerly built different palaces on the borders of the Canal, which are now forſaken. There is one on the Aſiatic ſide in the midſt of a fine garden, falling to ruin very faſt—In it there are yet coſtly looking-glaſſes and furniture, theſe are not removed but ſuffered to fall and periſh as it may pleaſe the winds and ruin to direct——As no one is to touch or remove any thing, the Porte and the public are equally loſers; the garden, large enough to make a beautiful park, is quite wild; and as no one goes into it, one of the fineſt ſpots on that coaſt, juſt facing the Seraglio, is loſt to every one—I find this is the caſe with every royal reſidence, which, when abandoned by the caprice of the ſovereign, is not demoliſhed or unfurniſhed, but left in the ſame manner——

If there are many ſimple and abſurd cuſtoms and opinions among the Turks, there exiſt likewiſe much generoſity and magnificence in their conduct when in an opulent ſituation——No miniſter of the Porte has an interview with a foreign ambaſſador, or ſtranger of any rank, without making preſents; which theſe return according to their opulence or inclination to be noble——Mr. de Choiſeul will not avail himſelf of this opportunity of becoming rich, for I am told he never receives any thing without giving in return a preſent of double the value; and I am ſure more from the noble diſpoſition of his own mind, than for the honour of his King and country—though both in him would weigh greatly towards this conduct——It is not ſo with ——————— and — — —

head cut off—his papers are examined—every thing in his houſe ſeized—but the wife is provided for; her jewels are left her ——

The Harem is ſacred even to that rapacious power which has ſeized the maſter's life, only becauſe he was rich——It may be ſaid, that in Turkey likewiſe, women are perfectly ſafe from an idle, curious, impertinent public, and what is called the *world* can never diſturb the eaſe and quiet of a Turkiſh wife—Her talents, her beauty, her happineſs, or miſery, are equally concealed from malicious obſervers——Of miſery, unleſs a Turkiſh woman is beyond conception unreaſonable, I cannot imagine that her portion can be great; for the wife whoſe wretched huſband earns ſubſiſtence by carrying water, or burthens, ſits at home bedecked with jewels, or goes out as her fancy directs, and the fruits of his labour are appropriated to her uſe——In great houſes, the wives of the Turks, who compoſe the train of a Turkiſh huſband, are deſtined to be ſubſervient to the ſtate of the firſt wife, and ſhe treats them as ſhe pleaſes in her Harem——According to what I hear, a Turkiſh huſband does not care for his wife, as the object of his paſſion, except for a very ſhort ſpace of time—but as his wife ſhe enjoys all the luxury of his fortune; and I repeat it, Sir, I think no women

have ſo much liberty, ſafe from apprehenſion, as the Turkiſh—and I think them, in their manner of living, capable of being the happieſt creatures breathing.

I have been to ſee two Greek brides in Conſtantinople—Their cuſtom is to receive every body who has any curioſity to ſee their wedding clothes. Theſe were very magnificent, and the women pretty—and looked prettier from a ſingular contraſt in the turn of their features—One had a true Greek face, her head ſmall, her noſe ſtraight, large blue eyes, with dark or rather black eyelids and hair, and her eyebrows ſtraight—her neck long and round, her perſon rather inclining to lean than fat—a ſoft and ſad countenance——The other was fattiſh; had black lively eyes, with a chearful laughing countenance, her blood ſeemed to ebb and flow with more vivacity than her ſiſter's-in-law. Her mouth, rather large, ſhewed a fine ſet of teeth, while the one with a ſmaller mouth and prettier teeth, ſeemed as unwilling to ſhew them, or light up her fine features with ſmiles, as the black-eyed bride was ready to laugh upon every or no occaſion——They had both very little red on, and the pallid ſkin of the delicate Greek was perfectly ſuited to the form of the one—the other bluſhed often—They

might have ſerved for good models of the Tragic and Comic Muſe. I would Sir Joſhua had been at my elbow, his compoſitions are fine enough to ſatisfy a youthful poet's imagination, but here his pencil might not have diſdained to copy two ſuch charming originals——It is a very rare thing in this country to find fair or auburn hair. I am told if a ſlave can be bought with ſuch—many more purſes are given for them than for any other—A large ſum of money here is reckoned by purſes——Adieu for the preſent, dear Sir—may you receive half the ſatisfaction in reading my letters, that I feel in devoting my ſolitary moments to you—and believe me for ever,

Your attached and faithful ſiſter,

E. C——

LETTER LI.

PALAIS DE FRANCE, PERA, May 9, 1786.

YOU muſt not ſuppoſe, my dear Sir, that I am ſo delighted with the ſcene before me, that I mean not to avail myſelf of being ſo near the Grecian Iſlands. I had conſulted Mr. de Choiſeul upon the beſt method of hiring a veſſel, but the difficulties were, ſo great, that with his uſual goodneſs and politeneſs, he has found a method of obliterating them all, by lending me a little frigate called the Tarleton, of fourteen guns, commanded by a very pleaſant civil little man, and his friend, Mr. de Truguet; this little frigate is Engliſh built, and was taken in America. Monſ. de Choiſeul, whoſe health requires the hot-baths of Burſa, is to accompany us to the port of Moudagna, and when he is landed ſafely, I ſhall ſail for the places which he, as the beſt director I can have, will order—I ſhall take two of his artiſts with me, and in all things be guided by him——You, ſee, Sir, my happy ſtar is then to permit me to ſee places in an agreeable manner, with leſs difficulty, and more comfort than generally falls to the lot of one perſon—Some

old *wife* obſerver ſays a *ſingle* misfortune never comes alone—I may ſay ſo of pleaſant circumſtances——

I ſhould imagine the different ſtile of life here to that in Europe muſt influence Mr. de Choiſeul's ſpirits, and of courſe his health—I cannot call this a ſocial place, the Ambaſſadors are totally confined for converſation or ſociety to themſelves, and you know very well, it is not being incorporated into the *corps diplomatique* that gives a perſon the qualities neceſſary to make them good company—The different intereſts of their different courts muſt inevitably make them diſagree in public matters, and that diſagreement may produce reſerve in private life——I ſhall give you a ſketch of all the Miniſters at preſent here — — —

all centered in this age, in a violent attachment to the borders of the Canal. It is always among them that a prince is named by the Porte to reign in Moldavia and Wallachia; they ſtay generally three years, and retire with great fortunes, which they lay out in houſes and gardens in the neighbourhood of Conſtantinople—where they are pretty ſure they ſhall not be ſuffered to die in peace, but are generally beheaded; repeated examples do not deter them from ſtaying, and leading a life of continual fear—They conceal as much as poſſible their riches, but the Seraglio has good ſpies, and theſe wretched Greeks are abſolutely, through a juſt fear, priſoners in their own houſes. It ſeems poſſible that the ſight of the Boſphorus makes up to them for the loſs of every other pleaſure——A ſtrange infatuation, when there is another empire whoſe religion is theirs, where they would meet with protection, and into which they might retire with their fortunes——

I ſaw the other day the public departure of a new named Prince for Wallachia. The proceſſion was very fine, his own court and guards, with many eſcorts from the Porte, preceded and followed him two by two; a great number of horſes, Janiſſaries, and cooks—the horſes coverings were of cloth of gold or rich embroideries; two white horſes tails

on ſticks, and a kind of cap like a helmet, the emblem of his dignity, were carried before him. He was an elderly man, and knowing the Ambaſſador, he looked up at the windows where we were ſitting, and nodded. This *cortége* laſted a long time, and was really as fine a proceſſion as ever I ſaw—This Prince calls himſelf Nicolai Morezzind, he is originally of the Iſland of Naxia—and he has taken a name that is not his own, becauſe it is a better one with the Porte——

The lyre of the ancients is often to be ſeen in the hands of the Greeks; but I ſuppoſe in ancient days, as in theſe, whatever harmony poſſeſſed their ſouls, it affected only their eyes. From the lyre, or from any miſerable fiddle or guittar they touch, they only draw the moſt abominable diſcordant ſounds, that accompany a kind of bawling, which they fancy is ſinging—Indeed muſic is a thing of which Turks and Greeks have not the leaſt idea——

I am ſure you wiſh me proſperous gales, and I will write from the firſt place I can find any conveyance for a letter to reach you——

Adieu, my dear Sir, with all reſpect and affection,

I remain your's ſincerely,

E. C——

LETTER LII.

PERA, May 11, 1786. Twelve at Night.

I Intended not to have written before I reached the Trojan coaſt at leaſt, but as ſome account of the Sultan will not be unintereſting, I ſhall tell you what I have heard. He is extremely fearful, timid, and ignorant, totally unable to quell the intereſted little intrigues of his miniſters, and direct the interior policy of his cabinet or empire—His exceſſive ignorance makes it impoſſible for him to imagine it neceſſary he ſhould be acquainted with any thing out of Conſtantinople——He has an implicit faith in Haſſan, the admiral or Capitan Pacha—that man's perſonal bravery being a kind of refuge for the Sultan's fears. The body of Janiſſaries ſometimes make a revolt—ſeveral governors of provinces or Pachas have revolted at one time—fires are ſo frequent in Conſtantinople—and at preſent the Ruſſian cabinet is ſo *exigeant*, that the moment is not far off when the Turks muſt be trampled upon, or break out with an honeſt indignation——There is a large party now murmuring loudly againſt the patience of the Porte; amidſt this confuſion is it to

be wondered at that a man who has never been out of the Seraglio, of courſe leſs reſolute than half the women in it, ſhould tremble on his throne.——

Selim, his nephew, who is to ſucceed him, is about ſix-and-twenty, and I am told has an underſtanding that breaks through the effeminate education he has received. Among other proofs of his being of a reſolute diſpoſition, as ſoon as he knew the horrid cuſtom of ſtrangling every infant which is born in the Seraglio, not the child of the reigning Sultan—he declared he would never be the cauſe of a human creature's death—and has conſtantly avoided any opportunities of becoming a father.

To-night all the people who have been preſented to me came to wiſh me a ſafe and pleaſant voyage—

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came in, looking as like the Couſin Hogreſten as poſſible, and aſſured me the Iſlands of Naxos and Smyrna were ravaged by the plague at this moment; and that the rocks and ſtorms in the Archipelago were the moſt dangerous in the world; that he wiſhed me a ſafe return, but my intended voyage was very perilous——A ſtifled ſmile upon ſome peoples' faces, and the ſettled reputation he has for invention, made me perfectly eaſy, and if his

intention was to render me otherwiſe, it has failed thoroughly—nor could we refrain from laughing when this Hogreſten took his leave———

The Venetian Ambaſſador here is a very ſenſible man, but he diſlikes his poſt; his paſſion is Rome; where he might follow his taſte for the fine arts—He is very converſible, and I dare ſay feels, as Monſ. de Choiſeul muſt, like the Prince in the Arabian Nights, who landed in a country where all the inhabitants were turned into ſtone—for indeed a nation with which one does not aſſociate, is a nation of ſtatues to ſtrangers who are forced to remain in it, except that the people walk, ride, and go in boats—

Mr. de Choiſeul has ſome excellent muſicians, and we have had concerts; there are ladies that ſing, but according to my uſual ſhyneſs about muſic, I ſhall let no one here know I can ——— for ——— and ſo remaining—I wiſh you a good night———

E. C——

LETTER LIII.

ATHENS, May 20, 1786.

I Set out on the 12th, at half paſt ſix in the evening, on board the Tarleton, which contained Mr. de Choiſeul and great part of his houſehold, myſelf, my fellow-traveller, and the officers; how this little frigate contained us all I do not know, but ſo it was, and all our ſervants——It was the fineſt weather in the world, and we paſſed thoſe iſlands, called the Princes, to the left, which are ſeven miles and a half from Conſtantinople; from thoſe to Cape Bourboron, which is the promontory of land that forms part of the port of Moudagna, it is four-and-twenty miles and a half—from Cape Bourbouron to the port of Moudagna, thirteen. As we had but little wind, we did not make theſe five-and-forty miles in leſs than ſeventeen hours; and after having landed our ſick but amiable Ambaſſador, we ſet ſail again, and when fairly out at ſea, we had a moſt violent ſtorm, and with difficulty ſaved ourſelves from the Iſland of Marmora, a moſt tremendous naked rock, which ſeems only

placed in the midſt of that ſea to receive a wreck from a thunder-ſtorm. I was heartily ſick and tired, for the ſhaking of ſo ſmall a veſſel ſhocks my ſlight perſon moſt horridly. When we were juſt over againſt the Trojan ſhore, I would fain have landed, but as there is nothing to ſee on the ſurface of the ground, and we had not time to ſtay, and dig for the aſhes of the heroes buried there, we contented ourſelves with ſuppoſing what we might have found; we deplored Leander's fate as we paſſed the Straits, and found there the Capitan-Pacha and his fleet—our little frigate ſaluted him, he returned our ſalutation. We paſſed the weſtern point of the Iſlands of Mittelina and Ipſera, leaving to the left the Iſland of Scio—to the right that of Miconia, and the little one of Dragoniſſa, and landed at the Iſland of Naxia or Naxos——I ſaw but little remains of the temple dedicated to Bacchus, which ſtands on the point of a rock, which probably was part of the iſland when the temple was built; at preſent one muſt ſcramble in a boat to reach that point where it ſtands; a fine proportion gives room to ſuppoſe it might have been very majeſtic——I was ſhewn the fountain beſide which it is ſaid the forſaken Ariadne wept her lover's flight, and where Bacchus found her; it is of

white marble, too much deſtroyed by time to admit of deſcription, and contains a ſpring of clear water.

The town of Naxos is a poor place; we waited near four hours to ſee a Naxiote maiden dreſſed in her holiday-clothes—which are neither decent nor pretty——A ſhort ſhift reaching to her knees ſerved as a petticoat—her veſt was fantaſtic beyond conception, pearls, feathers, beads, ſowed on, in various forms—and two wings like thoſe of a butterfly, ſtuck between her ſhoulders, added to the ſtrange appearance—Her head and neck were adorned with gold chains, pearls, ſtones, ribbands—In my life I never ſaw ſo bizarre a figure—We took our leave of her, making many excuſes for the trouble we had given her, and ſailed for the ſmall iſland of Antiparos, which is to the right of Paros, where I could plainly diſcover the mouths of ſeveral quarries of that famous marble, of which, had I poſſeſſed a fairy's wand, I would have conveyed large blocks to England, and laid them at the feet of my friend Mrs. Damer, whoſe talent for ſculpture makes her as diſtinguiſhed in that art as in every other which ſhe has choſen to profeſs—though her modeſty has concealed many from the world——

Mr. de Choiſeul's artiſts were to take aſtronomical and geometrical obſervations of the famous grotto,

and I had promiſed to deſcend into it with them. An aſs led by two Greeks was waiting on the ſhore for me, as the heat was exceſſive, and my companions were afraid I ſhould be too much fatigued if I had walked—Indeed it was a league diſtant from the ſhore, and we aſcended conſtantly; turning ſuddenly to the left, we deſcended a little, and a ſcene truly romantic offered itſelf; a vaulted ſemicircle formed by craggy rocks, ſome bearing the appearance of pillars, which ſeemed to ſupport the pendant roof, and caverns which afforded a refreſhing ſhade to different flocks of goats which the Greek ſhepherds had driven in, and were reſting by, was an object worthy the pencil of my companions——

Here we reſted, and a ſmall hole on the ground was pointed to me as the entrance of the Grotto. I was obliged to crawl in, a ſtrong cord was faſtened to the outſide, and ſeveral ſailors and Greeks preceded us with flambeaux; it required a good deal of courage and dexterity to proceed, ſometimes I ſat, and ſlid down ſmall points of rock, which were the only ſupport for hands or feet—in two places the deſcent was perpendicular—there rope-ladders were faſtened, and in one or two places, through holes on the left, we could look down perpendicularly into the

Grotto—where I arrived ſafely, refuſing conſtantly to be aſſiſted, for I thought myſelf in greater ſafety in truſting to my own hands and feet than to the aſſiſtance of others, who had enough to do in preventing themſelves from ſlipping——

Tournefort ſays, the Grotto is three hundred fathoms perpendicular from the entrance; it is three hundred feet only; but as there are ſeveral windings in the paſſage, in times when mathematical calculations were in leſs perfection than at preſent, the miſtake was an eaſy one——The feeble deſcription my pen may trace of this famous Grotto I muſt defer at preſent; I yet remember with pleaſure its gloomy freſhneſs, and the ſweet ſpring of ſoft water we found in one corner of it, that made us reliſh our cold collation with much pleaſure. My patient contemplation of objects, which the ſilent and cold hand of time only can produce, was very favourable to the artiſt who was taking a drawing of the interior of the Grotto, intended for Mr. de Choiſeul's ſecond volume of his publication, *du Voyage Pittoreſque de la Grece*, where I am to be ſeated at the foot of what they call *le Grand Autel*—— Would, my dear and honoured friend, you had been ſitting by my ſide, for I fear no pen or pencil

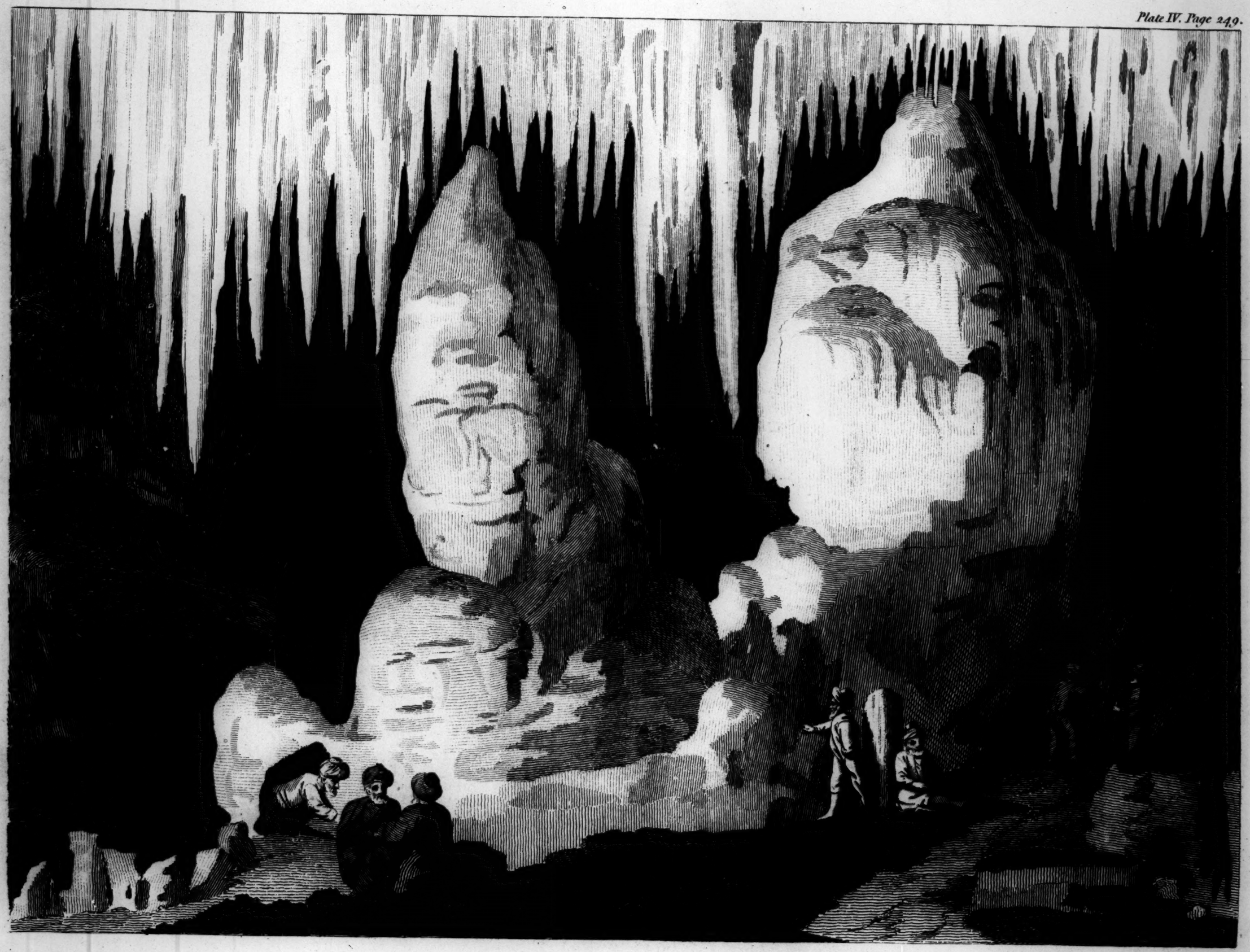
can do juſtice to the immenſity of objects I ſaw, nor the beauty of them——When I recollect the coolneſs of my ſeat, I feel the more fatigued with the almoſt inſupportable heat of this place, ſo I quit my pen——

Adieu, dear brother, with what pleaſure I write to you I give you leave to gueſs.

Your's faithfully,

E. C——

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Grotto at Antiparos.

LETTER LIV.

ATHENS, May 21, 1786.

THE water, which diſtils drop by drop conſtantly from the top of the Grotto, hardens, and by degrees the firſt drop acquires a conſiſtency like a brittle and thin ſhell; the next extends round the firſt, ſo that upon breaking off and examining the pendent point, at the end of which there was conſtantly a drop of clear water, it reſembles many glaſs quills that are made to go within each other—The laſt forming a more conſiderable circle than that hardened to precede it—Theſe are of a beautiful colour like alabaſter. The altars and pillars which riſe from the ground upwards, ſome of them being taller than the talleſt men, are of a different colour to thoſe which deſcend, a greyiſh brown, and ſeemingly more hard than the hardeſt ſtone—but evidently cauſed by the dropping of the water likewiſe; and it muſt be a curious ſpeculation for naturaliſts to explain why the ſame matter, in the ſame atmoſphere, ſhould, in its congelation, produce ſuch different petrifactions; the cauſe ſeems

perfectly natural to me; for the firſt is ſuſpended, and as it were congeals in the air, while the other reſts upon the rock, and ſettles gradually into ſtone, like ſand in the bowels of the earth.

When the Ruſſian fleet was here, ſome of the officers broke off ſome glorious pillars, which by a ſlow proceſs, and probably by the diſtillations going in the ſame perpendicular line downwards for ages, had reached from the top to the bottom of the *grande ſalle*——I ſaw them in a very imperfect ſtate at Peterſburgh, and in the grotto the tops and bottoms of them; for the material being ſo brittle they could not be broken off in their length. If the Empreſs could know how little ſatisfaction the curious muſt receive by ſeeing them in an imperfect and mutilated ſtate in her Muſeum—and what beautiful things they muſt have been in the Grotto—ſhe would grieve with me, that ever a deſire of obliging could induce her officers to commit what I think a ſacrilege againſt antiquity——Nothing can be more beautiful than the ſhapes the chryſtaliſations have taken in ſome parts of the ceiling, if I may ſo call it, of this place——Wherever by any accident the congealing drop has been removed from its direction, it takes another courſe——As there are millions conſtantly oozing out and congealing, ſome

of which are removed accidentally, the petrifactions repreſent the folds of drapery curtains, hanging feſtoons, &c.——As to the altars, as the French call them, which mount ſpirally towards the ceiling, their ends have been deranged likewiſe, and wherever the congelation has ceaſed at the point, it is like a cauliflower head—and moſt of them look like pyramids compoſed of cauliflowers, ſuppoſing them to be brown; the contraſt of this form, as well as the colour of the ſuperior part, is a great addition to the beauty of the place. After the drawings were taken, the meaſures aſcertained, and the artiſts had perfectly finiſhed what Monſ. de Choiſeul had commanded them to do, we ſearched in every corner of the Grotto, and found another chamber lower than that we were in, with ſeveral receſſes unſuſpected by us; names were engraven on the moſt conſpicuous parts of the *grande ſalle*, and we left ours engraven in the rock, and burnt into a board, for any bold adventurer to read after us—and re-aſcended, but with much more difficulty than we had entered; for one of the rope-ladders was ſo contrived that I could not reach from one ſtep while my foot was on the other; how I ſcrambled up at laſt I cannot very well tell—but I was not ſorry to ſee the light of the ſun again——I was now

much ſurpriſed to find myſelf ſurrounded by Greek peaſant women, one pointing to her head, another to her ſtomach, a third to her arm, all bewailing their ill ſtate of health, and touching my clothes with devotion—I found at laſt, that hearing a woman had deſcended, they took her to be a ſupernatural being, and was perfectly convinced I could cure all diſorders; nor could I *tirer* myſelf *d'affaire*, otherwiſe than by diſtributing ſome thieves vinegar which I had in my pocket——

One of the moſt ſingular ſcenes I ever ſaw, was the deſcending of about five-and-twenty people after I was at the bottom of the Grotto, moſt of them with torches; as there was but one rope to hold by, when we were obliged to have recourſe to it, I inſiſted that only five people ſhould go down with me—and the reſt ſet out when we were ſafely landed, leſt the rope ſhould break——As the paſſage to the *grande ſalle* is winding, and as there are many gaps in it, we caught and loſt ſight of theſe people alternately and of the torches—The brilliancy of the petrifactions, the jagged ſhapes of the rocks, through which we ſaw the men, the darkneſs of part of the grotto, and the illuminations which reflected light in new places every moment, diſplayed the ſtrangeſt and moſt beautiful ſcenery that can be imagined——

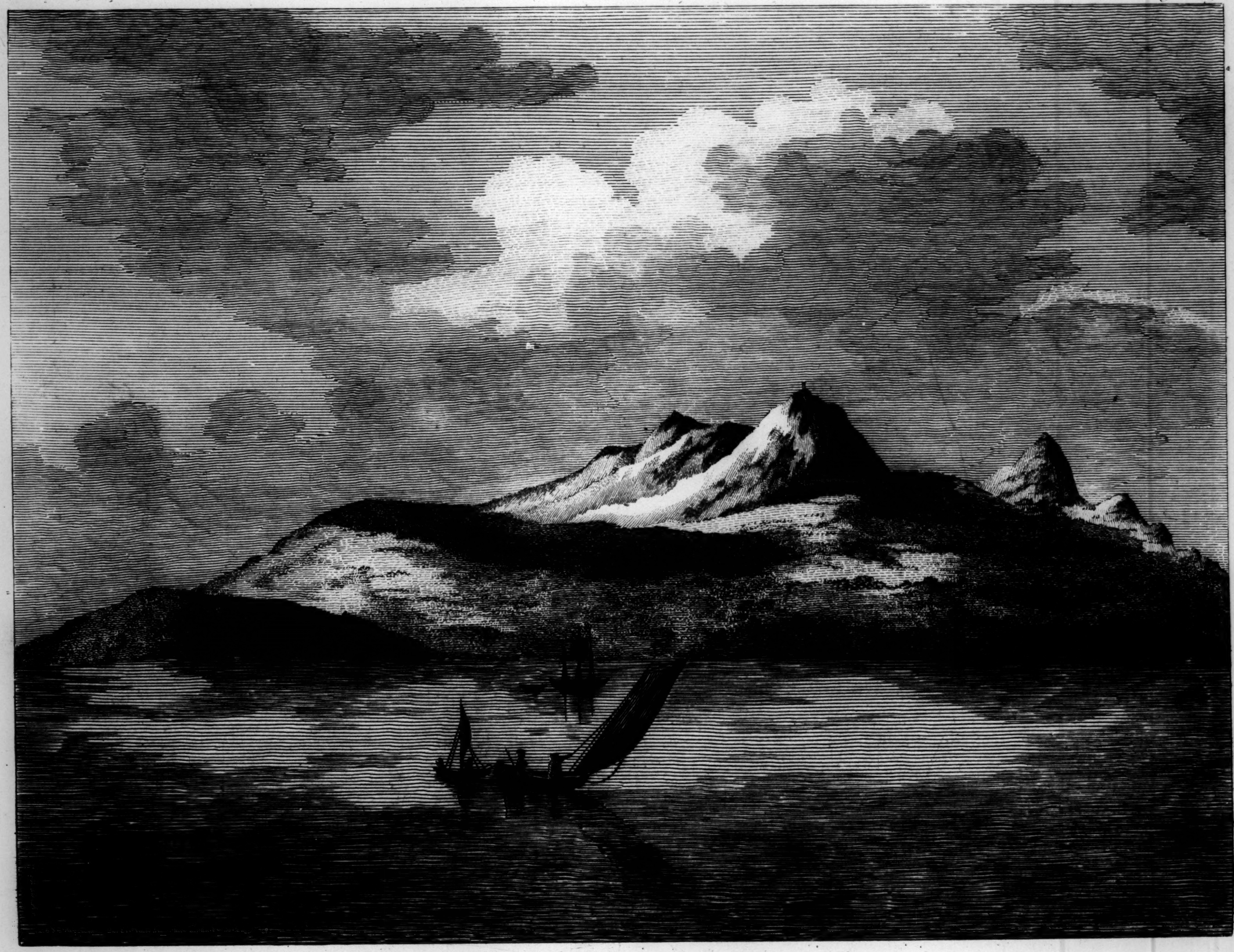
Doubtleſs, my dear Sir, there are many obſervations, eaſy to make, which my ignorance prevents me from attaining to, but you will be amply ſatisfied, when Mr. de Choiſeul's account of this Grotto ſhall appear——

He has promiſed me two copies of his works; and there his pencil will give you a better idea of this remarkable curioſity than my pen poſſibly can. And now I confeſs to you, that had it not been that my pride roſe ſuperior to my fears, I never ſhould have gone down——Mr. de C——, when we were laying out the plan of my Grecian tour, ſaid, *Jamais femme n'a deſcendue dans la Grotte d'Antiparos, peu d'hommes veulent y deſcendre; mais vous, Miladi vous, il faut abſolument que vous y entriez*—— When I had got about two or three yards into the narrow entrance of the cavern, the ſmoke of the torches, which could only find iſſue there, almoſt took my breath away, and I was forced to ſet myſelf down, or rather lie upon the rock—as I fell almoſt ſuffocated—and I was upon the point of going out again: but I ſhould have been aſhamed to have ſeen the ſpirited Ambaſſador, who had ran ſo many riſques in ſearching after the truths of antiquity, if I had returned without ſeeing the *Grotte d'Antiparos*, and I took courage and deſcended——

We ſupped very agreeably on board the Tarleton, and looked over the pieces we had brought out of the Grotto—but they were ſo brittle, they almoſt mouldered away at the touch—I put ſome into a box with cotton——As we ſailed for this place we paſſed the iſlands of Siphanto, Milos, Argentiera, St. George of Arbora—and arrived happily in the Piræan port, in which remain the two pedeſtals of the lions which are now at the door of the Arſenal at Venice——

There is nothing left in theſe iſlands worth the ſtopping to look at, and they all appear like naked rocks from the ſea, of a volcanic nature—ſeveral have diſappeared, and others have been ſo ſhaken by earthquakes that they are uninhabited——I made a little drawing of one, which will give you a perfect idea of them all——

From the Piræan port to Athens the ground riſes gradually—and the only fine things which are ſeen are, to the left near the ſea, a large grove or wood of olive trees; and juſt below the town, ſtanding unincumbered with other objects, the ſuperb, the beautiful temple of Theſeus; the architecture ſimple and grand—proportioned with majeſty and grace; it has ſtood to this day an eternal monument of the



North-West View of Siphanto.


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good taſte of the ancients——But I now finiſh this letter, for upon paper as upon land, there is no ſuch thing as tearing me away from this charming building; ſo I ſhall defer ſome account of it with other things to another ſheet——

Adieu, dear brother,

Your's affectionately,

E. C——

LETTER LV.

THE Temple of Minerva, in the citadel of Athens, was uſed by the Turks as a magazine for powder, which blowing up has flung down ſuch a quantity of beautiful ſculpture that I ſhould be very happy to have permiſſion to pick up the broken pieces on the ground—but, alas, Sir, I cannot even have a little finger or a toe, for the Ambaſſador who had been a whole year negociating for permiſſion to convey to Conſtantinople a fragment he had pitched upon, and thought himſelf ſure of, will be ſadly diſappointed. The ſailors were prepared with cranes, and every thing neceſſary to convey this beautiful relick on board the Tarleton; when after the governor of the citadel, a Turk, had received us with great politeneſs, he took Mr. de Truguet aſide, and told him, unleſs he choſe to endanger his life, he muſt give up the thoughts of touching any thing—That there was an intrigue in the Seraglio to diſplace him, and that if any thing was removed, that plea would be ſufficient for his

enemies to get his head ſtruck off—Chagrined and diſappointed as Mr. de Truguet was, he could not with any humanity preſs the performance of the promiſe; and we returned to the Conſul's, very much concerned at the exceſſive injuſtice and ignorance of the Turks, who have really not the ſmalleſt idea of the value of the treaſures they poſſeſs, and deſtroy them wantonly on every occaſion; for, from one of the pillars of the Temple of Theſeus, they have ſliced a piece of marble, to burn into lime for the conſtruction of a Turkiſh fountain—and ſuch is the fate of many a *chef d'œuvre* of the beſt Grecian ſculptors——

The citadel is in an extremely elevated ſituation, and if *wiſdom* was the virtue the Athenians prized moſt, the temple could not be better placed, for the Goddeſs to direct and overlook their actions—The Governor's daughters received me, and the Conſul's wife, and a relation of theirs was brought in, who was a melancholy prey to ſome inward diſeaſe, that was waſting a fine form and features to decay. I was applied to, and preſſed to give a receipt to cure her; and when our viſit was ended, the Governor

and his ſons were as importunate as the women had been; ſo I adviſed cream-of-tartar whey, being ſure it could not hurt her. I am ſure you laugh if you think there is any thing in my countenance that may lead people to take me for a phyſician—but the fact is, that the Turks aſk every ſtranger for preſcriptions——I will give you no account of our interview with the Turkiſh women—dreſs, manners, reception, is the ſame every where, the clothes and jewels more or leſs magnificent, according to the quality of the huſband——

In many authors you will find an account of the Temple of Minerva; of a ſweet little temple called the Lanthorn of Diogenes, which is in good preſervation; and of the Temple of the Winds likewiſe, the interior of which is not at all damaged, but the outſide is half ſunken in the ruins of Athens, which has often been ruined, and many things bearing the ſtamp of the artiſt, are, like the artiſt, buried in the earth——From my bed-chamber window I look down upon the ruins of a beautiful gateway, the half of whoſe pillars are only to be ſeen, on the ſuperior part much damaged, and, three large ſtorks neſts, with the old and young—their filth and habitation finiſhing the melancholy ſhade, which the

ruſt of time and the abominable ignorance of the Turks have caſt over them——

The few remaining pillars of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, or rather ſuppoſed to be that which contained the ſtatues of all the Gods, give one a very good idea of the incredible ſize of that temple—— An hermit not thinking the earth mortifying enough, had perched himſelf upon the top of one of theſe pillars, and never deſcended for above twenty years; he is long ſince dead, but his habitation was quite large enough for one man——Nothing can exceed the magnitude of theſe enormous columns—all fluted of the Corinthian order——I think there were two very natural reaſons why our aſtoniſhment at theſe ſtupendous works ſhould ceaſe—The firſt is, in ancient days, ſlaves or helotes were by hundreds or thouſands to be fed, the maſters of them, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, would keep them employed; the ſecond is, the climate and ſoil were unfit for gardens, marble of the pureſt and whiteſt kind was not only found at Paros, but cloſe to Athens—May we not imagine that this was dug out and worked up, under the direction of the Athenian architects and ſculptors, by theſe ſlaves; the ornamental part, and perhaps only the finiſhing ſtrokes of that, was only

done by the hand of a maſter, in either ſculpture or architecture. We produce effects for the pencil by the trees we plant in our parks or gardens; the Athenians could neither form landſcape or ſhade by theſe—but they brought to perfection an art which gave them ſeats and walks, ſecured from the ſcorching rays of the ſun, by their marble edifices, which were both uſeful and ornamental——A little orange-garden, not twenty feet ſquare, is ſhewn at Athens, as a more delicious thing in theſe days, than a new temple, a pillar conſecrated, or a prize gained in the Olympic games. We make a lawn, or plant a clump—they raiſed an edifice. The variety of theſe, and the number of pillars, deſtined only to commemorate the moſt trifling events, prove that it was the natural produce of the ſoil; and the impoſſibility of their ingenuity being employed in any thing but that which cauſed architecture and ſculpture to be brought to that exquiſite perfection in which we find it to this hour——

A book written by Guilleterre, which you probably have, gives a very good account of the port; but the lion and many things he ſaw do not exiſt at preſent—and the Ilyſſus, that river on whoſe

banks ſo many philoſophers and heroes have walked in times of peace, when the one encouraged, and the other protected, the arts and ſciences, is now no more—it has been drained to water the gardens of Athens by many cuts, which with the bed of the river are ſcarcely now to be traced——

It was Pericles that built the Temple of Minerva; in the Citadel, on the principal entrance, the baſſo-relievos are executed in the moſt maſterly manner; there is a female figure holding the reins to drive two fiery ſteeds, which ſeem to ſnort and prance in marble——

As to the baſſo-relievos of the Temple of Theſeus, the few that remain are mutilated, and repreſent the combats between Theſeus and the Amazons—— Part of the theatre remains—and every object that I ſaw made me grieve moſt truly that I could not reſtore things to their primitive ſtate of perfection— As to the many receſſes and arches over one another, that ſeem to belong to the Theatre, it is impoſſible to aſcertain the uſe that was made of them—nor do I think it a ſearch worthy of our times—But it would be worthy the Emperor's ſituation to take advantage of the deſire the Porte has to oblige him, in order to collect the fragments of the ſculpture

of the Temple of Minerva, to preſerve them as examples to this or riſing generations, and as models for the ingenious workman to ſtudy from——I am called away to ſee the Baths——

Your's affectionately,

E. C——

LETTER LVI.

THE Baths here are very well contrived to ſtew the rheumatiſm out of a perſon's conſtitution—but how the women can ſupport the heat of them is perfectly inconceivable——The Conſul's wife, Madame Gaſpari, and I went into a room which precedes the Bath, which room is the place where the women dreſs and undreſs, ſitting like tailors upon boards—there were above fifty; ſome having their hair waſhed, others dyed or plaited; ſome were at the laſt part of their toilet, putting with a fine gold pin the black dye into their eyelids; in ſhort, I ſaw here Turkiſh and Greek nature, through every degree of concealment, in her primitive ſtate—for the women ſitting in the inner room were abſolutely ſo many Eves—and as they came out their fleſh looked boiled——Theſe Baths are the great amuſement of the women, they ſtay generally five hours in them; that is in the water and at their toilet together—but I think I never ſaw ſo many fat women at once together, nor fat ones ſo fat as

theſe——There is much art and coquetry in the arrangement of their dreſs—the ſhift particularly, which cloſes by hooks behind between the ſhoulders; after it is faſtened round the waiſt, there is a ſpecies of ſtay or corſet, that I had no idea of, but which to women melted down as theſe were, was perfectly neceſſary. We had very preſſing ſollicitations to undreſs and bathe, but ſuch a diſguſting ſight as this would have put me in an ill humour with my ſex in a bath for ages——Few of theſe women had fair ſkins or fine forms—hardly any—and Madame Gaſpari tells me, that the encomiums and flattery a fine young woman would meet with in theſe baths, would be aſtoniſhing—— I ſtood ſome time in the door-way between the dreſſing-room and the Bath, which laſt was circular, with niches in it for the bathers to ſit in; it was a very fine room with a ſtone dome—and the light came through ſmall windows at the top——

In the evening, the Athenian girls were invited to perform before me the ancient dance called Ariadne's dance——A more ſtupid performance as a dance I never ſaw; but I can conceive that the pantomime of it repreſents the deſpair of Ariadne,

when ſhe ſaw herſelf forſaken——A woman, that is to ſay, ſhe who is the moſt eſteemed dancer, gets up, and with a handkerchief in one hand, waves it about in a languid manner; with the other ſhe holds the hand of a ſecond, who leads a third, and ſo on—they move in a ſtring, ten, twelve, ſix, eight, the number is indifferent, and this female line moves in a circle, or according to the direction it ſhall pleaſe the girl with the handkerchief to give; her eyes are fixed on the ground, and her ſtep is a ſort of ſwim or ſink—the muſic is as dull and uniform as her ſteps, which like her eyes, never loſe the ground——

A ſweet little Greek, a girl of five years old, the adopted child of Madame Rogne, the French Conſul's ſiſter, joined in this dance, and then came and ſat in my lap, and went to ſleep in my arms—ſhe was ſomething like my Keppel, and her little careſſes gave me more pleaſure than all the languid figures of the dancers before my eyes——To-morrow I ſet out again upon theſe ſeas, where at this hour Turkiſh ignorance preſents different ſcenes to thoſe that exiſted, when the Athenians gave encouragement to heroes and ſages——

Theſe ſeas, where Science in her ſpring appear'd,
In which the infancy of arts was rear'd;
When Poetry was in the bloom of youth,
And Fiction beautified each vulgar truth:
Here Ariadne wept; and there was ſeen
How Theſeus conquer'd th' Amazonian Queen;
Here Phryne's charms in Parian marble ſhone,
There Gods and Goddeſſes could be undone;
Here Ariſtotle liv'd, whoſe genius ſway'd
Th' Athenian youth; who liſten'd and obey'd
Thoſe precepts, with unerring wiſdom fraught,
With which he charm'd the pupils that he taught;
To men he prov'd that eloquence was fame,
And the Lyceum lives but in his name;
Here Fate's ſtern mandates were by Homer given,
To Deities of his imagin'd Heaven,
From iſle to iſle the Muſes point his way,
And all the Heathen Gods his lyre obey.

Apropos to Homer; every iſland claims the honour of receiving his laſt breath, and none will give up the idea of having poſſeſſed living or dying ſo remarkable a perſon.

If his ghoſt will appear to me and ſettle this matter clearly, I will then inform you better; at

preſent I muſt finiſh this letter with aſſuring you, that the only thing of which I am poſitively certain is, that I am with much truth and regard,

Your affectionate ſiſter,

E. C——

LETTER LVII.

SMYRNA, May 27, 1786.

THIS place ſeems much more alive than any I have been at yet; a great number of commercial people, and many good houſes, with a conſtant variety of veſſels arriving and departing, make the lazy Turk paſs unnoticed——The French Conſul has a young wife, very lively and civil. There is lying at anchor here the Minerva, a beautiful French ſhip of ſeventy-five guns, commanded by the Chevalier de Lygondes, a Knight of Malta, an elderly and polite man, who happens to be a near relation of Lord Huntingdon, and we were not a little pleaſed to talk of him, and claim a relationſhip with a perſon which any one might be honoured to call friend or parent——He had five-and-twenty young French officers with him, when I ſaw him firſt—and a moſt ridiculous circumſtance happened. I was ſitting by Mr. de Lygondes and talking to him—the other Frenchmen were laughing with the Conſul's wife, when a little man came into the room and addreſſed him-

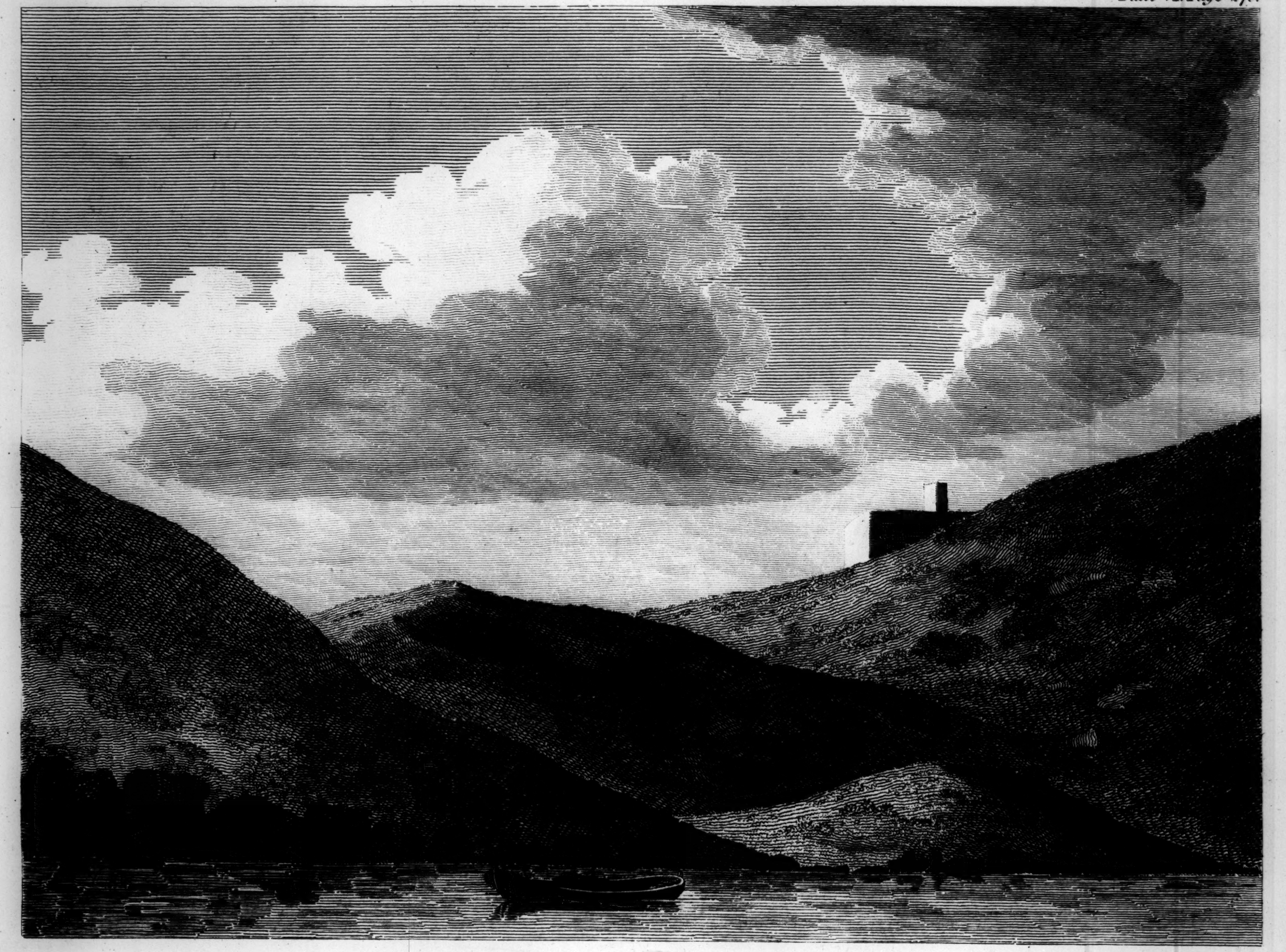
ſelf to me, but ſo low that I could not diſtinguiſh what he ſaid, and took him to be ſome interpreter (of which I believe I had ſeen a dozen in the morning) who complimented me upon my arrival; but he ſeeing that I miſtook the purport of his ſpeech, raiſed his voice, and in good Engliſh ſaid, My lady, hearing that you were here, I would not depart without offering you any ſervices in my power——I anſwered I was much obliged to him; he made his bow, and went out again—upon which the giddy part of the company laughed very much, none of them knowing either the perſon or the language——I ſent after him, and found out that it was the worthy Mr. Howard, who has ſacrificed ſo much of his time to the moſt humane purpoſe; I begged he might be informed I returned to Conſtantinople and from thence to Vienna, and if I could be of the leaſt uſe to him in his return, I begged he would command me; but he ſent me word his route lay to Venice—meaning to viſit all the lazarettos and priſons on the coaſts.

There are no remains of antiquity here, but a ſpring called Homer's Fountain—a broken pillar on the ground, by a clear rill, ſeems to indicate that a temple may have been dedicated to this

ſource—which probably bore the name of a Deity——

I ſpare you an account of my voyage hither from Athens; a violent ſquall of wind forced us to lie two days in the Port Gabrio, where I amuſed myſelf with going on ſhore, and up to a convent of Greek Monks. The Iſle of Andros and this port are well marked in the Grecian annals, by the extraordinary ſummons Alcibiades gave the inhabitants, and the very ingenious excuſe they made, in order to obviate complying with his demands.

The only pretty ſhrub to be found on the iſlands is the roſe-laurel, which is now covered with the flower, but the Greeks imagine it diffuſes a noxious vapour, and avoid touching or going near it—— I found out one thing which may be of uſe to ſoldiers or ſailors——We had endeavoured in vain to get fruit or garden-ſtuff—a prodigious quantity of large thiſtles was the only thing that preſented itſelf—I deſired the largeſt heads might be picked, and had them boiled, which, without being partial, I can aſſure you, were infinitely better than artichokes—but they muſt be dreſſed immediately, for if they are kept till the next day they become ſo hard that twelve hours boiling will not make them tender.



View of the Convent of Panacrado from the Bay of Gabrio.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Chevalier de Lygondes gave me a very fine dinner on board the Minerva. I ſhall ſet out again the day after to-morrow to take up Mr. de Choiſeul at Burſa; and hope I ſhall meet with no more ſtorms, for I am ſick and tired when violently toſſed about——

The little Tarleton is an excellent ſailor with a fair wind, but like all delicate little frames, is too much ſhaken when ſhe meets with rough treatment

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I remain, my dear brother,

Your affectionate

E. C——

LETTER LVIII.

TERRAPIA, June 7, 1786.

I Arrived at Burſa juſt three weeks after I left the port of Moudagna, and found the Ambaſſador rather better than I left him——The ſituation of Burſa is very beautiful, in a valley between two hills—and is now a very conſiderable town. The waters are boiling hot; almoſt every houſe has a circular bath under it, that adds to the heat of the climate; I found it intolerable, and Monſ. de Choiſeul ſet out a day or two ſooner than he intended, becauſe the inconveniencies of the houſe were too great; he laughed very much at my ſaying *Bon dieu nous ſommes tous ici au Bain*—— To my great ſurpriſe, I found there — — — — — — — — — — who intends to travel by land into Egypt—he ſet out at twelve o'clock at night for Smyrna—a few hours after my arrival—

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I had a very pleaſant paſſage from Smyrna to Moudagna——Juſt as the Tarleton arrived at the entrance of the Straits the wind dropped intirely, and we found ourſelves in the midſt of a large fleet, compoſed of veſſels of every ſize and nation, that waited for a ſouth wind to paſs the Dardanels—luckily we did not lay a conſiderable time at anchor, a ſoutherly breeze ſprung up, and our ſwift Tarleton left all the other ſails, *loſt ſoon to our ſight*, far behind us; nothing could be more pretty and lively than the ſcene; and I told Mr. de Choiſeul no frigate in the Engliſh or French ſervice could be a better meſſenger than this, which I ſhall ever be obliged to him for having ſent with me—You may think it ſomewhat ſtrange that the Mount Olympus, which riſes above the town of Burſa, is conſtantly covered with ſnow, but ſo it is——This is not the famed Olympus of the Heathen Gods, but named after it, probably by a colony which ſettled there, originally from the other Olympus——It is very common to find ſeveral places called by one name in all this part of the world, and to this hour you know, my dear Sir, the names of France, Scotland, and England, are given by ſettlers in newly acquired countries——

We did not ſtop at Pera, but came to the Ambaſſador's houſe upon the Canal in his boat, leaving the Tarleton at anchor where ſhe is conſtantly placed——This is the only cool houſe I believe in the environs of Conſtantinople——The ſea beats againſt the foundation conſtantly, and from my windows I ſee the entrance of the Canal by the Black Sea, in which, between ten and eleven, a north wind conſtantly riſes, blowing pretty freſh till the evening—And it is a very ſtrange thing to aver, but juſt over againſt the houſe, veſſels are ſailing, ſome with a ſouth and others with a north wind; a circumſtance only to be accounted for by the ſhores, which form a kind of horizontal funnel, drawing in a large body of air from the Black Sea, which loſes its force after it has gone a certain length, and ceaſes intirely juſt oppoſite this houſe——It is quite diverting to ſee the Turkiſh fiſhing boats ſailing very faſt, and endeavouring to weather this ſpot when the wind is ſoutherly, but in vain—they are obliged to lower their canvaſs and tug at the oar, or anchor in ſome valley, till the wind or their ſtrength permit them to proceed——

If any thing could excuſe the infatuation of the Greeks to remain here at the riſque of their lives, this ſituation would plead for them; but ſtill their manner of life muſt be a torment even in Paradiſe itſelf; there is one who, fearing the Porte ſhould think him opulent, yet too proud to appear in public without his attendants, rides round his court-yard every morning with twenty horſemen at his heels——

Another ſent me word he begged I would not walk in his garden, for as I generally was accompanied by ſome of the foreign miniſters, the Porte might imagine he was carrying on ſome treaſon againſt the empire, if ſtrangers were ſeen within his encloſures—This meſſage was told me by a perſon who added, that all the time I was in his kitchen-garden with my company, this wretched Greek had retired into the moſt remote cloſet in his houſe, fearing our curioſity ſhould prompt us to look at the building——

This Greek Prince had hired a French gardener, and we ſeeing an European kitchen garden cloſe to the Ambaſſador's, it induced us to walk into it, as the door was open——When the Turks or Greeks have

one, they walk into it, and eat their ſallads there—Fruit and vegetables are luxuries unknown in general to them——

Adieu for this time, my much loved and honoured brother.

I remain your's,

E. C——

LETTER LIX.

DEAR SIR,

I Have been to ſee the foreſt of Belgrade, where the oaks are extremely venerable, and, from a ſuperſtitious idea, not one of them is ever felled, ſo that the greateſt part of them are ſpoiling. The Dutch Ambaſſador has a houſe there, and the Engliſh Miniſter, both of whom I have promiſed to dine with——At the latter end of the ſummer theſe country-houſes are deſerted, for there is a lake in the foreſt that produces ſuch unwholeſome exhalations, that if people ſtay in the neighbourhood of it, they generally have dreadful fevers——There is a kioſk of the Sultan's at the end of the lake, which would be pretty enough with a little alteration——

We are now at the beginning of what is called the Ramazan—the faſt of the Turks, which they obſerve with great ſtrictneſs; from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet no Turk taſtes any thing, not even a drop of water—but at night all the ſhops for eatables, and

the places where coffee is ſold, are illuminated with many little lamps—and it is a pretty ſight to go in a boat at ſun-ſet along the Canal. Terrapia, Buyekdere, and all the places where ſeveral people live, look like ſo many Vauxhalls—and if the boat draws near enough to the ſhore, one is apt to imagine all the world is ſupping together, the ſmell of fried fiſh, and mutton, and other Turkiſh eatables is ſo ſtrong —— The Ambaſſador's firſt oar is an old venerable Turk with a long white beard, who has rowed *au Palais-de France* forty years, and it is with great difficulty Mr. de Choiſeul's ſtricteſt orders can keep him from his duty—though it is horrible to think that if he were permitted to attend the boat, he would row ſeveral hours in the day, in the heat of the ſun, without taking a drop of water to refreſh himſelf—for whether a Turk be obliged to the hardeſt labour, or whether he do nothing, the law of the Ramazan is equally obſerved by him—This faſt laſts ſix weeks ——

With reſpect to coffee, which you may imagine is good in Turkey, I aſſure you, prepared by the Turks, it is the naſtieſt potion ever invented—They make it weak and muddy, and drink it without ſugar—— As to the Moka coffee, not enough of that comes

into Conſtantinople to ſupply the Seraglio, and all the reſt is furniſhed by France from her Weſt-Indian poſſeſſions, no inconſiderable branch of commerce as you may eaſily believe, when I tell you that every fifty yards upon a public road, under the ſhade of a tree or a tent, coffee is ſold, and at moſt of theſe places the Turkiſh traveller or viſitor ſtops and takes a cup—it is true theſe cups are not much bigger than egg cups—but four-and-twenty in a day to each perſon travelling, viſiting, or ſtaying at home, muſt conſume an immenſe quantity——

Mr. de Bukalow has given me a very fine ball at his houſe at Buyekdere—and I aſſure you his garden is large enough to be a ſmall park—There I ſaw a tree the leaves of which are of the ſame ſhape and quality with the ſenſitive plant—they ſhrink and cloſe when touched——Mr. d'Herbert has a pretty houſe and garden at Buyekdere likewiſe——

Have you never heard at Paris of one Iſaac Bey, a Turk, that was much there? Mr. de Choiſeul brought him to me the other morning; he entered my room followed by this Iſaac, a lively, and rather well-looking man, who, after being ſeated a few minutes, proſtrated himſelf at my feet, kiſſed the hem of my garment, and laid a fine embroidered

muſlin handkerchief there for my acceptance——He has been at Peterſburgh, and in London, which he diſlikes of all places in the world, becauſe the common people would not let him walk along the ſtreets without calling him, *French dog of a Turk*—He ſays he will never go there again—but *Paris Paradis*—*Paradis Paris*—there he will return; you may imagine, Sir, he was enchanted by the ſyrens of the Opera, upon and off the ſtage——He diverted me very much. He ſtaid and dined, and converſed very freely, as well as he was able——

Adieu for the preſent, dear Sir,

Believe me truly,

E. C——

LETTER LX.

TERRAPIA, June 25, 1786.

I Shall certainly not return by the way of Semlin and Belgrade, for I am informed that four hundred robbers infeſt that country, and what eſcort could I have which would ſecure me from ſo many ruffians——I have conſulted maps, and the beſt informed travellers here, and am aſſured I can go through Bulgaria, Wallachia, and Tranſylvania to Vienna with great eaſe and diſpatch, with a firman or order from the Porte——This ſubject was in agitation two days ago, in preſence of the ſame tall gloomy figure that promiſed me the plague in Greece, who gravely told me I ſhould run much greater riſques in taking this new route, for that I ſhould find heads ſtuck up on poles at every mile, thoſe countries being much more infeſted with robbers and murderers than the other—— I would not for the world have given him the mortification to ſee that I did not believe a word he ſaid, and I hope he thinks I was extremely

terrified — — — — — — — — — —
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Nothing is more diverting than to ſee the Greeks in pleaſure-boats here, ſtopping to hear the Ambaſſador's muſicians play, which they do every evening——I muſt firſt tell you that they are Germans, ſent to Mr. de Choiſeul from Vienna—and the beſt performers I have heard, playing always the fineſt Italian or German muſic——The Greeks, in their parties upon the water, have generally a lyre, a fiddle, and a guittar or two in the boats—With theſe inſtruments they make a horrid noiſe, each performer playing in a different key, and if they ſing, all in diſcordant tones; the ſound of the clarinets ſtops them before the windows, but after liſtening a little time, they ſhake their heads, and with one accord begin their abominable noiſes again, and row away from ſounds which they think much inferior to thoſe they produce—The ſervants often aſk them if their maſter's muſic is not fine, but they are all of opinion it is very diſagreeable—

This puzzles all my ideas concerning harmony—becauſe nature has fixed the rules of it ſo well that any perſon poſſeſſing a good ear for muſic, will compoſe in all the perfection of harmony without knowing the rules of compoſition, or even a note of muſic——Why then do not theſe Greeks find out they make nothing but diſcordant ſounds when they ſing or play—I confeſs it ſeems to me a very ſtrange thing——

I wiſh the Turkiſh ſalute was in faſhion inſtead of the ridiculous bow and curtſey we have, which indicates nothing, and is ſeldom executed gracefully——A Turk puts his right-hand upon his heart, and bends forward a little—and I aſſure you if this kind of ſalutation is accompanied with a ſmile or a reſpectful look, it conveys to me more *greeting* than all our *bonjours* and *how d'ye do's*, which would be often excuſed with pleaſure by me from half my acquaintance——

I am not ſorry to think the time is not far off when I ſhall draw nearer to Franconia; where I hope to ſee you; where I ſhall tell you many particulars which I do not chooſe to truſt to the poſt—But I confeſs I ſhall be very ſorry to leave Mr. de Choiſeul without being certain when I can have an

opportunity of ſhewing him the leaſt return for all the civilities and kindneſſes he has beſtowed upon me——He is a very extraordinary and ſuperior man as to his talents—and his amiability is not contraſted by that conceit which we have too often ſeen in all Frenchmen that are not almoſt ſuperannuated——

I only wiſh he was honoured by your acquaintance, as you would like him for his good qualities, as much as you will eſteem him without knowing him for his brotherly and reſpectful care of me—Can I give you a greater proof that I believe in the ſincerity of your friendſhip to me, than by wiſhing you to be a friend to one that has behaved like one to me——I remain always the ſame——

Your's affectionately,

E. C——

LETTER LXI.

MR. de Choiſeul and the Imperial Miniſter aſſured me very ſeriouſly that they would not let me ſet out without being accompanied by a Viſir's Tchouadar, that is to ſay, a kind of upper ſervant, or rather creature of the Viſir——They applied for one, but as theſe are never employed to accompany travellers, and have only upon occaſion been ſent with the French officers of artillery, when there was a battery or fort to be erected—the *Sublime Porte* was exceedingly ſurpriſed at the requeſt—and was five days in looking over papers to find any example of a Tchouadar being ſent to eſcort a traveller; none being found, my two friends were told that in the annals of the empire the thing was unprecedented—but they anſwered that they cared little for that, but requeſted that I might have a Tchouadar——The Viſir was ſo much ſurpriſed at this, that when he had named one, he ſent him to

Terrapia to judge if *I was worth* all the trouble given him upon my account——

You think, my dear Sir, that it was my birth, or conſequence of any ſort that was to be enquired into—not at all—he was to look at me and ſee if I was pretty——I was ſent for by Mr. de Choiſeul into the drawing-room yeſterday before dinner; and when I came in, I ſaw a yellow-looking Turk ſitting on the ſofa—Mr. de Choiſeul told me that was the Tchouadar named to accompany me. I curtſied to him, and after he had looked at me as much as he pleaſed, he took his leave. Mr. d'Herbert has ſince told me laughing, he made ſo favourable a report of me, that the Viſir ſaid according to accounts he could not do enough for me——I have hired two Greek boats with Greek ſailors, that are to row when the wind is contrary, and I am to land at a Turkiſh town called Varna, which is upon the ſhore of the Black Sea called Romelia. I am there to take horſes and go acroſs Bulgaria to a town called Siliſtria, where I ſhall find all the accommodations I want from the Prince of Wallachia, whoſe territories reach that town.

It is ſaid Varna was the place where Ovid was ſent into baniſhment; it might be ſo; but the chief

part of his exile was paſſed in Moldavia; the borders of a lake, where he often walked, have become famous; the gentleneſs of his manners, and the ſweet tone of his voice have been recorded from father to ſon, down to the preſent inhabitants of that part of Moldavia——

I have bought a German carriage, and the Ambaſſador's *Tapiſſier* has very cleverly fitted up a little bed in it for me——Mr. de Choiſeul and his friends are very obliging in imagining every thing that can conduce to the ſafety or convenience of my journey——I have a beautiful coloured map of Conſtantinople and the Canal, executed in a maſterly manner by his ſteward and engineer, one Khauffer——Mr. de Choiſeul has given me likewiſe a bottle of Eſſence of Roſes—and a Mr. de Brintanneau has preſented me with a beautiful Turkiſh fan, painted and made at Conſtantinople for me——I hope ſoon, Sir, to give you a good account of myſelf; you may depend upon it I ſhall write wherever I can find an opportunity of ſending a letter to you——

I have an interpreter with me, and am to have a guard of Janiſſaries upon the road wherever it will be thought neceſſary——Adieu, for the laſt

time, from this beautiful and ſublime ſituation, which muſt make all landſcapes appear trifling to me for the future.

Adieu, dear Sir, till an occaſion offers for me to repeat my ſincere eſteem and grateful affection for you——

E. C——

LETTER LXII.

DEAR SIR,

VARNA, July 8, 1786.

I Take the opportunity of my Greek ſailors return to write to my good friends at Conſtantinople and to you——On Monday laſt, which was the third of July, I ſet out about ſix o'clock in the evening in Mr. de Choiſeul's boat, accompanied by him and Mr. le Hocq, a very amiable and ſenſible man, who is *Secretaire d'Ambaſſade*, and the good little Truguet—I took leave of them at the mouth of the Canal, and ſtepped into the largeſt of the two Greek boats I had hired——The wind blowing conſtantly north, makes the navigation of the Romelian coaſt extremely tedious. The idleneſs and fears of my Greek ſailors increaſed the inconvenience, for inſtead of turning the point of Karaburon they lay-to all night, and on the fourth I made but thirty Turkiſh leagues. Kara-buron is a rock ſtanding over the bay of that name, where the Turks are now erecting a fort——Nothing can

be more ſafe or pleaſant than coaſting in this manner. The ſhores of Romelia abound with many delicious bays and fine harbours, where, upon the appearance of dangers from the Black Sea, veſſels may run in and lay at anchor——The Bay of Agatopoly of Miolick of Vaſilico I reſted in likewiſe; and the laſt day I came ſeventy-five miles in ſix hours, but not without having many quarrels with my Greek ſailors, who would have delayed me more than they really did, if I had permitted them——I am convinced a traveller might eaſily reach Varna from Conſtantinople in two days—particularly if he has not the honour of being accompanied by a Tchouadar, who ſeems to promiſe me much more delay and inconvenience than his preſence can repay——As the Greeks and Turks know his conſequence, it is his wants that are attended to, and not mine——I poſitively was extremely diverted at my firſt occaſion of finding this out——The day after we had left Conſtantinople, we were at anchor in a little bay to breakfaſt, when upon aſking my valet-de-chambre where the boiling water was to make my chocolate, he could not find it, and began to make a great riot for the loſs of his kettle—when the interpreter pointed

to a flat rock, where my Tchouadar was ſitting on a carpet ſmoaking his pipe and drinking his coffee very quietly, made with the water my ſervants had prepared for me—You muſt not ſuppoſe he ever aſks if I want any thing——If any travellers were to meet us, they would certainly take him for ſome *Grand Seigneur*, and that I am of his ſuite, by the care taken of him, and the perfect indifference, all, but my two companions and my ſervants, ſhow for my eaſe and convenience——As to me, I now and then have aſked him ſome queſtions about the places I ſaw, to which I get the moſt laconic anſwers—however, I thought it right to point to two moſt excellent little Engliſh piſtols I wear at my girdle, and aſſure him they would be well employed againſt any offence I met with. And when the interpreter had done I could not help calling him a ſtupid diſagreeable Turk, in Engliſh, which he took for a compliment, and bowed his head a little——When I arrived here, he took me to a ſhabby Greek houſe, where a landing-place on the top of a ſtair-caſe was the only lodging he ſaid he could find for ſix people—but I told him I ſhould ſend to the Governor, upon which I was taken to another houſe, where a long gallery looking

towards the harbour, with rooms adjoining to it, compoſed a very good apartment. Here I found my Tchouadar had eſtabliſhed his carpet, his pipe, his coffee, and his travelling bags and piſtols. I thanked him in good Engliſh, as I ſhould, for his civility; and then ordered the interpreter to tell him he might lodge upon the ſtair-caſe he had deſtined for me——The Governor ſent to know if I choſe to have a guard of Janiſſaries for the houſe, but I thought myſelf quite ſecure, being ſhut in by two court-yards—However, in the evening, I was not a little ſurpriſed to hear a great noiſe; the old Greek, who lodged me, my interpreter, and ſervants, came running with great horror in their looks, ſaying, that the Turks had broke the gates of the court open, and were looking for me——I was, at that moment, ſitting with Mademoiſelle by me, on a trunk juſt facing the door—I had ſcarcely time to underſtand what was ſaid to me, when I ſaw above fifty Turkiſh heads at the door, with eager eyes looking about for ſomething——*Que veulent, ils donc?* ſaid Mademoiſelle—*car ce n'eſt pas nous*—I believe I told you ſhe had a moſt beautiful little milk-white rough dog—It was this animal that ſome Turk had ſeen carrying along the ſtreet, which had

awakened the curioſity of the Turks—and two or three parties, as I found afterwards, had endeavoured to come into the houſe to ſee him—This laſt, bolder than the reſt, had forced the doors open—The little dog, as great a coward in his nature as my ſervants (and that is ſaying all I can to prove his *poltronnerie*) upon the firſt noiſe had taken refuge under the ſkirts of Mademoiſelle's petticoats—But one of them, taking her by the arm, made her get up, the dog appeared—when the Turks, with a ſavage ſhout of joy, all pointed to him; and I had no doubt but he was the object they had in view—However, when I thought they had ſtared enough at him, I grew out of patience, and made a ſign for the Turks to leave the door, which they did immediately; and I think a Turkiſh rabble very civil, as not one of the party paſſed the threſhold of the door.——

People imagine this coaſt to be inhabited by ſavage Turks, who live by rapine and plunder, uncontrolled by the Porte—but it is no ſuch thing—Greeks and Armenians, very inoffenſive, live in habitations thinly ſcattered——Wine and corn are cultivated, but in no great abundance—— There is a place called Shiumla, eighteen leagues weſt of Varna, remarkable for the retreat which

eighty thouſand Turks made in the laſt war, when twelve thouſand Ruſſians, under Romanzof, croſſed the Danube to attack them——

My Greek ſailors lived upon nothing but dried fiſh during the voyage, and it is very excellent proviſion, and better than any preſerved fiſh I ever taſted——I had often ſeen great poles ſtuck up in the Canal, with ſtrings tied acroſs, under theſe the fiſhermen catch the fiſh, which they clean and ſtick up on theſe ſtrings to dry by the heat of the ſun—— Nothing can look more dry and unlike food than theſe fiſh; but I aſſure you they are extremely good, having much more flavour than any ſalted fiſh I ever eat.

I ſhall ſet out to-morrow morning at three o'clock—I hire arabats for my ſervants and baggage— The Governor is to furniſh me with Janiſſaries and horſes—and I hope my good ſtar will lead me ſafely through theſe countries, where, I confeſs, I feel like the Comte de ———'s ſervant, who intreated his maſter to let him kill only one or two Turks, at the laſt poſt on leaving the Ottoman empire—By the by, Sir, that ſervant lived with you—and when I ſaw him, you had given him ſo Engliſh a *tournure*, that I inſiſted on his being an Engliſhman—but he told

me he was your ſubject——You muſt not ſuppoſe that I mean to *murder* any one, but I think of all the two-legged animals I have ſeen I ſhould regret killing a Turk the leaſt——Moſt women would be frightened with the journey I am taking—but I muſt get out of this country of Mahomet's now I am in it, and ſo I ſhall proceed chearfully and merrily——If my Tchouadar could but know the pretty things I ſay to him in Engliſh—and how I mean to watch him—he would not have given ſuch a picture of me to his maſter.

Adieu,

E. C——

LETTER LXIII.

SILISTRIA, July 13, 1786.

I Am arrived here very ſafely and merrily notwithſtanding my intriguing Tchouadar, who probably had his orders to frighten me, that I might complain of the Governor of Varna——Figure to yourſelf, dear Sir, how much ſurpriſed I was at ſix o'clock the day before yeſterday in the evening, in the wildeſt country imaginable, after travelling all day well eſcorted by Janiſſaries, to ſee them ride away when the approach of evening made me think them moſt neceſſary—I aſked my Tchouadar what was the meaning of their ſudden departure—He ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and ſaid he ſuppoſed it was the Governor's orders——However, I reſted near a hedge, where a caravan of merchants halted likewiſe, that evening, without ſeeing any thing that could alarm me——When I left Varna in the morning, my lazy Tchouadar had a whole arabat to himſelf, where he would not ſuffer my ſervants to put the ſmalleſt parcel—I ordered the interpreter to tell him, if I had known his intention I ſhould

have hired ſaddle-horſes for myſelf and ſervants, and guarded his arabat——Yeſterday, in the middle of a plain where the coachmen had halted, which they do every ten minutes, I heard a moſt violent quarrel between them, and my interpreter; upon aſking what it was occaſioned the diſpute, I found one coachman choſe to return with three horſes to Varna—My vile Tchouadar ſat upon his carpet ſmoaking his pipe, without attempting to uſe his authority, and when I aſked him to interfere, he muttered out a few *Iſh Allas**, and he ſuppoſed the Governor of Varna had given ſuch orders to the coachmen—Upon which I ſaw very plainly my journey was to be a pretext for finding fault with this Governor—I determined immediately upon putting a ſtop to ſuch a baſe manœuvre; I told my Turk that I perceived his intention, but that if he did not immediately order the coachman to put the horſes to and go as far as Siliſtria, I ſhould write an account of the whole trick to the Imperial Miniſter and the French Ambaſſador, and have *him*, not the Governor of Varna, puniſhed for the delays of my journey—The very inſtant he underſtood I

* *Iſh Alla* is an expreſſion by which Turks conſtantly avoid giving a direct anſwer to a plain queſtion—it amounts to *it may be ſo*—or, *pleaſe God*——

was not to be impoſed upon, he ſpoke to the drivers, the horſes were put to and we proceeded.

Bulgaria is but little cultivated, and where I ſaw a Turk at work in the fields, he was armed with a gun, piſtols, and hangers, ſometimes a Janiſſary or two guarded the peaſant at his work—Such a ſight, and a wood I paſſed through, ſo little worn by travellers, that the trees and buſhes tore off the door of my carriage, were circumſtances that might have made any fine lady tremble; but you know, Sir, that my ſpirits and courage increaſe with difficulties, and my female companion is by much the beſt traveller I ever ſaw. She expreſſed no fears if ſhe had any, and the ſtrange manner in which we travelled, with our manner of reſting at night, made us laugh inſtead of alarming us—Every ten minutes, as I told you, our horſes were taken from the carriage, and with the coachmen reſted under trees, if they were at hand. The heat was beyond any I ever felt—At night we halted with the caravans, and then my ſervants picked up ſticks to make the fire for my ſupper, and after I had ſtretched my legs a little, I drew my carriage cloſe, and had a very comfortable bed; my companions and ſervants lay on the ground with their heads under the body

of my carriage, and in the morning before day-break, we ſet off again—But when day-light permitted us to look at one another, it was impoſſible not to laugh, the dew was ſo exceſſive that we all looked as if we had been drawn through a river—When we arrived near this town, I ordered my Tchouadar to get out, and go into the town to find me a lodging—and here I ſaw that if his preſence had been of any uſe to me, his courage would not have ſerved me greatly, for inſtead of getting upon the horſe prepared for him, he gravely turned about and ſeated himſelf in the arabat again——I aſked why he did ſo; he anſwered he might be robbed and murdered before he reached the town; which we were ſo near to that a whole ſtring of arabats and caravans were halting there for the night——At laſt we reached the gateway, and then my troubleſome Turk condeſcended to go and look me out a lodging—a tolerable good one—Here I had a new conteſt with him; he intended to eſcort me from hence to Buccoreſt, but I was determined to ſend him from this place back to Conſtantinople——I enquired for the Prince of Wallachia's agent this morning, he came, but I found I could get no intelligence from him before my Turk—ſo I ordered

him into another room, and there found he had received orders from the Prince to furniſh me with boats, horſes, or any kind of thing I ſhould aſk for——My abominable Tchouadar had conſtantly denied that any ſuch orders were given, in order to perſuade me I could not proceed in my journey without him—However I was heartily glad I had gueſſed the truth, and ſo returning with my interpreter to him, I gave him the twenty guineas I had promiſed him, for the *favour* of his agreeable company, and told him to wait till I had written to the Miniſters at Conſtantinople, which I did, and now write to you, dear Sir. This town ſtands in a valley; upon a hill which we deſcended to come here, there is a fine view of the Danube with iſlands——Siliſtria is beautifully ſituated upon this river—and I am going ſix miles down in a boat to Karalaſh, the frontier town of Wallachia—and from Buccoreſt I ſhall again have the honour of aſſuring you I am in all places,

Your moſt affectionate ſiſter,

And obliged friend,

E. C——

P. S. The Firman I received from the Porte to the Governors or Cadis of the Turkiſh towns, runs in this ſtile——"O you, glory of your equals, torch of juſtice—you light of the mines of virtue and ſcience—True believers, judges, governors of towns or villages, this is to inform you," &c. &c.

LETTER LXIV.

BUCCOREST.

WHEN I landed in Wallachia I found horſes, proviſions, and guards, provided for me, and I rather flew than drove along—From Karalaſh, for a conſiderable way, the route lay on the borders of the Danube, where cattle of all ſorts were feeding upon the fineſt ſorts of clover, intermixed with various flowers—There is no road made, and I ſaw no carriage track, but a fine ſoil without ſtones or ruts, made the journey very pleaſant. As I came near to Buccoreſt I quitted the meadows, and ſaw a moſt beautiful country, where ſmall woods of fine timber and Turkiſh corn, ſtanding above ſix feet high, formed a rich and varied picture——Several boyards came to meet me, and my Arnauts, or guards, were extremely alert and clever; though their uſual mode of ſupplying my carriages with horſes often gave me great diſpleaſure; for it frequently happened, that a peaſant mounted on a good-looking horſe, with his ſack of flour behind

him, was diſmounted in an inſtant, a tired horſe left him, and his freſh horſe harneſſed to my carriage—I wanted at leaſt to have ſome money given the man, and an explanation of the affair, but it ſeems the Prince of Wallachia had ordered that I ſhould have no trouble or delay—and not be ſuffered to pay for any thing, ſo that the little money I gave away was privately, and not without much management could I contrive it—— Juſt as I was about to enter Buccoreſt, I found a party of Janiſſaries with a tent pitched about a mile from the town, who quarrelled with all my attendants, and made the poſtillions drive back to enter the town another way as I was told, that road having been ſhut by order of the Prince. My ſurpriſe increaſed, when I found myſelf drove under a large gateway belonging to a Greek convent, the inner court of which was very fine and ſpacious ſurrounded by cloiſters with Gothic arches—My carriage was preſently ſurrounded by people of various nations, talking all languages to me—At laſt I addreſſed myſelf to one in a French dreſs; pray, Sir, ſaid I, where am I?—A German ſervant of mine ſpoke to him in German, and I found I was driven in there

to perform quarantine, for five days at leaſt—The ſuperior of the convent, by this time had come up to the door of the carriage: fancying by my looks, I ſuppoſe, that I had not the plague, he deſired me to make uſe of his rooms till I had choſen my lodging for the night—The old venerable man ſat by me and Mademoiſelle while we dined; and I had then ſent down to the town to inform the Prince of my ſituation—But I aſked my reſpectable hoſt where I ſhould lodge if I ſtaid—He pointed to a ſmall miſerable room acroſs the court, with only bare walls, and the windows of it were all broken. This room was to contain all my ſuite with me; for every company I found that arrived, was kept apart from the reſt——Cloſe to the door of this room I ſaw a wretched creature alone, with death in his countenance—And pray, ſays I, what is that miſerable figure?—A man ſuſpected to have the plague, who was put away as far from the others as poſſible, with a little clean ſtraw to lie upon——I confeſs I was heartily glad when the Imperial agent came from the town, to inform me the Prince was very ſorry for the miſtake—that it never was his intention I ſhould be ſent to the convent——I thanked my old

father for his civilities, and haſtened to the town where I had been but a few moments, before a gold coach, made I believe in the year one, came to the door, with a ſet of brown-bay ſtone-horſes, that ſeemed to ſpurn the earth—There was a Turkiſh groom that held the bridle of each horſe—A kind of chamberlain, with a gold robe on, and a long white ſtick in his hand, and the Prince's private ſecretary came to fetch me. The whole town, I believe, by this time was got round the equipage, and we proceeded very ſlowly to the firſt court of the palace, in which I went through a double row of guards, ſome of them Janiſſaries, and the others Arnauts and Albanians——In the ſecond court was another double row of guards, and theſe extended up a large flight of ſteps that conducted us to the great audience-chamber, in the corner of which, a ſpace was divided off with cuſhions, upon which ſat the Prince, dreſſed and attended *à la Turque*; over his head were ranged the horſes tails, the great helmet and feather, the magnificent ſabre, and other arms which I had ſeen parade before him in the ſtreets of Conſtantinople——He aſked me by the interpreter, how Monſ. de Choiſeul did—and if I would

not make ſome ſtay in Wallachia——Coffee and ſweetmeats were ſerved, and when I roſe to take my leave, one of his chamberlains told me in a whiſper to ſit down again, when my ears were aſſailed by the moſt diabolical noiſe I ever heard; upon which with a very grave loud voice the ſecretary ſaid, *c'eſt pour vous Madame—c'eſt la muſique du Prince*; and the Prince deſired me to look out into the court—There I ſaw trumpets of all kinds, braſs plates ſtriking together, and drums of all ſizes—ſome of which, not larger than breakfaſt-cups, were ranged on the ground, and the ſtrikers of them ſquatted on the ground to beat them—Each muſician was endeavouring to drown the noiſe of his neighbour, by making a louder if poſſible; and I do not know that my nerves ever were ſo tried before—for my companion, who ſaw the difficulty I had to refrain from laughing, was ſaying, for God's ſake do not laugh——

Mr. de Choiſeul's excellent German muſicians came into my head too at that moment, and the contraſt of his muſic to the noiſe I heard, added to the abſurdity of the thing, ſo that I ſuffered extremely—however this ſcene did not laſt

long, I was called to have an audience of the Princeſs——

But here I muſt leave you for the preſent. Before I ſet out I will finiſh my account of this reception.

Adieu,

E. C——

LETTER LXV.

THE Princeſs was ſitting *à la Turque*, with three of her daughters by her, they were about nine, ten, and eleven years old—The Princeſs might be about thirty, a very handſome face, ſomething like the Ducheſs of Gordon, only her features and countenance had more ſoftneſs, and her ſkin and hair were fairer—Her perſon was rather fat, and ſhe was above ſix months advanced in her eighth pregnancy—She took my hand and ſeated me by her—The Prince, to ſhew me an extraordinary degree of reſpect, had ſuffered Mr. V—— to come into the Harem, and he ſat down by him. There were near twenty women in the room, one of whom, inſtead of a turban, had a high cap of ſable put behind her hair, that was combed up ſtraight over a kind of roll—This head-dreſs was far from being ugly or unbecoming—The Princeſs told me it was a lady of Wallachia, and that the cap was the dreſs of the country——After the Princeſs had aſked me all the ſimple queſtions generally aſked by the

Eaſtern females—ſhe aſked me if I was dreſſed in the French faſhion; and told me ſhe ſhould be happy to know any thing ſhe could do to detain me in Wallachia a whole year—The Prince ſeemed to deſire it as much as ſhe did—But I aſſured them I ſhould not ſtay four-and-twenty hours in Buccoreſt. They then deſired me to ſup with them, which I conſented to, but deſired I might return to my lodgings to write to Conſtantinople, as I had promiſed immediately upon my arrival to this place—I was conducted back to my coach, and through the courts with the ſame ceremony as I came—And being ſeated, the ſecretary told me he was ordered to ſhew me a fine Engliſh garden belonging to an old boyard, which we went to. A country curate's kitchen-garden in England and that were the ſame—But the maſter of it was a venerable figure with a beard as white as ſnow, dreſſed in a long muſlin robe, ſupported by his ſervants, as he walked with difficulty—He preſently ordered all the fruit in his garden to be preſented to me; and when I was going out of the garden, I met the very lady, with her fur cap, I had ſeen in the palace—She ſhewed ſuch tranſports of joy upon finding me at her father's houſe, that it was with difficulty I could

get from her; ſhe had taken me in her arms, and almoſt ſmothered me with kiſſes——

The reſpectable father's name is Bano Dedeſcolo, and one of the principal noblemen in Wallachia; however I got to my lodgings at laſt, and ſcarcely had finiſhed a letter to Mr. de Choiſeul, when two of the Prince's people with the ſecretary came in, followed by many more of his houſehold. The ſecretary deſired me to go and look over a gallery that ſurrounded the back court of the houſe, I did ſo; and I ſaw a beautiful Arabian horſe, in the midſt of a great mob; two Turks held his bridle——The ſecretary told me the Prince hearing that I was fond of horſes deſired me to accept that, which a Pacha of three Tails had given him a few days before—and he hoped I ſhould accept of it with the regard with which it was preſented—I gave him as civil an anſwer as I could imagine, and very handſome preſents in money to the grooms that brought him, and to the whole ſet of ſtable people—The ſupper was ſerved in a more European manner than I ſhould have imagined; a table upon legs, and chairs to ſit on were things I did not expect. The Prince ſat at the end of the table, his wife on one ſide, and I on the other. Mr. V—— was

likewiſe invited, and ſat at my left—Several women ſat down to ſupper with us. The Princeſs had nine females behind her chair to wait upon her—ſeveral ſilver things, evidently the produce of England, were ſet upon the table, ſuch as ſalt-ſellers, cruets, &c. &c. but there were four candleſticks that ſeemed to be made of alabaſter, ſet with flowers compoſed of ſmall rubies and emeralds, that were very beautiful——Deteſtable Turkiſh muſic was played during the whole ſupper—but relieved now and then by Bohemians, whoſe tunes were quite delightful, and might have made the heavieſt clod of earth deſire to dance. The Prince ſaw the impreſſion this muſic made upon me, and deſired they might play oftener than the Turks—It ſeems theſe Bohemians are born ſlaves, the property of the reigning Prince of Wallachia, while his power laſts—There are, as he told me, five thouſand of them left, formerly there were five-and-twenty thouſand——After the ſupper was over we ſat ſome time in the large room the Princeſs firſt received me in, but the Prince and Mr. V—— ſat on one ſide, and the Princeſs, myſelf, and the other women on the other—— The Princeſs, I believe, thought I gave myſelf the liberties of a traveller, when I told her the ladies

with us learned to dance and write—with ſome other things which ſhe doubted of, likewiſe — —

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Her huſband ſmoaked his pipe, and I was ſorry ſhe did not too, for I ſaw that it was her civility to a ſtranger that prevented her——The Prince aſked me if I knew the Emperor and Prince Kaunitz—and upon my anſwering in the affirmative, he aſked me—"Should I ſee them?"—"Probably"—"Why "then (ſaid he) do you tell the Prince I am devoted "to his commands—and tell the Emperor, I hope "now we are ſo near one another, we ſhall be good "friends"—The oddneſs of theſe meſſages was very near making me laugh—but I gravely aſſured him I ſhould deliver them faithfully, if I had an opportunity——About half paſt eleven I roſe to take my leave, and received from the Princeſs ſome very beautiful embroidered handkerchiefs, and was obliged again to excuſe myſelf from ſtaying only

a twelvemonth with her, which ſhe ſaid would be a great amuſement to her, as my preſence was full of graces——I retired with all the attendants I had before, only with the addition of I believe a hundred flambeaux, and all the Turkiſh and Bohemian muſic playing by the ſide of the large gold coach—The horrid diſcord and comical proceſſion got the better of all my gravity; and though the ſecretary was there, I laughed all the way to the French Conſul's houſe, where I now write, the civil man and wife inſiſting upon giving me a bed. Mr. V——'s ideas of good-breeding were ſo diſcompoſed, by my laughing, that he aſſured the ſecretary the *perfection* of my ear for muſic was ſuch, that the leaſt diſcord in it made me laugh—and he repeated this in all the ways he could turn it——I ſaid, *oh! oui, c'eſt bien vrai*; but between whiles I ſaid in Engliſh, what would you have me do, I feel like Punch parading through the ſtreets, with all theſe trumpets and this mob about me—However, the ſecretary and Mr. V—— at laſt caught the infection, and we arrived laughing all three at the houſe, where the Conſul's wife had prepared me a comfortable bed, and I got rid of my muſic by giving them a handful of money.

It is ſo hot that I cannot ſleep, and I am writing to you, dear Sir——This is no inconſiderable town, the ſituation of it is very beautiful—indeed in this country it would be difficult to find an ugly ſcite—Wallachia pays to the Porte a tribute of four hundred purſes * yearly, excluſive of grain, wool, and many thouſand ſheep—Shepherds pay an annual tribute beſide, of eighty thouſand ſkins of the cattle, with butter, cheeſe, and tallow——

If the grain fails from Egypt, this country is obliged to ſupply the deficiency at Conſtantinople—Still I affirm that upon earth, Sir, all things ſuperior in their nature, either animate or inanimate, are taxed cruelly—This beautiful country, the ſoil and climate of which makes every produce luxuriant, is by the hand of fate under a power which extorts unmercifully from the natives, through the neceſſities of the Porte, if not by the rapine of the Princes, and preſſes plenty from her ſource, driving often the wretched Wallaques to fly into the mountains, where, at leaſt for a time, they avoid the cruelties they find from a tyrannical government, which puniſhes them for the deficiencies the extortions of that very government have occaſioned.

* A purſe is 100 ſequins.

I ſet out early to-morrow, and ſhall write from Hermanſtadt, the firſt imperial town I ſhall reach—I have a very clever addition to my ſuite here, a kind of trader and interpreter, who ſpeaks the Wallachian language perfectly, and is going to Hermanſtadt——

Adieu, dear Sir,

E. C——

LETTER LXVI.

HERMANSTADT, July, 18, 1786.

THE firſt poſt from Buccoreſt is a place called Floreſty, ſituated eight leagues weſt of Buccoreſt——I paſſed two ſmall rivers, that unite and increaſe the current of the river Argis, which river runs many leagues along the bottom of the Wallachian and Tranſylvanian mountains——I was overtaken by the moſt terrible ſtorm of thunder and rain that I think I ever ſaw, and inſtead of reaching a boyard's houſe prepared for me, the firſt night, I was obliged to halt, and wait patiently till the elements choſe to abate their fury——I was leſs incommoded than my fellow-travellers, whoſe carriages were quite open—and the wind, rain, thunder, and lightning delayed us the greateſt part of the night—When we could proceed we went on, and reſted under the hoſpitable roof of a boyard, whoſe houſe was beautifully ſituated on the river Argis, at the foot of the mountains—Here ended the flat part of the country, which extends from the Danube, and we began gradually to aſcend. I reſted

at another boyard's houſe, and ſaw, to the right as I paſſed, a large Greek monaſtery, ſituated on the declivity of a mountain, ſurrounded by ſome well cultivated lands—I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the majeſtic beauties of the mountains—timber and ſhrubs of all kinds gave them a variety of greens—When we got to the bottom we followed the courſe of the river, which ran with rapidity, and its ſerpentine meanders were as graceful and ſublime as the mountains that poured forth the ſtream—Here and there, indeed, the ſides of the mountains were perpendicular, and accidents, or tempeſts, had thrown down huge trees that lay acroſs the river, and damming up the water made it fall in caſcades—Nothing more wild or romantic can be conceived, than many places of this ſort by which I paſſed—but ſuch ſcenery could ſcarcely compenſate for the dreadful road——You may conceive, my dear Sir, what a ſlow progreſs I made in the mountains, about twenty peaſants on foot held up my carriage, the wheels of which were lifted over ſtones as big as the carriage; the night before laſt, juſt upon a little plain, when my guides thought they might venture to let the carriage go, I was overturned, and as it was for the firſt time in my life, upon the

ground, I was ſo much aſtoniſhed, though not hurt, that I never thought of getting out, till Mademoiſelle D—— repeatedly crying out, *Je ſuis morte*, raiſed me out of my ſtupid ſurpriſe; ſhe had received a blow in the middle of her ſtomach, but it was only an outward bruiſe, and in two hours ſhe felt no inconvenience——This road between Tranſylvania and Wallachia is torn up and deſtroyed; it was an article in the laſt peace concluded between the Emperor and the Porte, I ſuppoſe to make the conveyance of heavy artillery impoſſible—However convenient this may be to either power, the inconvenience to travellers muſt be dreadful——One of the carriages that followed mine was broken into a thouſand pieces, and my new interpreter with one ſervant came upon horſes, having put the baggage upon others, juſt in time to ſee my carriage ſet up again; as to theirs it remains in fragments in the place where it broke to pieces——If any German of your acquaintance, for buſineſs or curioſity, comes into theſe countries, let him make his journey on horſeback—I aſſure you, Sir, theſe beautiful mountains are well worth ſeeing; from the foot to the crown of them they bear the richeſt foliage—And in Wallachia, where the wood has been cut, and

agriculture has been employed, the fineſt turf, the fineſt crops of grain, prove the ſoil to be what it is, when you can ſee it freſhly flung up—a rich black mould. This country may be called indeed a jewel ill ſet, what would it be under the hands of taſte and induſtry——

The timber at preſent is but little employed, the trouble of conveying it away from the mountains being exceſſive; the river is too ſhallow, and too much obſtructed to admit of rafts——I ſlept the night before laſt, after my overturn, at a place where there were only two miſerable huts; one had a kitchen juſt big enough to hold my mattreſs, which Mademoiſelle and I divided. The morning waked me, and I ſaw my Arabian graſing cloſe to my window, upon a little green plain; the two Arnauts that conducted him were faſt aſleep under his feet—He was tethered by a rope, and ſeemed to be much accuſtomed to have attendants waiting upon him—A few hours brought me to a cuſtom-houſe of the Emperor's, that is upon the frontiers, ſtill at the edge of the river that I had followed, and at the bottom of thoſe enchanting mountains, deſtined certainly for other purpoſes than harbouring oppreſſed ſubjects or fugitive murderers—I cannot

tell you, Sir, how glad I was to ſee the eagle upon a poſt, and feel myſelf under the Imperial protection, though I never travelled ſo well attended, and ſo courteouſly treated as in Wallachia—The ill-adminiſtered government of the Porte can never ſecure trravellers perfectly from the outrages of rebellious provinces——

From the cuſtom-houſe I reached a fortreſs, where an old grey-headed major received me with the greateſt reſpect and attention, and I walked up above eighty ſteep ſtone ſteps to come to his apartments—There he gave me a ſupper, and had ſome clean comfortable beds prepared for me and all my ſuite——This old gentleman told me he had commanded there three-and-twenty years, and I was the firſt lady he had ſeen or heard of paſſing that frontier——If ſome of my friends could have ſeen the outſide of this fortreſs, and been told I was there, without knowing why—they would have thought me ſhut up for life— — — —

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Five leagues more brought me to this place, where I am lodged at a Baron de Buccow's, ſon of the late Governor's, but who lives now in partnerſhip with a Swiſs family, who are worthy good people—and who ſeem to me to be as glad to have me reſt three days, as I am to feel myſelf among Chriſtian like people——

There is a camp of cavalry here, and the Emperor arrived the day before I did to review the regiments——He ſent me a meſſage the inſtant he knew I was come, to know if I was lodged well, and to aſk how I did. and if I was not accommodated properly, he ſhould give orders that I might find apartments to my liking——I ſent him back word I could not be better ſituated, and he is to do me the honour of calling upon me to-morrow morning——He has only General Brown with him, and he lodges like a private gentleman, at an inn in the town——One of the wheels of my carriage broke, and they were all in ſo bad a condition, that I am obliged to ſtay here four days, to have a new ſet——I ſhall write the day after to-morrow, when I quit my hoſpitable hoſts.

I remain, dear Sir, your's ever,

E. C——

LETTER LXVII.

DEAR SIR,

HERMANSTADT, July 28, 1786.

I Have been extremely well entertained here by the Governor, who is a ſenſible old man, and the only governor remaining in the Imperial ſervice, as I am told, that was ſo named by the late Empreſs—He is a Proteſtant—He has a well arranged cabinet of ſpecimens from all the mines of Tranſylvania; the gold is very fine, the gold mines are rich, I am told they pay annually two hundred and fifty thouſand ducats to the Emperor; this is a tax upon the proprietors of the mines, which is about the rate of a third of the ſolid weight of ore extracted—viz. three florins out of nine—a much more ſenſible plan than making all the gold or ſilver mines in a country the property of the ſovereign, if once diſcovered; the natural conſequence of which law is, that the poſſeſſors of the land which contain thoſe precious mines, take great care they ſhould never be found —

He is very fond of pictures, and has a collection among which a Charles the Firſt and his wife are extremely fine—and a St. Jerome, by Guido, with a lion, is invaluable—indeed he ſaid he had been offered four thouſand pounds for the laſt——A noble Hungarian, a Comte de Vitzay, and his wife, who was an Eſterhazy, with ſome more nobility, dined with me at the Governor's, and the Comte de Vitzay has taken the charge of my Arabian to Vienna——I believe I told you in my laſt that the Emperor had ſent me word he ſhould wait upon me, which he did—He came on foot, attended only by General Brown, and ſat two hours and a half looking over the maps and preſents I have received; the maps ſeemed to pleaſe him very much; and when I delivered to him the Prince of Wallachia's meſſage he laughed, as I was a very faithful ambaſſador——Yeſterday morning I was at the review, but the day was wet, ſtormy, and uncomfortable. The Emperor quitted Hermanſtadt after the review was over——He ſent General Brown to tell me, he had been ſo good to order him to write to the Comte de Soro, that commanded at Temeſwar, and to the Comte de Colloredo, at Peterwaradin, that poſt-horſes might be ready for me, if I choſe to go

round by Peterwaradin to ſee the Croat troops—which I ſuppoſe you know form a kind of militia, that, guarding ihe frontiers in time of peace, cultivate the land—and in time of war are the troops moſt to be depended upon——The Emperor had given me an account of theſe troops, and ſeemed to wiſh I ſhould go round to ſee them—but I confeſs I long much to reach Vienna, having letters I am ſure which intereſt me very much, waiting for me— — — —

LETTER LXVIII.

VIENNA, Auguſt 30, 1786.

I Am arrived very ſafely and pleaſantly here, and was only delayed upon the road by the Comte de Soro, who inſiſted upon my dining with him —— I think Hungary a noble country, and it only wants navigations made acroſs from the Adriatic to the Danube, to be one of the richeſt and beſt peopled countries upon earth. Turkiſh idleneſs, which probably ever will remain the ſame, gives a fine opportunity for the inhabitants of Hungary to become the richeſt and happieſt people in the world——If fate had made me miſtreſs of that particular ſpot, I ſhould form a ſtrict alliance with the Porte, aſking nothing but a free trade upon the Black Sea—Can you conceive, Sir, any thing ſo comfortable as to have an immenſe wall or barrier, ſuch Turkiſh ſupineneſs creates, between my kingdom and an ambitious neighbour?—How I would encourage Aſiatic ſplendour, ſuperſtition, and lazineſs, and never do any thing that could weaken ſuch a barrier——Ambition, which often leads

men into many wrong paths in politics, may ſuggeſt to the Imperial courts that the Turks ſhould be confined to their Aſiatic ſhore, and all European Turkey ſhould belong to the Chriſtians—but I am not of that opinion; and after the ſea, I would not wiſh to ſurround my country with any other defence than that which Mahometan idleneſs could form—The Turks are faithful to their treaties, and do not ſeek war under falſe pretences—Their revolted Pachas give them too much trouble, conſtantly, not to make them deſire eternal peace with their foreign neighbours—A gentleman with a fooliſh troubleſome wife to make his fireſide uncomfortable, does not go out of his houſe to ſeek new diſcontents—Such is the ſituation of the Porte——The perpetual diſquietude of the empire makes the thinking Turk find a comfort in the dull moments of reſt he finds upon his carpet, ſpread under the lofty plantane—and we muſt not wonder to ſee ſo many of them ſeemingly to enjoy moments, which to us would be death-like ſtupidity. But as I am not the ſovereign of any country, I will not take up more of your time with my reflections, but tell you that I found Prince Kaunitz here very glad to ſee me; he ſaluted me with a—*Ah, vous voila ma noble*

Dame——I have a great ſatisfaction here in ſeeing the young Counteſs of G—— and her ſiſter, whom I was acquainted with before; but Lady G—— I never had an opportunity of ſeeing ſince her new connection with me——She is gentle, modeſt, and amiable, and I find both her and her ſiſter pleaſe very much here——I ſhall ſtay only till I receive letters from ——— and ———, and then ſet out for Anſpach, where I ſhall have the honour and moſt ſincere pleaſure of paying my reſpects to you, and aſſuring you in perſon how much I am, dear brother,

Your affectionate ſiſter,

And devoted friend,

E. C——

FINIS.

DIRECTIONS to the BINDER.

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